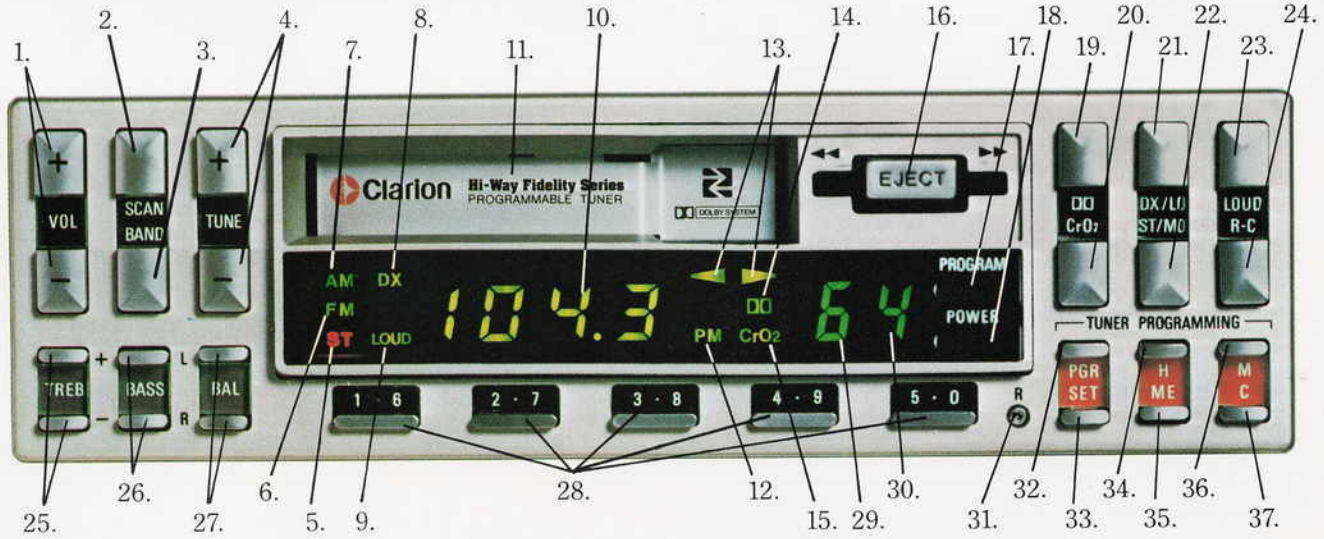
FREE!! OUI'S CLASSIC 1981 DATEBOOK
oui
FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD
DECEMBER 1980 $3.25
WEEKEND LAFFS WITH THE CAST OF "FRIDAYS"
SMALL TALK WITH BEVERLY "HONKY TONK" D'ANGELO
OUI SEX SURVEY: ARE FRENCHMEN BETTER LOVERS?
DROPPING IN ON THE LSD REVIVAL
SOBERING ADVICE FOR THE BUDDING BARTENDER
TWINS
A Double-Vision Pictorial

**1.** Volume Control Buttons **2.** Scan and Hold Button **3.** AM/FM Band Switch **4.** Manual Tuning Buttons **5.** Stereo Indicator Light **6.** FM Indicator Light **7.** AM Indicator Light **8.** Local Distance Indicator Light **9.** Loudness Indicator Light **10.** Digital Display (Frequency, Clock) **11.** Tape Slot Door **12.** Clock PM Indicator Light **13.** Tape Program Indicator **14.** Dolby NR Indicator Light **15.** Tape Selector Indicator Light **16.** FF/REW Lever and Eject Button **17.** Tape Program Button **18.** Power On/Off Switch **19.** Dolby NR Switch **20.** Tape Selector Switch **21.** DX/Local Switch **22.** Stereo Mono Switch **23.** Loudness Switch **24.** Program Reserve/Cancel Button **25.** Treble Control Buttons **26.** Bass Control Buttons **27.** Balance Control Buttons **28.** AM (1-5) and FM (6-0) Pre-Set Buttons **29.** Pre-Set Number Indicator Light **30.** Program Number Indicator Light **31.** Reset Button **32.** Program Mode Start and Number Button **33.** Pre-Set Number Setting and Time Calibration Button **34.** Program Hour Setting & Hour Correction Button **35.** Pre-Set and Program Memory Button **36.** Program Minute Setting and Minute Correction Button **37.** Program Clear and Frequency Display Button.




# "Is $900 for the first fully programmable car radio too cheap?"

Clarion asked Ed Bott, Hi-Fi Editor of *Oui Magazine* if $900 for their new PE959A is too expensive.

Bott smiled, then answered, "You should have asked me is $900 for the first fully programmable car radio *too cheap?*"

Interesting. At that price, you might expect to find a lot of flash and gimmickry in Clarion's PE959A. You won't. Clarion never went in for gimmicks.

What you do get is the world's first fully programmable car radio with 37 separate functions that balance and integrate perfectly into one masterful technologically-advanced chassis.

With Clarion's PE959A, you sit back while it switches automatically to the stations and times you've pre-programmed. That means you can listen to your favorite stereo music, then to a timely traffic report, to a sporting event, to a news commentary—without ever having to take your hands off the wheel.

And though it looks and acts like your own private computer, the PE959A will fit virtually every car because the front plate snaps on like a circuit board. It also provides a quick connect DIN plug for fast installation with Clarion or other external amplifiers.

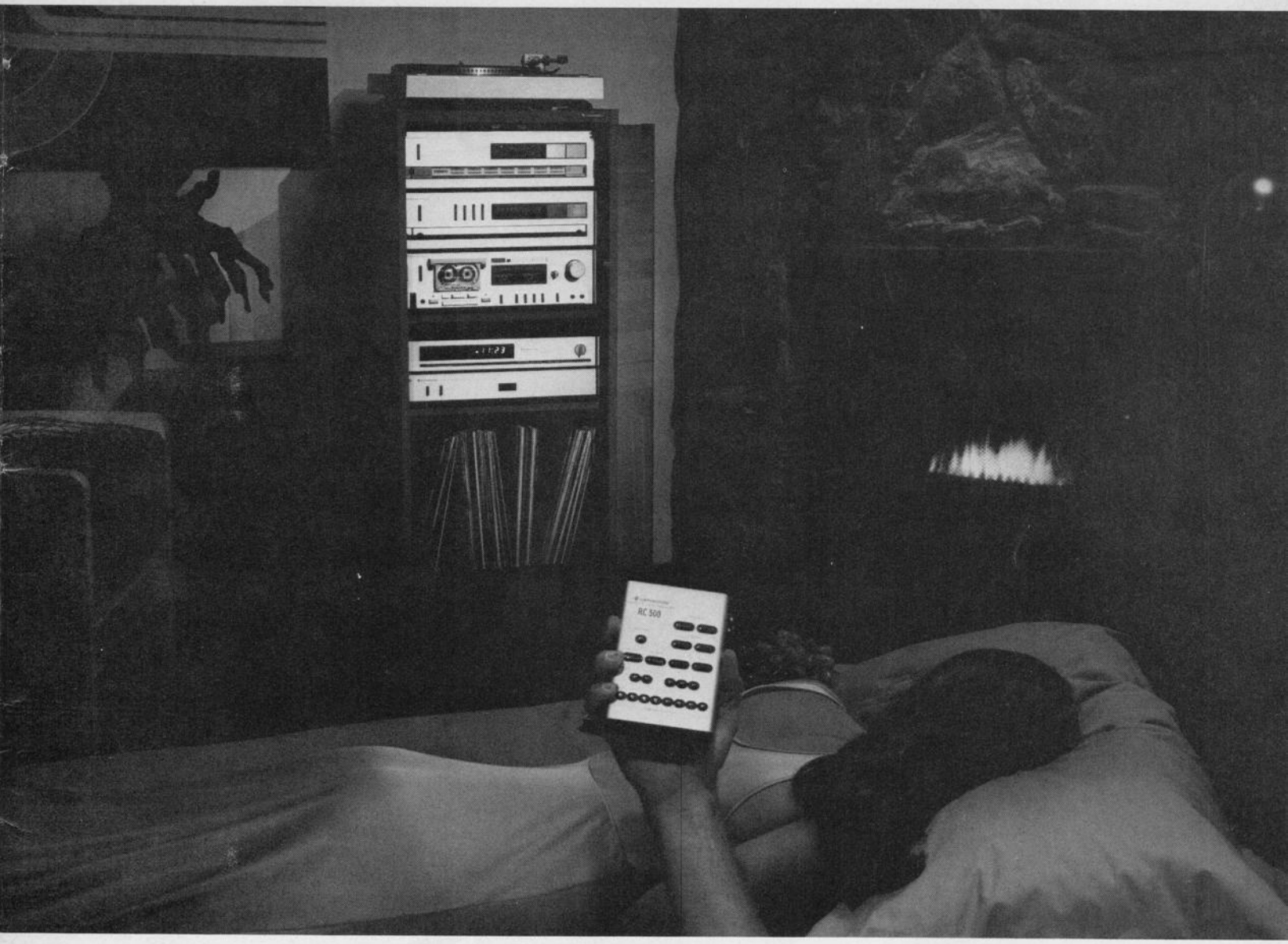
A technological breakthrough? Of course. Because being first is a way of life for Clarion. Clarion developed the first under-dash tape player; the first Equalizer Booster combination; the first cassette auto reverse mechanism; the first separately mounted three way speaker system; the legendary Magi-Tune™ FM section that beat 9 of its leading competitors for both selectivity and sensitivity under what noted author Bob Angus called "the most demanding test track I can imagine for car stereos." And Clarion stands behind its entire line of radio and tape players with the best overall warranty of any major car stereo manufacturer.

There's little question with audiophiles that the new PE959A is a great investment—even at $900. And that today, when quality is hard to come by at any price, the same value permeates every aspect of Clarion's business, from the middle range products right up to the top of the line.

The PE959A at $900? Buy two.

**Clarion**
QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC

# How to take control of your music without having to rise to the occasion.




There are special moods, places and times when exercising control over your music shouldn't have to involve a lot of exercise.

Which is why we've developed a Series 80 component system to please more than your ears. The Kenwood Remote Control System. With a powerful amp, sophisticated tuner and turntable engineered to give you more than just terrific sound.

They'll also give you complete control of your music from anywhere in the room.

All you do is pick up the wireless hand-held controller and push a button. To change Off to On. Or loud to soft. Or phono to tuner, to tape.

You can even change between six AM and six FM stereo stations.

Without having to change your position.

The Kenwood Remote Control System. One of the full line of Series 80 high technology stereo systems from Kenwood.

For the full story, see your Kenwood dealer. And get a demonstration of the stereo system so advanced it won't make you go to great lengths to get great sound.

For the Kenwood dealer nearest you, see your Yellow Pages, or write Kenwood, P.O. Box 6213, Carson, CA 90749.

KENWOOD®

# ...and one for me.

Seagram's 7 Crown makes the ideal gift for everyone on your list.
But we suggest you set aside an extra bottle for yourself. After all that shopping, you deserve it!

**Seagram's 7 Crown**
**Where quality drinks begin.**

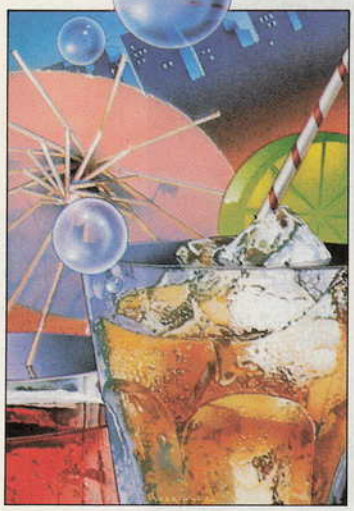
SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY — A BLEND. 80 PROOF. GIFT-PACKAGED AT NO EXTRA COST.

VOLUME 9 NUMBER 12

# oui

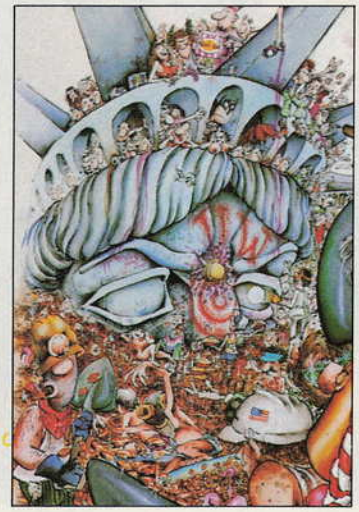
DECEMBER 1980

**84 THE BARTENDER MYSTIQUE**
What is it about these rail workers that has women falling all over them and guys pouring out their lives of woe? Author Mark Christensen delves deep into the persona of the man behind the bar, and has a few drinks at our expense.



**88 JACKIE McQUERRY**
A restless, roving spirit warms to the prospect of a roaring blaze, a tumbler of cognac and a hot-blooded man to keep her company. Photography by J. Stephen Hicks.

**100 A CONVERSATION WITH THE CAST OF *FRIDAYS*** Nine nutcases from the land of late-night television inflict their strange brand of humor on an unsuspecting public and make Friday nights OK to stay home again. Roving Editor Jan Golab tries to make sense out of all the nonsense.



**136 ANARCHY HOUSE**
Madness abounds on a Big Ten campus as two lunatics make chaos and confusion a political reality. Writer Michael Baron reports on the irrevocable damage wrought by the Pail & Shovel Party.

**33 * Free Bonus 1981 Calendar Datebook**

## FEATURES

**68 SABINNE SCHMIDT**/Photography by H.W. Hesselmann. A German glamour girl takes out insurance.

**76 CARNAL APATHY**/Bernie Zilbergeld, Ph.D. Are your passions and desires fading fast? Find out why.

**80 OBJETS D'XMAS**/Photography by Raúl Vega. Intimate gifts to liven up those dreary December evenings.

**107 LSD REVIVAL**/Patrick Carr. A new generation takes the acid test as psychedelia makes a comeback.

**112 THE OUI SEX SURVEY: FRENCH *VS.* AMERICAN SEX**/Theodore Fischer. Who's on top?

**116 SMALL TALK: BEVERLY D'ANGELO**/Stephen Fisher. The *Honky Tonk Freeway* star talks about boys.

**120 MONEY: THE LINE ON CREDIT CARDS**/Chris Barnett. Acquiring the power of plastic.

**123 NUKES**/Mark and Judith Miller. Could Three Mile Island happen in your backyard next time around?

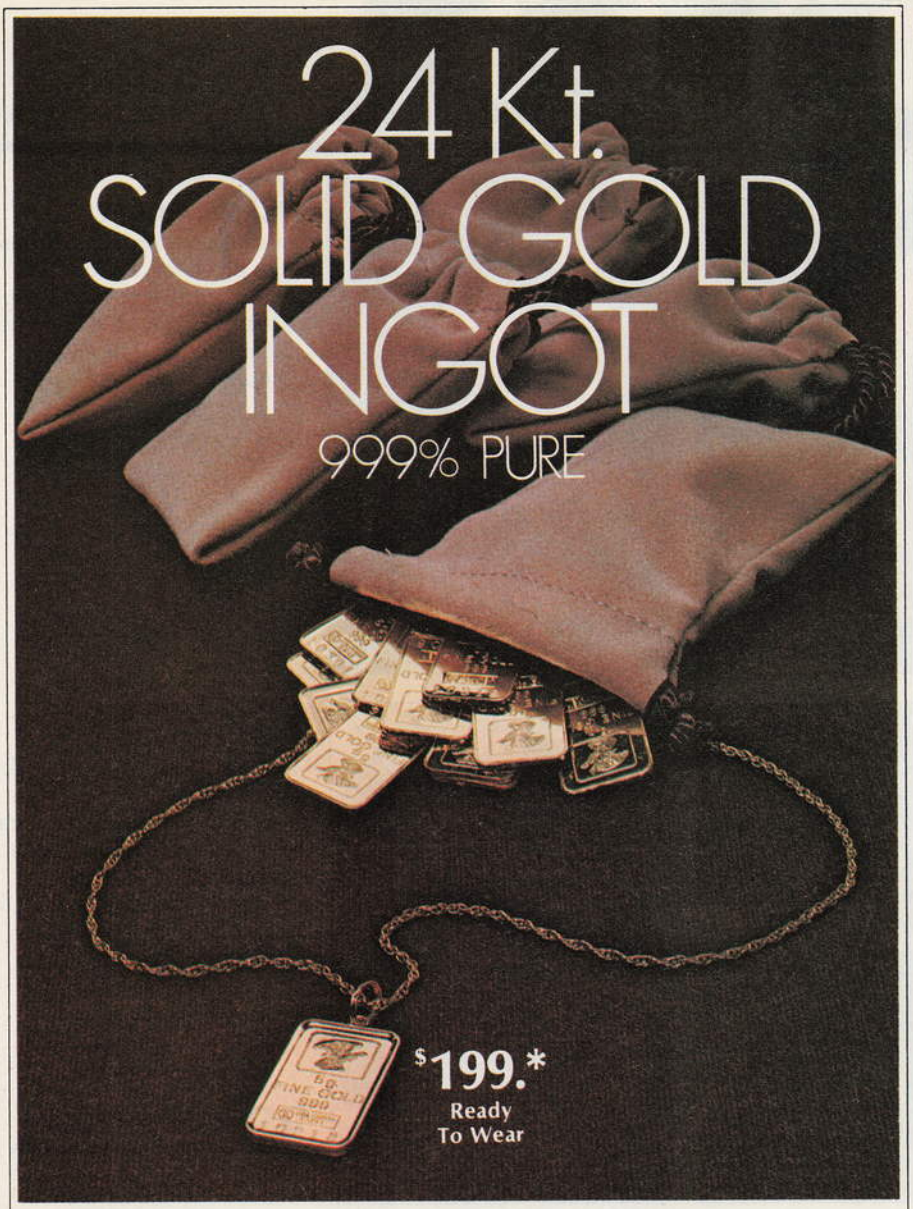
**127 A TALE OF TWO SISTERS**/Photography by Jean-Pierre Bourgeois. Twins make a case for double vision.

**144 MIMBO DEY**/Dan Devine. Flirting with palm wine in the black heart of deepest Africa.

## DEPARTMENTS

**6 WE** Worthy wordsmiths, illustrious illustrators
**9 MAIL** Dave Parker hits home
**15 DR. OUI** The eyes have it
**19 OPENERS** Ska rocks steady
**63 SPEAK EASY** Psychic lovers and other tales
**66 SPEAK EASY LETTERS** Readers speak back
**160 WHO** Self-portrait in a bathtub
**162 WHAT** Coffee drinks
**164 WHERE** The great American truckstop

**COVER**
Beautiful Brazilian Marjorie Andrade has been working as a model in the U.S. since she set foot on these shores in the mid-Seventies. "I was born just outside Rio de Janeiro. I grew up in a house with a great view of the Sugar Loaf," the 25-year-old reports. Unfortunately, Rio's substantially less scenic since Marjorie departed. But then, who's complaining? Photography by Douglas Dubler.




**OFFICIAL ORDER FORM — ORDER BY DECEMBER 31, 1980***

**Columbia Minters** 905 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

☐ Please send me_____24 Kt. solid gold .999 fine 5-gram Columbia Eagle Ingot(s) at $199. each plus $3.00 each for shipping and handling._____10-gram 24 Kt. solid gold .999 fine Columbia Eagle Ingot(s) at $369. each plus $3.00 each for shipping and handling. If I am not satisfied I may return them within 10 days for a full refund.

☐ Also send me_____Solid 14 Kt. Gold chain(s) at $80. each additional. I would like_____man's chain _____women's chain.

Enclosed is remittance of $_____ (U.S. Funds) or Charge $_____to my ☐ Amex ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCharge

Card #_____Exp._____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____State_____Zip_____

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

**For faster service, credit card charge orders may call FREE — 24 hours a day.**

177 **800-228-5000** In Nebraska 800-642-8777

©1980 Columbia Minters



**oui**

**RICHARD CRAMER**
Editor and Assistant Publisher

**MICHAEL BROCK**
Art Director

**CLIFF WYNNE**
Photo Editor

**GERRIT HUIG**
Production Manager

**JAMES KIEHLE**
Senior Art Director

**EDITORIAL**

ED DWYER, TOY GIBSON Associate Editors; MICHAEL MAHLER, STEVEN X. REA Assistant Editors; ED BOTT Assistant Managing Editor; SHERYL EDDINS Copy Editor; RODGER CLAIRE Associate Copy Editor; CHRIS WEYGANDT Assistant Copy Editor; NANCY GOTTESMAN Editorial Researcher; EVAN MENDELZON Staff Assistant; MICHELLE URRY Cartoon Editor; CHRIS BARNETT, MARK CHRISTENSEN, JON DENNY, PETER GAMBACCINI, ROBERT McGARVEY, C.W. METCALF, R.T. NEWSOM, HANK NUWER, SHARON O'HARA, MICHAEL PRICE, HOWARD RHEINGOLD, BURR SNIDER, STEWART WEINER, ROBERT S. WIEDER Contributing Editors; JAN GOLAB Roving Editor

**ART**

RICKIE POULOS Assistant Art Director; KEVIN WALKER, Art Production Coordinator; CARY MESHUL Art Assistant

**PHOTOGRAPHY**

CARYN WEISS Associate Photo Editor; LINDA ROBAK Photo Coordinator; JEFF DUNAS Staff Photographer; HALYA HRYNCHUK Paris Bureau; BRIAN ANDERSON, PHILLIP DIXON, FRANCIS GIACOBETTI, STEPHEN HARVEY, GARY HEERY, JOHN KELLY Contributing Photographers

**PRODUCTION**

REBECCA GADDY Production Coordinator; DEBORAH STACK Production Assistant

**CIRCULATION**

ALVIN WIEMOLD Subscription Manager; PAUL ENGLEMAN Publicity Manager

**ADVERTISING**

JIM BROWN Advertising Director; BOB SPERLING Associate Advertising Director; SANDY DANON Promotion Manager; GEORGANNE BRODO Promotion Assistant

**ADMINISTRATION**

GLORIA M. STONE Executive Assistant; KATE HEERY Administrative Secretary; KATHY POWELL Administrative Assistant; PAULETTE GAUDET Rights & Permissions Manager; JANET SPIEGEL Assistant

**Editorial Offices:** 8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights in letters sent to **OUI** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **OUI**'s right to edit and to comment editorially. Contents Copyright © 1980 by Playboy Publications, Inc. ® **LUI** magazine as to materials that first appeared in issues of that publication. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between the people and places in fiction and semifiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. **COVER:** Makeup, hair and styling by David Frank Ray. **WE PAGE:** Jan Golab and Bob Rodriguez by Mark Hanauer; Jerry Mills by Sarah A. Dennison; Mark Christensen by Ancil Nance; Francie Moore by Jim Shea; Raul Vega by John Colao. **DATEBOOK:** Photography by Brian Anderson, Phillip Dixon, Jeff Dunas, John Kelly and Pompeo Posar. **SPEAK EASY:** Photography by Ron Seymour. **FRIDAYS:** Makeup by Leigh Shulman. **LSD REVIVAL:** Photography p. 134 by John Farrell.

**Advertising Offices:** New York: 747 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Midwest: 1411 Peterson Avenue, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068. San Francisco: 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104. Los Angeles: 4311 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90010.

**European Bureau:** 63-65 Champs Elysées, Paris.

**OUI** is a sister publication of **LUI**, Paris, France, a Filipacchi publication.

**OUI** (ISSN 0090-2047), December 1980, Volume 9, Number 12. Published monthly by Playboy Publications, Inc., a subsidiary of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send form 3579 to **OUI**, P.O. Box 2510, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Subscriptions: $16 a year in U.S./$20 a year in Canada. For subscription services or information call 303-443-5200.

# At last, you can get it out of your system.

With Alpine's high energy, high technology car audio systems, at last there's equipment to give you the sensational sound of the groups you love live, accurately reproduced in your car.

With powerful, self-contained FM/AM tuner/cassette decks. Electronically superior pre-amps. Bi-level™ units with both power and easy add-on capability. High-powered amplifiers, equalizers, and component speaker systems. And features like Music Sensor™ and Cassette Glide™ that make it easy while driving. Specs like frequency response with metal tape on our 7307 FM/AM Cassette, 40 to 18,000 Hz. And dealers who not only know how to put a dynamite system together, but how to install it right. The first time.

So instead of driving around with only so-so sound, get the best. Get to an Alpine dealer. And get it out of your system. Once and for all. Alpine Electronics of America, Inc., 3102 Kashiwa Street, Torrance, California 90505.

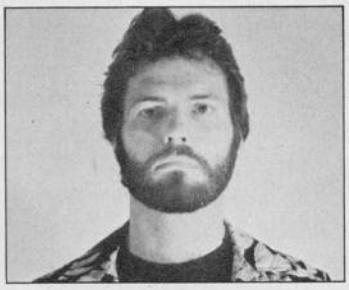
**ALPINE**
**car audio systems**

# THE WE PAGE

Some of the talented writers, photographers, artists, researchers and behind-the-scenes folk who helped produce this month's OUI

**JAN GOLAB**

OUI's inimitable Roving Editor recently flew by the offices to deliver his excessive, overstated and thoroughly enjoyable report on the state of Friday-night comedy, in *A Conversation with the Cast of "Fridays"* (p. 100). It's good Saturday-night reading.

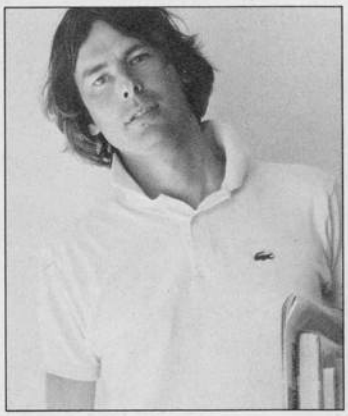


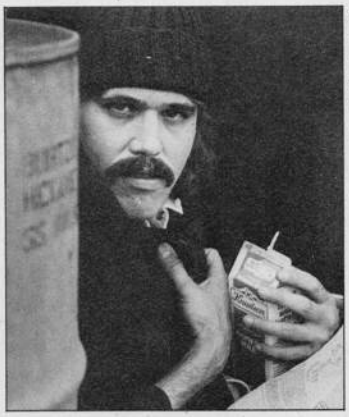
**JERRY MILLS**

Trying to illustrate an article about a white boy high on palm wine in deepest Africa is no easy task. Of course, when you commission a self-taught artist who admits to a heavy comic-book influence, it makes *Mimbo Dey* (p. 144) that much clearer. Maybe . . .

**MARK CHRISTENSEN**

As far as tales from the bartending life go, Contributing Editor Christensen, we are sure, has poured one Salty Dog too many. You can tell that by his addled report on *The Bartender Mystique* (p. 84), and his admission that he has also been a lumberjack, traitor, numerologist and pedestrian, and is now posing as a heart surgeon at the University of Oregon Medical School.



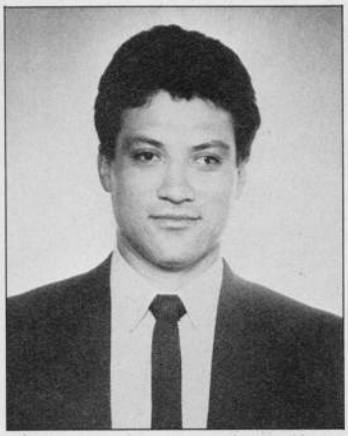


**BOB RODRIGUEZ**

A renowned illustrator for many years now, Bob admits to having had some difficulty in painting our *Bartender Mystique*. He told us he never drinks alcohol—strictly a milk man, he says—and that he mistakenly drew lemons in the drinks that called for limes. We, of course, stopped payment on his check.

**FRANCIE MOORE**

Whenever we need to gather up some special sexy things for ladies, such as for this month's *Objets d'Xmas* (p. 80), we try to have someone with taste and class and style do our shopping for us. That's why we asked Francie—who's been everything from a junior-fashion assistant at *Harper's Bazaar* in London to a stylist for rock-'n'-roll films in Hollywood—to go on our buying spree.



**RAUL VEGA**

Actually, this is not a recent snapshot of the man who photographed all those *Objets d'Xmas* that OUI suggest you buy for the loves of your life. The way Raúl tells it, after studying architecture at the University of Florence in Italy for a few years, he'd prefer to remain anonymous. Something about those unauthorized photos he took of one Arnolfo di Cambio . . .

**BERNIE ZILBERGELD**

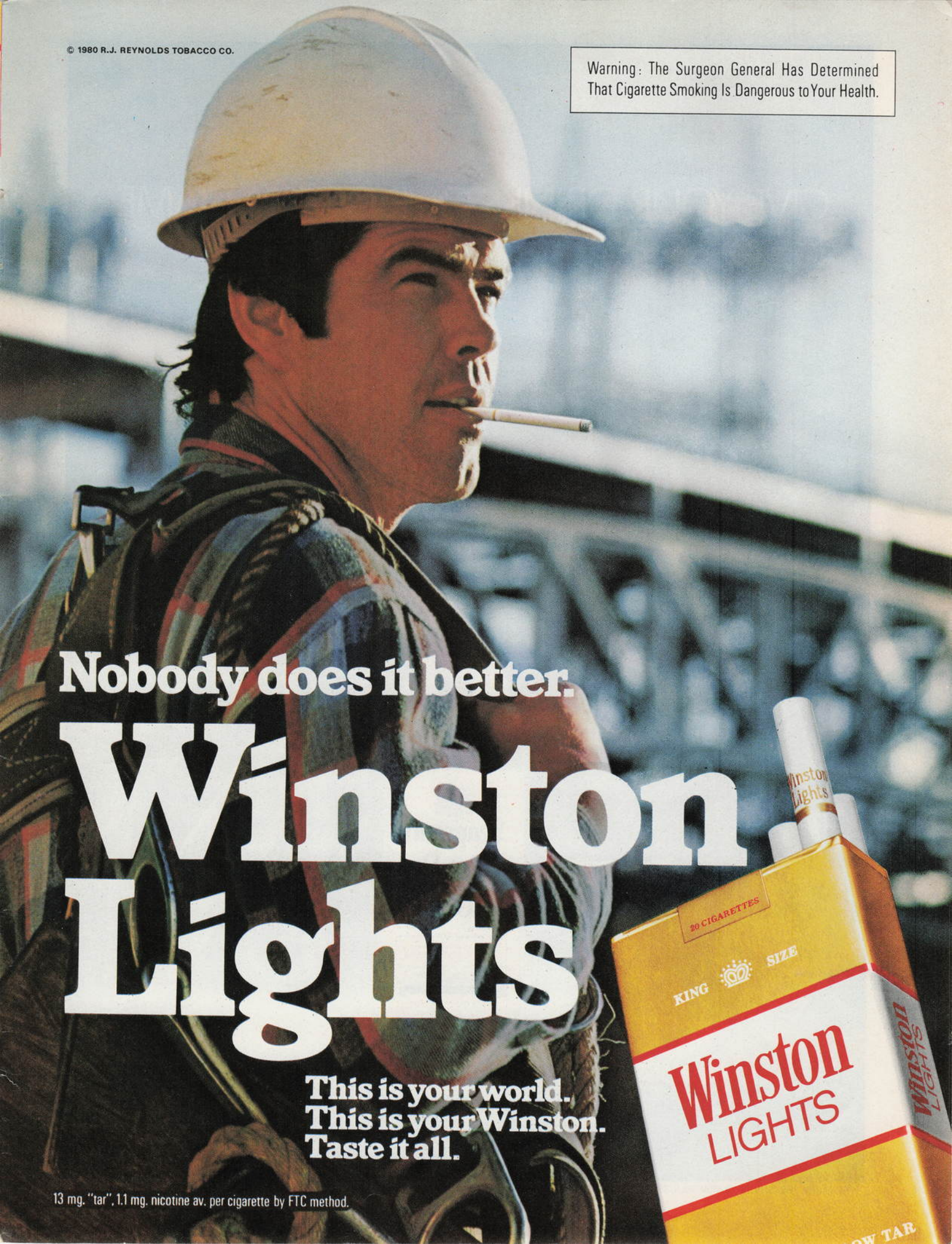
To put real bite into our lead piece, *Carnal Apathy* (p. 76), we went to, as they say, the man who wrote the book on the subject (*Male Sexuality*). A clinical psychologist in Berkeley who was formerly co-director of clinical training in the Human Sexuality Program of the University of California at San Francisco, Zilbergeld confirms that sometimes it's OK to be "just" OK. OK?

**PATRICK CARR**

We figured a *Village Voice* writer and former *Country Music Magazine* editor would be a slick choice to report on *The LSD Revival* (p. 107). Alas, we learned that Carr is not only British and plays cricket, but that one of his contributions for OUI was years ago when he penned *The Sonic Dildo*. Next thing we'll find out is that his only interest in LSD is theoretical.

© 1980 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.




13 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# GIVE YOUR DRINKS OUR GOOD NAME.

The smooth and refreshing taste of Seagram's Gin
makes the best drinks possible. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 80 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

# MAIL

Your opportunity to praise, complain, suggest,
gripe, request, insult and just let us know what's on your mind

### SLUGGING PARKER

*A Conversation with Dave Parker* (September) reveals the Pittsburgh hitter's true colors: He's an arrogant, self-righteous, loudmouthed braggart. Terming his two-million-plus annual salary "a drop in the bucket" is infuriating. It's no wonder that folks in Steel Town don't like Parker—let the guy go somewhere else. He really belongs in New York with his "friend" Reggie Jackson.

L.L. MARTINO
Scranton, Pennsylvania

Terrific interview with Dave Parker. It knocked my dick to my watch pocket. Has to be the best sports piece I've read since *Christ Was a Cowboy*.

KINKY FRIEDMAN
New York, New York

Either Dave is an idiot or interviewer Larry Sloman is a genius. How in the world did he ever get Parker to talk about his numbered bank accounts, his incredible salary and his jewelry? No wonder the fans in Pittsburgh throw bottles and batteries at him. Great interview.

TONY TRUMBELL
Green Bay, Wisconsin

Great piece on Parker. It portrays the Pittsburgh player as he really is, no matter where the chips may fall. Excellent reading.

JACK WADELMAN
New York, New York

Good work getting Dave Parker out of the closet. It's about time that the greatest man playing ball today gets some attention.

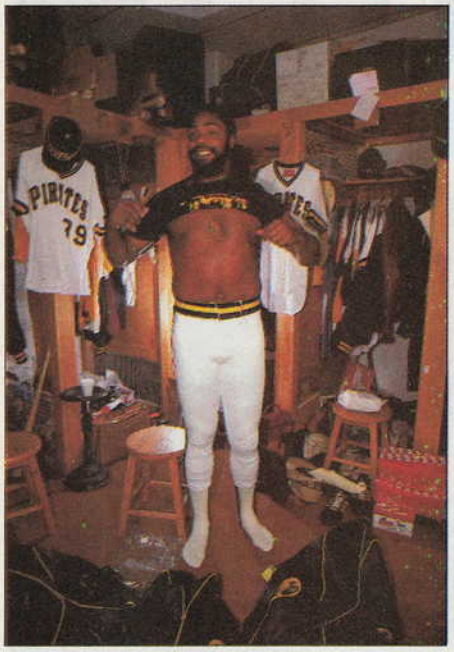
JANET FRANCK
Youngstown, Ohio

The Dave Parker interview is a terrific account of a baseball superstar—both on and off the field. Credit Larry Sloman with a fine, well-written and entertaining article. Let's have more of the same.

PHIL FRANKLIN
New York, New York

I found a copy of the September OUI in my son's room. I was shocked—he's only 14 years old. He claimed he bought it for the Dave Parker interview, but I didn't believe him, since he's never shown any interest in baseball before. However, I read the interview myself and enjoyed it immensely. It's a fascinating behind-the-scenes view of a professional athlete. Parker was too honest for his own good, but I guess that's a fashion now. By the way, I gave the magazine back to my son. Sex is inevitable, and he could do a lot worse than OUI. Who knows, maybe when he gets tired of the photos, he'll read the Parker piece. I hope so; he'll learn something from it.

MICHAEL JAMES
Albany, New York



### POT LUCK STORY

*Searching For the Pot of Gold* (September) is an enjoyable read about marijuana cultivators and connoisseurs, but I was hoping that author John Roemer would incorporate some tips on growing top-notch weed in his article. You see, like many other dope growers, I'd like to know how to raise some really kick-ass pot.

When I lived in Northern California—near Humboldt—there was no shortage of great grass for a reasonable price. But since I've moved down to Texas, I haven't found many people who get high. So I'd like to start growing my own crop. How about some tips on planting, harvesting, etc.?

D.S.
Midland, Texas

*A good bookstore—even in Midland—should have several handbooks on marijuana cultivation. If not, head for Austin and just dig up a few plants growing on the U. of T. campus.*

I am not a regular reader of OUI but, while scanning the newsstand, my eye was attracted by your article on the Fourth Annual Harvest Festival. It is of particular concern to me, because I share a similar interest in horticulture. Many thanks.

G.M.
Whitakers, North Carolina

Your report on the Fourth Annual Harvest Festival is, well, what one would expect from a writer who went to cover a marathon smoke-off and started inhaling the weed himself. I particularly liked the line "After that . . . I forget." Who wouldn't?

G.D.
Yakima, Washington

### MORE SEX FACTS

The statement in *50 Things You Never Knew About Sex Until You Read This* (July) that "Immanuel Kant died a virgin" certainly makes sense. After all, his name was I. Kant.

IRVING CAAN
Santa Monica, California

I question two of the items in Christopher Fryer's compilation of unusual sex facts: number 3, "Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII, had three breasts," and number 41, "Montezuma was gay."

If you mean that Anne Boleyn had three nipples—i.e., the normal two nipples in the normal places, plus one supernumerary nipple elsewhere on one of her two breasts—then I have no problem with the statement. However, there is still a difference between a nipple and a breast.

Regarding Montezuma: I have read, in the original Spanish, books by explorer Cortés and the historian Bernal Díaz del Castillo, without encountering any reference to the effect that Montezuma was homosexual.

K.M.
Elkhart, Indiana

### PRECONCEIVED NOTIONS

A footnote to the fine article on contraception (*Birth Control Etiquette*, September): It's possible to carry a good thing too far.

The scene was perfect—candlelight, trippy music, great smoke and a guy I'd been wanting like crazy to ball. The great day had finally arrived and, at an appropriate point, he asked what I used for pregnancy prevention. I told him I used an IUD, adding that I'd had it for several years. What followed was a transcendental and—I thought—memorable experience. And

# THE STRONG, SENSITIVE TYPE.

Sheik® gives you the two most important things you look for in a condom: strength and sensitivity.

Sheik's strength is actually tested up to seven different times by the most advanced scientific techniques—including electronic testing.

Yet, with all this proven strength, the material used in a Sheik condom is only three one-thousandths of an inch thin! It feels so natural, you'd swear you weren't wearing a condom at all. And as far as your partner is concerned, the feeling is mutual.

So depend on the strong, sensitive type—Sheik condoms. They've got everything you want in a condom, any way you want them: Sensi-Creme Lubricated, Ribbed, Reservoir End, and Plain End.

*According to a national consumer journal report, when condoms are used properly the chances of an accidental pregnancy are 10,000 to 1! No other method of birth control can give you better odds without the risk of side-effects.*

**SHEIK**

Schmid Products Company, Little Falls, N.J.


naturally, I was impressed as hell that he'd thought to ask about birth control.

Less than a week later: same bed, same dude. Everything was as perfect as before—until he popped the question *again*. An IUD is not something you are likely to have gotten rid of within a couple of days, especially after years of satisfactory service. Now, I'd known already that I wasn't the only lady to occupy his bed—but still—couldn't he even remember a more or less permanent fixture like an IUD? My temperature dropped from feverish to ice cold in record time. I never went back for a third round. So, guys, remember, don't ask twice.

A. ALEXANDER
Venice, California

I'm glad to see that OUI isn't treating *everything* with your typical irreverence. Some things, like birth control, need to be taken seriously and, thankfully, that's just what you do.

LESTER YOUNG
Cleveland, Ohio

---

**YOUNG *VS.* OLD**

Clifford Irving's rap about younger women *vs.* older women (*Younger Women/Older Women*, September) contains some excellent insights into the various advantages and disadvantages involved therein. Personally, I've always found younger girls more alluring but, then again, as the author points out, when you're 25, a younger woman can be 23. But to an 18-year-old guy, that same lady can be a mature, experienced teacher in the ways of love. Good going.

F.F.
Chicago, Illinois

Reading Clifford Irving's article, I had the feeling that he approached his topic with the same in-depth, real-life investigative zeal with which he tackled his "autobiography" of Howard Hughes. In other words, he made it all up.

LARRY BROWN
Amherst, Massachusetts

---

**CAREY ON**

Congrats on the profile/update of Lynn Carey (*Who*, September). After all these years, I thought she had dropped into rock-'n'-roll Limboland. I was happy to discover that she's still alive and well and kicking. I was hooked by Lynn's first album, *Mama Lion*, back in '72. The cover, with beautiful Lynn suckling a lion cub, was hot enough, but the music inside was even hotter. Good work in reporting her most recent rock pursuits—I hope she gets the chance to record another great LP.

GUS MYERS
Tucson, Arizona

It never ceases to amaze me how you guys keep on top of things. Just when I'd forgotten all about Lynn Carey (and her arousing pictorial in one of your rival maga-

zines), you bring her back into the spotlight with a luscious photo and a well-written report on her latest goings-on.

JAMES STONEY MUELLER
Charleston, South Carolina

### FUTURE JOBS

*Careers with a Future* (*Money*, September) is full of shit. I don't know much about work outside the engineering field, but I do know that *starting* salaries for engineering graduates are higher than the $28,000 you cited as a "median" salary for an engineer with 14 years experience. I'm sure there's some variance between different engineering disciplines, but a petroleum engineer with ten years experience who doesn't earn at least $50,000 a year must be a total incompetent. You'd better check your figures again. Or maybe author Chris Barnett was talking about sanitation engineers.

J.D.
Houston, Texas

*Chris Barnett replies: "Indeed, there's more variance between different engineering disciplines than even you know. A petroleum engineer might well make $50,000 a year, but the aircraft engineers I was referring to are lucky if they earn $35,000 after ten years on the job."*

### GIRL CRAZY

*Janine Andrews* (August) is a true beauty, a work of living art. The girls in OUI seem to get prettier and sexier issue after issue. When will it all end? Personally, I hope it never does.

M.A.
Jermyn, Pennsylvania

Give me a break! I mean, I know that some of the articles accompanying your usually excellent pictorials are slightly exaggerated, but when your luscious art student Janine says, "In France, everyone sunbathes in the nude," you've gone too far. I spent three years living outside of Paris, and I went on frequent trips to the coasts of Brittany and southern France. It's only a handful of jet-setter types along the Riviera that lies around with nothing on but suntan oil. If only what Janine says were true.

EDWARD DRAKE
St. Paul, Minnesota

I think I'm in love. Janine Andrews is the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. She's absolutely perfect, the sexiest girl to ever grace the pages of *any* magazine.

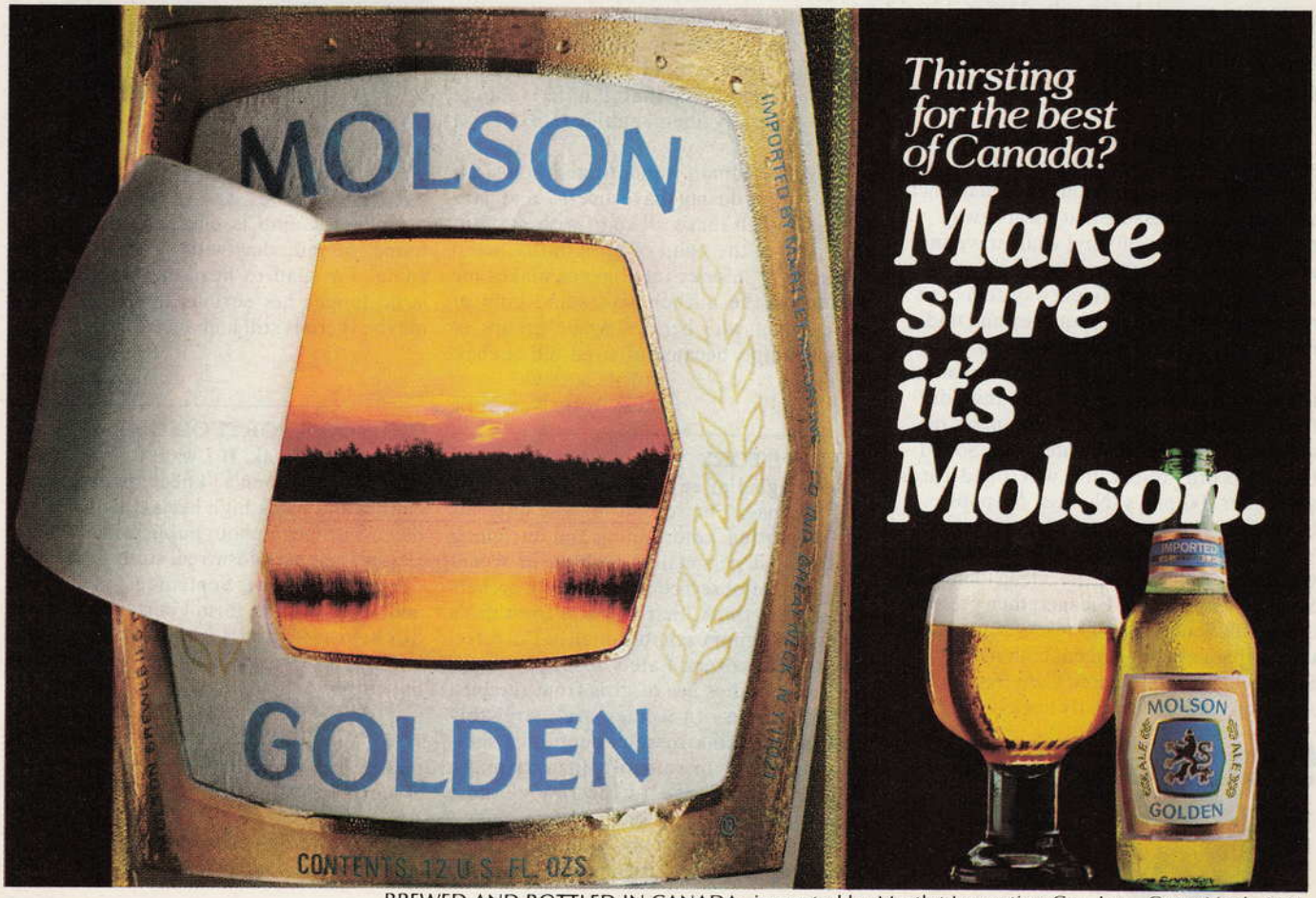
STAN THAXTON
Albany, Georgia

### IT DOESN'T MATTRESS ANYMORE

Thanks for the informative article about beds (*Best Beds*, September). I just moved into my first apartment, and I didn't have a lot of cash to spend on a mattress and boxspring set. But after reading about some of the latest designs in sleep furniture, I found myself an extremely comfortable, nice-looking Japanese sleep system (similar to one you featured in the article) for a very reasonable amount. Your recent turn toward more service-oriented features is to be commended.

J.L.
Norman, Oklahoma

*Best Beds* looks like it was torn straight from the pages of *Apartment Life* or something. What're you guys doing over there,

BREWED AND BOTTLED IN CANADA; imported by Martlet Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y.

# Cleaning your records is only half the battle.

The best record cleaner in the world can't preserve a record. It can only clean it. A good record cleaner can remove dust, oily fingerprints and deep-seated dirt from the grooves. But, it can't protect the record from wear and friction.

The diamond is the hardest natural substance known. At the tip of a stylus, it is the spearhead of over 15 tons per square inch of destructive pressure that shears away microscopic chips of vinyl while traveling along the delicately thin grooves.

The finest high fidelity system can't restore the subtle high frequency and mid-range tones that are unavoidably lost.

Sound Guard™ Record Preservative is a scientifically designed, ultra-thin, dry formulation that practically eliminates record wear. Your records treated with Sound Guard Record Preservative will sound just as good after 100 plays. No hiss. No pops. No clicks.

Give your records 100% protection with two simple steps. First, clean them with Sound Guard Record Cleaner; then preserve them with Sound Guard Preservative. Buy them separately or get them both in the Sound Guard Total Record Care System. And stop record wear in its tracks.

sound guard

Sound Guard Corp.
348 S.W. 13th Ave.
Pompano Beach
Fla. 33060

anyway? If I wanted to read about mattresses and pillows, I'd go to Montgomery Ward and pick up a brochure in their furniture department. Jeez.

RICK ADAMS
Los Angeles, California

## YAHOOS, PART II

I was disappointed to see the article *Life Among the Yahoos* (August). Although I have never been to Missoula, Montana, I would not have to visit the town, let alone move there, to discover that there are no major-league teams, symphony orchestras or Chinese restaurants in town.

If author Ivan Goldman were really interested in those types of things, he should have either stayed in a big city or moved to a town that's located within a couple of hours' drive from an urban area.

But he chose to move to an isolated town in Montana and, after his experience there, he feels knowledgeable enough to condemn small communities all across the country. That's too bad, because all Goldman managed to do was convince me that he's a fool.

ROBERT LANSING
Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey

I thought that the "enlightened" attitude today was that no one had the right to ridicule the lifestyle of another person, that people should decide for themselves what career they want, what type of music they enjoy and where they want to live.

So when I read *Life Among the Yahoos*, I was quite surprised. That you would publish an article blasting the residents of all the small towns across this country shows a narrow-mindedness that I didn't expect from a generally liberal publication like OUI Magazine.

If Mr. Goldman wants to point out that small towns do not have operas and jazz festivals, then that's all right with me. But to repeat to the point of tedium that rural folks are of inferior intelligence makes me wonder if the author isn't some kind of closet bigot who berates whole groups of people simply because of tired old clichés.

JOHN CRAMER
New York, New York

## COVER STORY

Although I'm an avid OUI reader and I find the magazine second to none in terms of well-written, entertaining and intriguing articles and personality profiles, in recent months I've observed a trend that bothers me—one, I think, that detracts from OUI's otherwise unimpeachable quality. I'm referring to your covers: Lately, it seems that all the cover photos are of girls from the bust up. While the OUI women are inarguably beautiful, I think these closeup face shots should be left to women's fashion mags. Whatever happened to the rest of these girls' bodies? Seeing one of your models head-to-toe in some tight, skimpy outfit or straddling a fence or cruising along on roller skates is a lot more eye-catching and provocative than a simple in-close smile and a glimpse of cleavage. At least, that's one man's opinion.

HARRY JOHNSON
Louisville, Kentucky

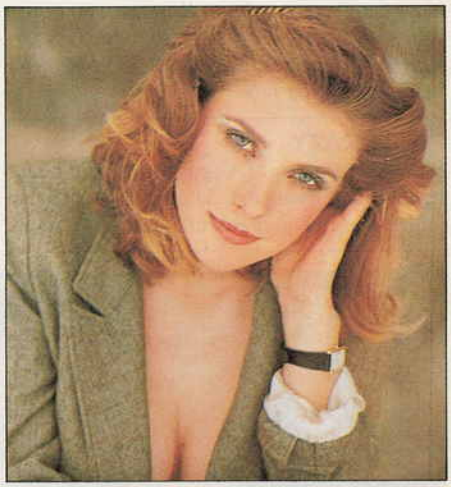
Just wanted to drop a line and say that the magazine's getting better with every issue. And your last few covers have been really hot. They're definitely the most visually arresting I've seen. OUI stands out from all the other publications around.

J.R.
Detroit, Michigan

## CAMP LOVERS

Your interview with actress Colleen Camp (*Small Talk*, September) is excellent. I've admired her work since the first time I saw her, as a beauty queen in *Smile*. I'm glad to see that directors like Francis Ford Coppola and Peter Bogdanovich are taking notice of her ample talents.

L.V.
Portland, Maine



Colleen Camp is one beautiful lady. I found the interview with her most enlightening. I'm glad to hear that Joe Bottoms is no longer her serious boyfriend. Now maybe there is still a chance for me.

RICK JOHNSON
Dubuque, Iowa

## CHEYCO'S PORTFOLIO

Gimme a break. If I want to look at nine pages of women's kneecaps, spandex clothes and black high heels, I'll go out and buy a European photo publication. Cheyco Leidmann's pseudosurreal study (*Portfolio: Cheyco Leidmann*, September) isn't erotic and, what's worse, it isn't particularly good. Stick to girls and to photographers who know how to work the shutter without coming off pretentious.

M. MONTGOMERY
Little Rock, Arkansas

*Address letters to:*
*Mail,* OUI
*8560 Sunset Boulevard*
*Los Angeles, California 90069*

# MOST CAR STEREOS SHOULD NEVER LEAVE THE SHOWROOM.

No matter how powerful your receiver is, no matter how sensitive it is, once you hit the road, you're in for trouble.

It's a jungle out there. Mountains. Buildings. Tunnels. Telephone wires. They all add up to fuzzz, fading and overlapping stations. Some real ear-boggling interference.

But Craig has changed all this with a whole new line of stereos based on one crucial fact.

Cars move.

And the Craig Road-Rated™ Receivers were made to move with them.

The engineers at Craig turned a new corner in car stereo by carefully balancing the sensitivity, RF intermodulation, alternate channel rejection and capture ratio. So you get clean, clear sound on almost any road you drive.

**The road is one mean obstacle course, but the Craig Road-Rated Receiver was built to handle it.**

While the Road-Rated Receiver is protecting your music from the outside world, add a Road-Rated Equalizer and you've got control over the inside world.

With its ambience expander, you can turn your car into a rolling rock concert.

Now prove it to yourself. Listen to ours. Listen to theirs.

In the showroom, they sound good, too. But out on the road, they just won't move you like Craig.

CRAIG®

**ROAD-RATED RECEIVERS**

CRAIG CORP., 921 W. ARTESIA BLVD., COMPTON, CALIFORNIA 90220. TELEX: 67-4116 · IN CANADA: WITHERS, EVANS LTD. BURNABY, B.C. V5G 3E3.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0 .8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80.

# Take the road to flavor in a low tar cigarette.

*The low 'tar' with genuine tobacco flavor.*

© 1980 B&W T Co.

# RALEIGH LIGHTS

# DR. OUI

Sensible and straightforward answers to your questions
about sex, the law, drugs, money, health, fitness, manners and self-improvement

Even when I was a kid, I had dark circles under my eyes. The ladies seemed to find them attractive, so I never gave them much thought. Lately, however, they've been getting even darker. I saw an allergist, who concluded that they were congenital and then referred me to a plastic surgeon. The plastic surgeon said that there was nothing he could do and suggested I use masking creams. Well, forget makeup. Are there any other options?

F.H.
Sacramento, California

*This condition is, indeed, a constitutional characteristic; that is, based on your body chemistry as a whole. And amending the human constitution is harder than passing the ERA. Surgery won't do it, and creams will only cover it up. But the condition does tend to worsen with chronic fatigue. Examine your lifestyle for excess exertion, undue stress and overextension; cut down on each accordingly. Since exhaustion can also be hormonal, you may try visiting an endocrinologist to determine if your fatigue has biochemical (and perhaps correctable) origins. In the meantime, try sunglasses.*

---

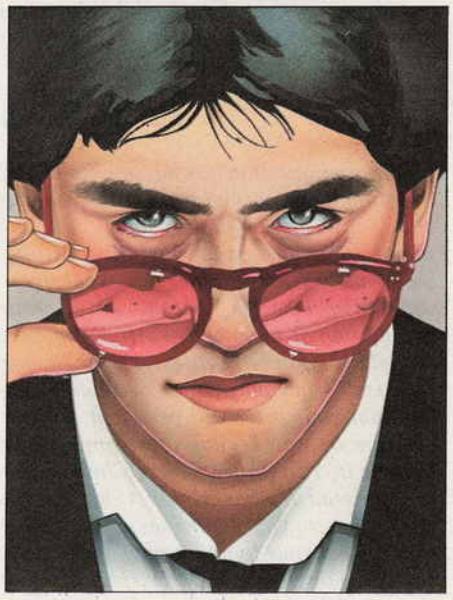
It seems to me that the latest buzz word in male sexuality is testosterone. First, the public is told that pot decreases it to a point where a guy could grow tits. Now I hear that too much of it can turn you hairy like an ape. What's the real story?

C.O.
Daytona Beach, Florida

*Testosterone is the very milk of macho. It's the definitive male hormone, manufactured in the testes, starting at puberty, and regulated by the pituitary gland. It aids sperm production and governs secondary sexual characteristics—body and facial hair, musculature, voice depth, etc. —and influences sexual behavior. So there's little wonder that testosterone has been the center of a lot of controversy and concern. An endocrinologist can prescribe it, but usually only to treat abnormally low testosterone secretion. For more specific information, hit the library for Arthur C. Guyton's "Textbook of Medical Physiology." Or check the discussions on male hormones in Henry Ritter's "From Man to Man."*

---

A friend of mine involved in the new anti-draft movement says that I should resist registering for the draft. I'm 23, and I thought that the government could only



register guys 21 and under. But my friend says that could change at any time. Could it, and are there any legal ways to get out of having to register?

G.J.
Omaha, Nebraska

*Under current law, all male U.S. citizens between the ages of 18 and 26 could be obliged to register if the President decrees it. The only exemptions from registration are active-duty members of the armed forces (including most reservists, the Coast Guard and the Public Health Service), military-academy students (i.e., West Point, Annapolis) and aliens on temporary and/or student visas. Some options, huh? Should the situation arise, your best move would be either to register or openly resist. By the way, your friend may be right. Resistance to an illegal draft now might be one sure way to protect your rights in the future. And if you think you have it bad, in wartime, they commonly draft doctors up to age 35.*

---

Maybe I'm imagining things, but since my lady switched to the pill, she seems notably less passionate—even a bit less desirable. Could there be some connection?

N.B.
Baltimore, Maryland

*There is evidence that low-estrogen, high-progesterone pills can reduce female sex drive, lubrication, sensitivity and orgasm. Moreover, nonhuman-primate studies indicate that contraceptive hormones may, in fact, decrease the desirability of the female by lowering pheromones—biochemical scents that arouse the male—but the data is still too raw for any conclusions. You, in turn, could be reacting emotionally to her lagging libido. Try switching pills (ask her gynecologist or Planned Parenthood) or switch to the diaphragm or condoms for a while. If your action picks up, don't worry about the clinical implications.*

---

During my last vacation, I read several books on dream analysis. Since then, I have been trying to record and decipher my own dreams. But I have a hell of a time remembering them. Is there a way to improve my dream memory?

R.I.
Macon, Georgia

*Some dream analysts recommend a form of self-hypnosis to program your unconscious with the message: "I am remembering my dreams." This is achieved by lying down, relaxing and repeating that phrase deliberately and firmly to yourself 15–20 times, several times a day and again right before you fall asleep. Keep a bedside notebook and, upon awakening, write down anything you can recollect, even fragments, in order to detect any recurring patterns or images. Within weeks, you should be experiencing greater recall and even some control over your dreaming. Don't discount this technique as simplistic; the simplicity is its power. Also, know that alcohol, Valium and daily tension reduce dream memory and dream sleep itself.*

---

Despite precautions, my lady is pregnant, and she's going to have the baby. However, she intends to put it up for adoption unless I marry her. Frankly, that would be a living hell for both of us. But it's still my child, and I want to raise it. I have a good, secure job, and I own my own home. If she doesn't want our baby, is there some way I can adopt it?

S.L.
Oak Park, Illinois

*The Supreme Court has recognized the right of an illegitimate child's father to have a say in the baby's rearing, including any plans for adoption. Many courts now give unwed fathers first right of adoption over other agencies, families or relatives of the mother. Consult a reputable family attorney: There's an excellent chance that if you're qualified, you could legally raise your child. A caution: There have been cases*

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

*in which a mother, motivated by revenge or blackmail, has kept the baby and raised it indifferently or has farmed it out to relatives. That's a lousy fate compared to adoption. So, know and exercise your rights, but exercise them with care, maturity and unselfishness. Your child's future is at stake, and your most paternal act may be to win by giving up.*

---

After months of scrimping, I finally have enough money to buy a videocassette recorder. But my buyer's bible, *Consumer Reports*, hasn't rated them in two years. Could you recommend one? Or should I wait for video discs?

T.C.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*If anyone thought judging audio quality was subjective, they should try grading video. We favor the VHS format over Beta because of the recording time available and the sound. Trends indicate that only one of these two incompatible modes will survive the VCR-market shake-out. And it's still a horse race to see which one. Ultimately, the "best" depends on your own criteria, budget and timing. Right now, the JVC HR-6700 features superb sound and picture, while Panasonic's PV-1650 offers the most options. But VCR hardware is evolving at a rapid pace, so be cautious. To get the recent ratings, try a library or a bookstore for copies of the current video magazines. Then look at the systems in your price range, and buy the one that most pleases your eye.*

---

Once my penis gets hard, I can rarely keep it up for more than five minutes, even if I don't get off. This can be terribly embarrassing. But so is the idea of stopping in the middle of things to apply a numbing cream or spray to my cock. I sure would like to get to the cause of this sudden drooping. What might it be?

R.P.
Stateline, Nevada

*An easier question is, what mightn't it be? Emotional, or secondary, impotence has more causes than inflation: latent guilt and shame, conscious or unconscious hostility, boredom, anxiety, fatigue, nonsexual stress, your general health, the amount of erotic stimulation at the moment. Most common, though, is what we call the F.D.R. factor: fear itself—in your case, an overriding anxiety that your peter will peter out. To concentrate on any sexual shortcoming is to inflame it. You'll turn yourself into a spectator instead of a participant. Odds are, you need to revise your entire sexual pattern in order to get your joint jumping again. See a sexual counselor or an M.D. specializing in sexual dysfunction. It may be difficult to accept, but the alternative could be very, very lonely.*

My boyfriend and I are currently looking for a contraceptive that's acceptable to both of us. The diaphragm is an inconvenient, messy (foams and jellies) moodkiller, but we've heard about a mini-diaphragm you can wear permanently without the use of foams. Do you have any details on this?

W.Z.
Levittown, New York

*You probably mean the cervical cap, a small, pliable device that resembles a large nursing nipple or a latex thimble. There are many models made of many materials. Some go directly on the cervix; some lie just above it in the vaginal vault. Although they are fairly new in this country, they have been used in Europe for years. Statistically, they're as safe and effective as the diaphragm, and most require no foam or jelly. However, they must be removed, cleaned and replaced every few days. Cervical caps come in four sizes, but they don't fit everyone. A special fitting may be needed. They cost around $10, but fitting and self-insertion lessons are time-consuming and can run up to $50.*

---

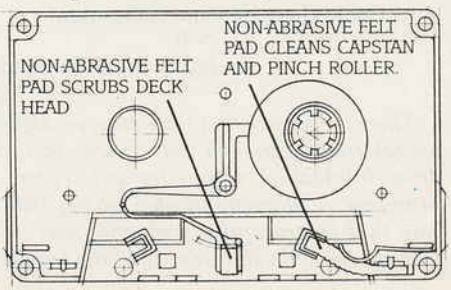
I'm a newcomer to the S/M scene, and I need some advice that I'm too embarrassed to ask my friends about. My mistress demands that I shave my pubic area, my balls and my anus. This leaves my skin red, raw and covered with itchy nubs. Plucking my


# 20 SECONDS OF ALLSOP 3 COULD HAVE KEPT THESE TAPES ALIVE.

How many times have you seen your favorite tape eaten up... mangled beyond repair? And you probably cursed the tape and your cassette player.

No more. Now you can attack the primary cause of tape damage with a revolutionary new kind of non-abrasive audio cassette deck cleaner called ALLSOP 3.

ALLSOP 3 thoroughly removes oxides and other residue from your cassette deck's head, capstan and pinch roller—the parts responsible for top sound quality and smooth tape flow. When pollutants coat these parts, poor performance and tape damage result.



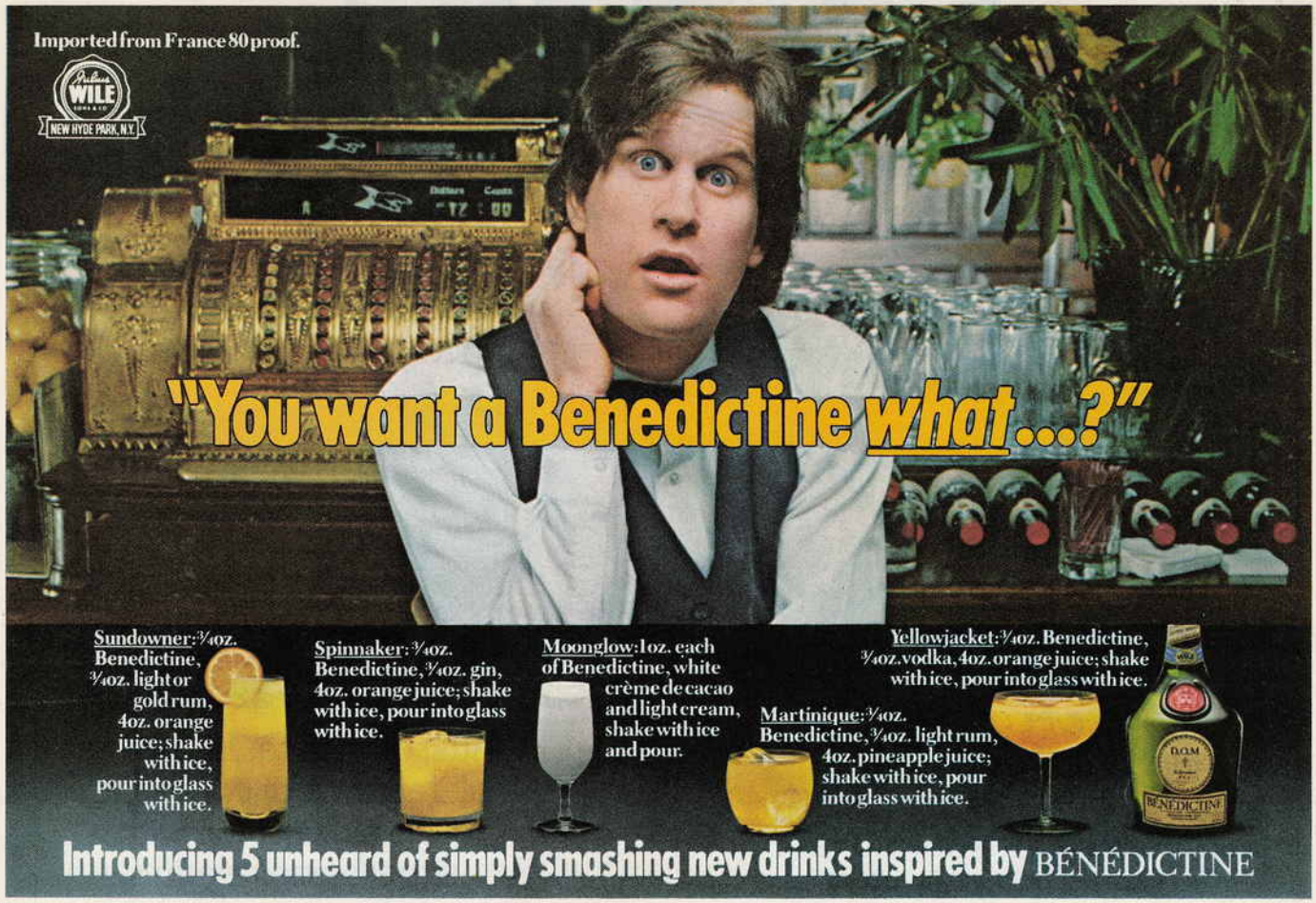

Simply moisten the ALLSOP 3 cleaning cassette with special-formula ALLSOP 3 cleaning solution. Insert into your deck as you would a regular tape. Press the "play" button and two separate non-abrasive felt pads go to work, one cleaning the capstan and pinch roller, the other the head with a patented cleaning action.

20 to 40 seconds is all it takes to keep your cassette components clean...20 to 40 seconds that could mean life- or death- to your tapes.

LOOK FOR THE ALLSOP 3 DEMONSTRATION WHEREVER AUDIO PRODUCTS ARE SOLD.

ALLSOP 3™

ALLSOP, INC.
P.O. BOX 23, BELLINGHAM, WA 98225 (206) 734-9090


Imported from France 80 proof.
Julius WILE SONS & CO.
NEW HYDE PARK, N.Y.
"You want a Benedictine what...?"
Sundowner: ¾oz. Benedictine, ¾oz. light or gold rum, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.
Spinnaker: ¾oz. Benedictine, ¾oz. gin, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.
Moonglow: 1oz. each of Benedictine, white crème de cacao and light cream, shake with ice and pour.
Martinique: ¾oz. Benedictine, ¾oz. light rum, 4oz. pineapple juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.
Yellowjacket: ¾oz. Benedictine, ¾oz. vodka, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.
D.O.M.
BENEDICTINE
Introducing 5 unheard of simply smashing new drinks inspired by BÉNÉDICTINE

pubes is painful and time-consuming. Are depilatories safe for pubic use? They sure would make my life a lot easier.

C.D.
Brooklyn, New York

*The real question is whether your mistress is safe for pubic use. Any lady whose sexual tastes require her lover to scrape or pluck his rig is not our idea of a dream partner. But you know what you like. The answer: All depilatories work by breaking the hair shaft, and this can be as irritating to the groin as a razor or tweezers. The least annoying are hot-wax depilatories, which remove hair from below the skin. Although they're safe around the genitals, they're certainly no fun, since you have to slowly peel the wax and loose hair off. Ouch! Any chemicals that claim to do the same thing should first be tested for allergic reactions on your arm or leg. And they should be used with extreme caution around the genitalia.*

---

I've been giving some serious thought to putting my nearly worthless dollars into gold, but the fluctuation of gold prices bewilders me. Where are they headed? The experts are divided between way up and way down. What is the real scoop?

K.F.
Galveston, Texas

*Anybody who says he knows what will happen next is a liar or a nut. And somewhere in between fall the experts. Actually, both sides are half right. Global doubts about the stability of the dollar and heavy buying by Arabs and Europeans tend to drive gold prices up. But creeping recession and lower industrial demand tend to drive them back down. The result is midrange fluctuation. Most experts feel that gold is a safe—if not necessarily a windfall—haven for a long-term investment. But if America's recessionary belt tightening goes global, watch out.*

---

My wife's body fascinates me, and I want to buy some books on gynecology. My long-range goal is to learn everything a gynecologist knows, so that I can give her a loving examination at home rather than send her to a stranger. Can you tell me which books are the best?

O.R.
Richmond, Virginia

*There are, indeed, comprehensive, easy-to-understand books on gynecology. The latest is "It's Your Body: A Woman's Guide to Gynecology" by Niels Lauerson (Playboy Press, $3.95). But these are not medical texts and, ultimately, the only way to learn what a gynecologist knows is to spend six years in medical school. Reproductive medicine, like sex itself, is learned by doing, not by reading. Gynecology is not for amateurs, no matter how devoted they are. Our advice is to forget your goal, since it will only compromise your lady's gynecological health. Swallow your fear, jealousy, doubt or whatever, and place her in professional, albeit strange, hands.*

---

I'm 22 years old and four months pregnant. My doctor has just informed me that I have infectious hepatitis. I've asked him if this could cause birth defects in my baby, and all he says is not to worry. Should I get a second opinion?

A.M.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

*Since your emotions can influence your hormone balance, we suggest you take steps that will ease your mind. In the meantime, digest these facts. (1) Uterine hep is rarely very serious. (2) Hepatitis contracted during the last trimester is often passed on to the infant, but this is a disease, not a birth defect. (3) Hep contracted during the first six months of pregnancy is only passed on to the baby once in every ten cases. The odds say you have nothing to fret about, but your doctor should have been more specific in informing you. And a second opinion never hurts.*

---

The Doctor is in every month to answer your questions. Write: *Dr. OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

# Supertuner® II. Lightning strikes again.

At last. A new Supertuner with FM reception so advanced, you simply have to hear it to believe it.

Because Supertuner II wasn't designed just to sound good on paper or in a lab. It was developed to sound good in the the real world, in moving cars.

To sort out stations in the stereo jungles of cities.

To pull in stations in the stereo wastelands of the open highway.

KP-7500

To adjust for signal changes anywhere.

So smoothly, you're hardly aware it's happening.

And Supertuner II isn't just the good-sounding car stereo. It's available with advanced cassette features like Auto Reverse with Automatic Tape Slack Canceller, an exclusive.

Plus, of course, a complete range of compatible speakers. All with superb engineering, performance and dependability you'll find throughout Pioneer's complete line.

So if you'd like to hear the best audio in motion, see your Pioneer autosound dealer now. For Supertuner II.

The car stereo that's taking the world by storm.

TS-698

PIONEER®

The Best Sound Going.

© 1980 Pioneer Electronics of America, 1925 E. Dominguez St., Long Beach, CA 90810. To find your nearest dealer, toll-free, call: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois: (800) 322-4400..

# OPENERS

DECEMBER

## THE TRUTH ABOUT CHRISTMAS

It's that time again: another yearly orgy of red-and-green bunting, rampant consumer overkill and holiday hyperbole. The air is filled with off-key carols, and the airwaves are filled with reruns of *Charlie Brown's Xmas Tree*, *Frosty the Snowman Melts Down* and *The Littlest Shepherd Seduces a Ewe*, not to mention every movie with a Yuletide theme from *Christmas in Connecticut* to *Santa Claus Conquers the Martians*. Every booze ad flashes holly berries and foil Christmas wrapping, suburban neighbors outdo each other with gaudy yard decorations, and everybody takes time off to party up a storm. Is all of this, as Ebenezer Scrooge put it, "humbug"? Are Bible-thumpers right when they say we've all lost the true meaning of Christmas?

Naaaah.

The end of the year has always been a season of partying and carousing. Back in the heyday of Egypt and Babylonia, whole cities gorged themselves on food and drink for weeks at a time, celebrating the winter solstice, the shortest day (and the longest night) of the year, after which the sun is "reborn."

The ancient Romans expanded this with their festival of Saturnalia, a week-long toga party that would make Saturday night on Sunset Boulevard look like reunion night at the old-folks' home by comparison. Crowds jammed the cobblestone streets, singing dirty songs, drinking until they puked, screwing, yelling, gambling and dressing in clothes of the opposite sex—*if* they dressed at all. During Saturnalia, household slaves got the opportunity to take over the

household. They could get freely drunk, while the master of the house had to wait on *them* for a change. Insults to the master, which ordinarily would be worth a quick trip to the lion's arena, were forgiven in the anything-goes spirit; no one could be held responsible for a wine-loosened tongue during Saturnalia. Sort of like an office party . . . where everybody speaks Latin.

Then organized religion tried to superimpose its own interpretation on all this fun, proclaiming the season the anniversary of Jesus' birth. Historians place His actual birthday closer to March 7th (making Him a Pisces, incidentally), but the average peasant-on-the-street couldn't care less. The old ways hung on, occasionally peeking out from under their thin veneer of respectability.

Here's another charming little custom. According to *Holidays Around the World* (Little, Brown & Company, 1953), everybody gathers around the fireplace, tossing tied-up fagots onto the flames. The party's host gives his guests big mugs of ale and announces, "When the green bands that bindeth the fagots do burst, it is time, good people, to have a drink and wish everybody well." Wheee! Of course, the term *fagots* refers here to bundles of sticks. However, that venerable Yule log and the ubiquitous Christmas tree both represent the ancient pagan rite of burning alive a human sacrifice to ensure a fruitful new year. Ho-ho-ho, everybody!

The same reference book tells us of this East Coast Xmas ritual: "If we go into Pennsylvania, we would see the old customs of the Pennsylvania Dutch with the elaborate construction of the Putz." The Putz, by the way, is the Christmas crib.

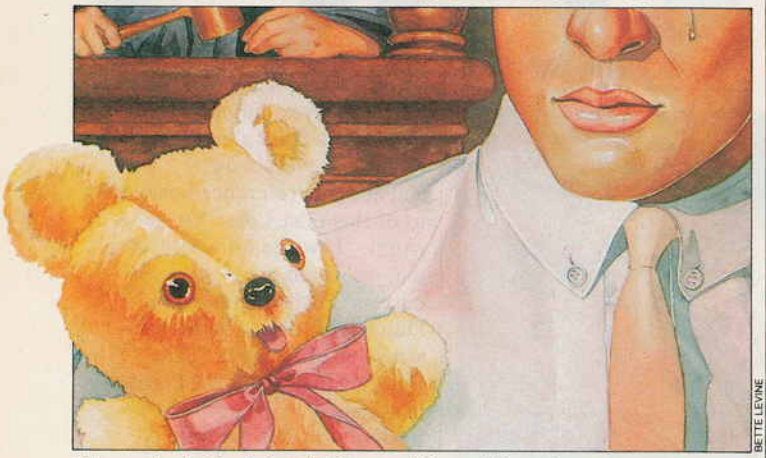
Mistletoe, that favorite of lechers everywhere, has no Christian symbolism; the kissing tradition comes to us from Scandinavia, where mistletoe is held sacred to Frigga, the goddess of . . . well, you figure it out.

So when a Yuletide party pooper tells you that the holiday should be spent in serious spiritual reflection, tell him, "Merry Christmas," and go about your revelry, confident in the knowledge that you're upholding a great tradition of hedonism. Hang some mistletoe above your bedroom door, pour yourself a mug of stout and turn on the TV. *Santa Claus Conquers the Martians* comes on right after the football game. —TED NEWSOM

## T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH

This lady's no seeing-eye dog, so who wouldn't like to let his fingers do the walking over the world's first Braille T-shirt?

# The Rights of Unwed Fathers



BETTE LEVINE

There she is, that classic figure of tragedy, the unwed mother. She's standing out in the cold, a wee bastard bundled in her arms. There seems to be some sort of storm brewing . . . and as we peer into the swirling mists, suddenly we see that there's a man standing next to her. Move over, mama. Make way for that highly obscure figure, the unwed father.

I know this sounds like some kind of men's liberation fantasy, but unwed fathers—even as I speak to you now—are beginning to get some social attention and a little legal respect. They may even prove to have some rights, too.

A few legal pioneers argue that if the law requires responsible behavior from unwed fathers, then the law should also come across with some rights, too. Why should an unwed father have to bear the burden if he doesn't want the child?

This question stems from the Supreme Court's famous 1973 *Roe vs. Wade* decision making abortion legal. To abort or not, ruled the Supremes, is a decision to be decided entirely by the woman. So take a look at the hypothetical case of Charley and his girlfriend, Rita. Together, they get her pregnant and, like a gentleman, Charley offers to pay for the abortion. There the togetherness ends—it turns out that Rita wants the baby, but she doesn't especially want Charley. But babies cost a lot of money these days and, when Rita applies for welfare, the state suggests strongly that Charley fork over some child support.

Charley protests. The *Roe vs. Wade* decision, he claims, has left him powerless to prevent an unwanted birth. He's been denied due process and equal protection guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment. Excluded from the abortion decision, why should he have to pay for the results?

So far, unwed fathers' efforts to get a vote on abortion have made only limited progress in American courtrooms. The Florida State Court of Appeals has ruled that Jones, a putative father, has no right to keep Smith, the natural mother, from having an abortion. However, a New Jersey court did rule in favor of a man who wanted to stop his partner from aborting their child and, although the woman promptly went to Pennsylvania and did it there, the precedent is promising.

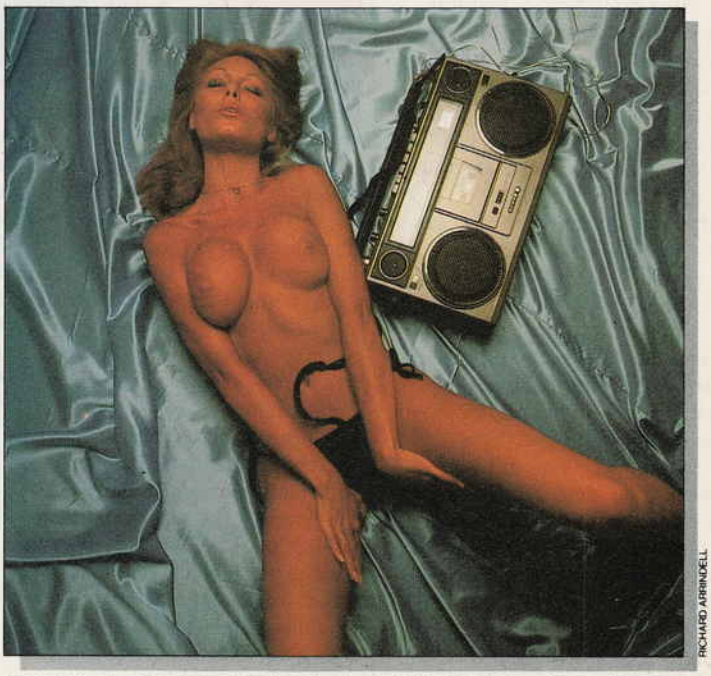
"A father is now a 'progenitor' who has 'brought life into the world' only in some zoological sense," concludes George S. Swan in an analysis appearing in a recent issue of the *Valparaiso University Law Review*. "His legal status relative to his unborn children is that of a helpless bystander."

Swan, a radical on the subject of paternal rights, points out that the mother's refusal to abort can cost the unwed father a bundle, both financially and emotionally. Therefore, he concludes blandly, she should indemnify him. (That'll be the day.) But Swan is serious in proposing that child-support statutes be revised to include an inquiry into exactly why a woman has chosen to bear an illegitimate child. The outcome of the inquiry would determine where to place the burden of support.

The unwed father's greatest legal gains have most recently been made in custody contests. The law no longer automatically sides with mommy. State and county governments, courts and social services have been forced to recognize that the unwed father has the right to a say in his child's upbringing. This new idea was laid down in the Supreme Court's *Stanley vs. Illinois* decision, which held that an unwed father is entitled to notification of custody or adoption plans, thereby making him, for the first time, a legitimate party to the proceedings.

An unwed father that wants custody of his child or at least a say in the adoption process stands a much better chance of success now than ever before. Laws favoring mom have been overturned frequently in recent years. Some states are abandoning the very notion of illegitimacy, so that unwed fathers have the same rights as married men. Elsewhere, courts are getting tough with mothers. When a woman in Scranton, Pennsylvania, named the wrong lover as the father of her child, she landed in jail.

But the unwed fathers' movement still has a long way to go, as shown by a recent avant-garde case in California. There, an unmarried father sued his girlfriend for $200,000 in financial, emotional and punitive damages because she untruthfully told him she was on the pill. The State Court of Appeal, alas, didn't want to get involved. But it *was* a nice try. —MICHAEL KIMMEL



RICHARD ARMINDELL

# I'VE GOT THE MUSIC IN ME

Technology marches on with yet another gift for the girl who has everything: Musical Vibrating Panties. By sending $20.95 to David Lloyd, 19 Gramatan Avenue, Mt. Vernon, NY 10550, you can put your lady in lyrical lingerie that has a built-in tweeter in the crotch. Just plug the panties into your stereo and hear the hills *really* come alive with the sound of music. The vibrator adds a new dimension to the phrase *boogie down*, and the erotic effects are not limited to any one type of music, either. Our *Openers* consumer reporter got equally arousing results with her favorite jazz sextet, a Bach organ recital and Led Zeppelin. Next month: Peter Yarrow Jockey Shorts.

NATIONAL SMOKER STUDY WINNER

only 3 mg tar

# TRIUMPH®

# beats Winston Lights!

## Triumph, at less than one-fourth the tar, preferred over Winston Lights.

When tar levels were revealed, more smokers independently chose Triumph over Winston Lights in rating overall product preference. Of those expressing a preference, over 69% preferred 3 mg Triumph to 14 mg Winston Lights.

Results showed that Triumph was also preferred over 12 mg Marlboro Lights, 8 mg Merit and other low tars.

Now, test for yourself. Compare Triumph with any other so-called "light" cigarette. You'll taste why we named it Triumph. Also available in Menthol.

National Smoker Study results available free on request.
Write: National Smoker Study, P.O. Box 2733, Hillside, New Jersey 07205

**Taste the UMPH! in Triumph at only 3 mg tar.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

©Lorillard, U.S.A., 1980

3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980.

# 10 MINUTES WITH DARYL ANDERSON

Amid the latter-day Clark Kents and Lois Lanes on TV's *Lou Grant* lurks Animal, a long-haired, ill-kempt relic from the Sixties, a gonzo Jimmy Olsen in granny glasses and ragged jeans. The flashy role of the *L.A. Tribune* photographer propelled 29-year-old actor Daryl Anderson from obscurity (20 seconds in *Butch and Sundance: The Early Years* and nearly a full minute in something called *Sweet Revenge*) to the position of TV star and game-show guest. *Openers* Contributing Editor Ted Newsom met Anderson in Newsom's favorite hangout, a coffee shop that prides itself on its gigantic breakfasts and well-endowed waitresses.

**OUI:** How much of Daryl Anderson is Animal?

**ANDERSON:** It's easier to say what's different. In a lot of the scripts, the character is only sketched, so I fill in the rest. As you can see, although your readers can't, I'm not dressed like him. [For the record, Daryl was wearing a neat, white sweater and slacks.] When I'm away from the show, I wear my hair a little shorter, I shave, I don't dress like a hippie and I talk a lot more. And I don't carry a camera, for God's sake!

**OUI:** Do you take photographs at all?

**ANDERSON:** Oh, sure. Lately I've been taking pictures of my actor friends. "You gotta get a good 8x10." I shoot them, they shoot me.

**OUI:** A *Lou Grant* episode showed Animal thumbing through a magazine called something like *Chains and Leather*. Are you . . . ?

**ANDERSON:** Awww, no. It was called *How to Save Your Marriage Through Bondage*, I think. Really weird.

**OUI:** Why do you think Animal, counter-culture figure that he is, is such a hit with housewives and mothers-in-law?

**ANDERSON:** They understand that Animal is not rebelling against anything. He just has a certain set of priorities. He's not worried about his appearance, he's worried about meaningful stuff. [savors the phrase] Yeah, meaningful stuff. He's always kind to people, though sometimes he'll be a little impatient with a total asshole he might run into. But he's not a prick like Rossi. Or a wiseass like Donovan. Or a goody-two-shoes like—hey, this is great! I can rip apart all the other characters and say nothing but sweet things about the actors. This could be fun.

**OUI:** *Los Angeles* magazine recently ran an "exposé" of the show, suggesting the characters are just like the actors who portray them.

**ANDERSON:** They got a writer [coincidentally, former OUI Senior Editor Stewart Weiner] onto the set who came in with that preconceived notion, and he set out to prove it. He looked for things that supported his idea. Check out Bob Walden as Donald Segretti in *All the President's Men*. He ain't Joe Rossi.

**OUI:** Are you afraid of being typecast as Animal?

**ANDERSON:** Well, while *Lou Grant* is running, it's important to do other things so casting directors know you're capable of other things. I'm in an ABC-TV movie called *The Phoenix*, with E. G. Marshall. It's a science-fantasy, and the part is so different from Animal, I'm ecstatic! I play a scientist, an archaeologist out on a dig, and I get to drive the jeep, dodge the llamas, meet the helicopter, do all kinds of

fun stuff. I'm in the lucky category of "character actor."

**OUI:** What would you like to be doing ten or 15 years hence?

**ANDERSON:** Ten or 15 years hence? I'd like to be doing the parts that Elliott Gould is doing now. Or maybe Bruce Dern. Those are the two guys I get thrown in my face all the time. "Gee, a young Elliott Gould." "Gee, a young Bruce Dern." I don't look like either of them, but I sound a little like both of them.

**OUI:** In the show, Animal is a Vietnam veteran. Were you?

**ANDERSON:** No, I wasn't. I was one of the kids who hid from the war in college, but I'm not exactly overcome with guilt about it. The idea was not to get killed.

**OUI:** Were you politically active during the Sixties?

**ANDERSON:** I was active in stuff that I thought was political at the time. James Jones in *The Merry Month of May* put his boot down on how much all that nonsense had to do with politics. It was very sexy to be against the war. Yeah, I marched on the freeways. I was a great freeway marcher. I was never there when the Mace hit, though. I knew when to take the day off. "Oh, no, I, uh, can't make it today." [Our waitress, a brunette named Julie, pours more coffee and notices our copy of OUI.]

**WAITRESS:** That's me on the cover, when I was blonde. See? [She flips down her blouse, gives us a quick flash of tanned skin, then vanishes with her coffeepot.]

**ANDERSON:** [laughing] Gee, this *is* a fun place to eat.

**OUI:** What do you do for relaxation?

**ANDERSON:** God, I thought you were gonna ask questions about Animal's kinky sex life. I'm glad that didn't come out.

**OUI:** Wait a minute! What *about* Animal's kinky sex life?

**ANDERSON:** For relaxation, I take pictures, I like to read—

**OUI:** What about Animal's kinky sex life?

**ANDERSON:** . . . and go to scary movies. But I don't party a lot. It wipes me out for days.

**OUI:** But Animal's sex life?

**ANDERSON:** I also hunt for houses in my spare time. Some clown got ahold of my address and phone number. I keep getting weird calls and pizzas in the middle of the night. Time to move.

[Our interview over, Daryl Anderson sauntered off. Our waitress dropped by the table one more time, asked, "Is your friend married?" and flashed again. Daryl, if you're reading this, Julie thinks you're cute and wants your phone number. Ah, the benefits of being a television sex symbol.]


"aaah"

KAHLÚA® & Milk

It's the adult milkshake: an ounce of Kahlúa to four ounces of milk over ice.

KAHLÚA® & Milk & Soda

If you like, fzzz it up with club soda. And do send for the Kahlúa recipe book. Our treat.

Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc., 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90048. ©1980 Kahlúa. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. 53 Proof.

*Heralding the Third Coming of Reggae*

# THE SKA'S THE LIMIT

In 1976, my friend Ronald cut off his hair, stuck a safety pin through his cheek and changed his name to Rod Repulsive. He'd just heard the Sex Pistols, you see, and he was a true believer. While Rod/Ronald tried to coax me into listening to the Pistols' brand-new, import-only album, I tried equally hard to interest him in a brand-new, import-only album by Bob Marley and the Wailers. "Boring old fart," Ronald sneered. "Sounds like music hippies play when they're getting high."

Cut to early 1980. Ronald, now looking decidedly normal and sans safety pins, is at my house again. This time, he's clutching a stack of import records on a label called 2-Tone, along with a few certifiably rare records by artists like U-Roy, Desmond Dekker and Pablo Augustus Pablo. I'm auditioning LPs by the Gang of Four, Public Image Ltd. and the Clash. I tell Ronald his new vinyl sounds like reggae on speed. Ronald tells me I'm about five years too late to be a punk. And I ponder the irony of it all.

We know what happened to the punks—may God have mercy on Sid's soul. But whatever happened to reggae? Well, praise Jah, reggae is alive and well and living in your local record store. But you might not recognize it at first blush.

The surest way to breathe life into a musical movement is to convince the critics that it's dead. Bob Marley came to America in 1976 and carried a host of ethnic Jamaican bands in on his coattails. Third World, Burning Spear, Peter Tosh, Bunny Wailer . . . With American youth turning out in force to see reggae films like *The Harder They Come*, and with mainstream rock bands like the Rolling Stones adopting reggae rhythms in their repertoires, it was only a matter of time until someone rang the curtain down. And when the Stones signed Tosh to their own label, well, the final nail was in the coffin. Or was it?

While critics were trying to force Jamaican music into obscurity, ordinary music lovers and a few enlightened musicians were busy engraving those sensuous Caribbean rhythms into their collective consciousnesses. And the music of the Eighties may be a very strange blend, indeed.

It all started with some of the oldest names in rock 'n' roll. Eric Clapton had a hit single with Marley's *I Shot the Sheriff*, and the Stones recorded an old reggae number called *Cherry, Oh Baby*. Then came bands like Steely Dan (*Haitian Divorce*), 10CC (*Dreadlock Holiday*), Blondie (*Die Young, Stay Pretty*) and Joe Jackson (covers of *Pressure Drop* and *The Harder They Come*). The rock/reggae fusion wasn't strictly one-way, of course. Marley wrote a song called *Punky Reggae Party*, which was dedicated to the punk spirit in general and the Pistols in particular. The hyper-spiritual, Rasta-powered reggae masters were inspired by the raw energy of the punks, while the punks were innervated by the primitive, gut-level *feeling* of reggae. In London, at least, this mixing process led to "dub clubs," where disc jockeys played obscure instrumental "dub" tracks and improvised whacked-out but vaguely sensible raps to accompany the syncopated reggae beat. Dub artists became stars in their own right, and reggae gained a new respectability for the pioneers of the New Wave.

But slavish imitation never saved anyone's music. (If you don't believe me, then name three Elvis clones.) So a little deeper digging into West Indian music turned up ska, a bouncy, extremely danceable brand of music that dominated the Jamaican scene in the Sixties. If you don't remember ska, how about *My Boy Lollipop* by Millie Small? *The Israelites* by Desmond Dekker? Too tough? Then try something more recent—the Specials or Madness—or anyone on the 2-Tone label. The 2-Tone moniker isn't accidental, either. Most of the 2-Tone bands are truly multiracial—slum kids from the seedier parts of London or immigrants from the West Indies. Punky reggae party, indeed.

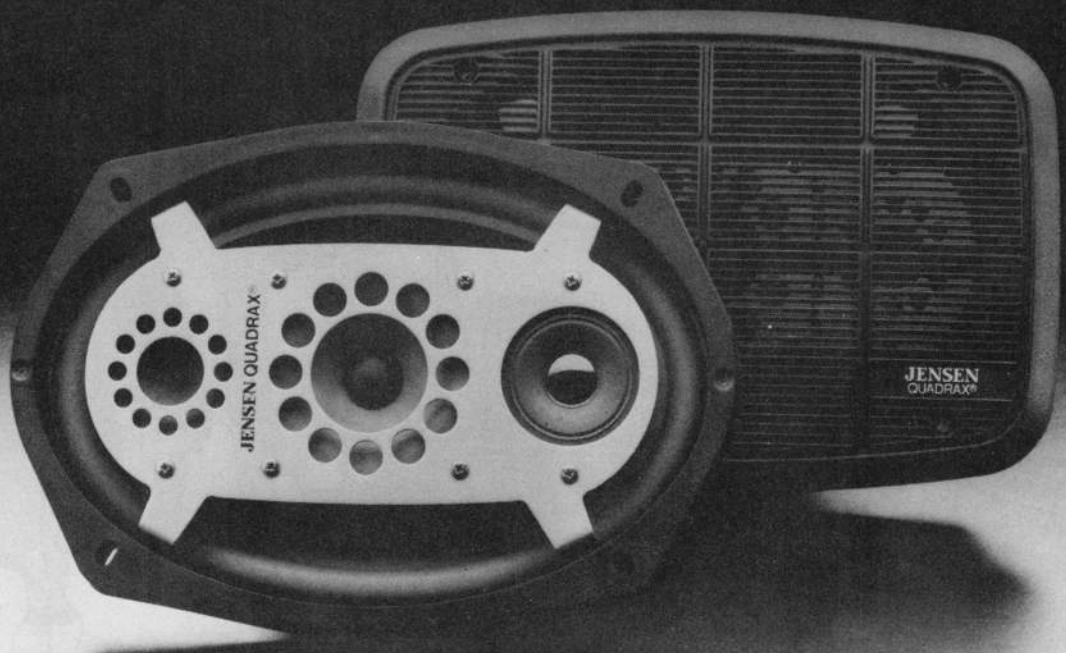
Punky reggae got its biggest boost the last time the Clash invaded the States. England's last living punks brought along dub-rapper extraordinaire Mikey Dread to open their shows. They liked the results so much that they released a single featuring Mikey on vocals, and announced plans to have him produce their next LP.

At their best, bands like the Police, Code Blue, Steel Pulse and the Slits turn out something very close to roots reggae; at their worst, they sound like white kids trying to sing black music. Which isn't necessarily that bad. The whole 2-Tone experience may do more for race relations than a hundred Rock Against Racism concerts.

And you don't have to trek to the Caribbean to soak up the reggae/ska influences anymore, either. Radio stations like KCRW in Los Angeles, WAIF in Cincinnati, WBAI in New York and WNUR in Chicago have regularly scheduled reggae programs. From San Francisco comes a comprehensive quarterly called the *Reggae News*, which is full of rare interviews, album reviews and radio and club listings for around the country. In L.A., you can dance to live reggae bands and to dub and ska records at clubs like Oriental Nights or the 20 Grand Club. In New York, you can hit Isaiah's. And Island Records, Jamaica's first international success story, recently re-released three records of original ska music from the Sixties. If you're looking for a rich musical heritage to tap, you needn't look very far.

The last time I saw Ronald was in Santa Monica at a Mighty Diamonds concert that was billed as "a night of nonstop ska dancing." Ronald was wearing a porkpie hat and skanking with the best of them. He had the look of a true believer in his eyes. It was good to see him again. —ED BOTT

# Midrange and muscle.




**New system for sound.**

You know Jensen for inventing the best known, most widely imitated speakers in the world. The Coax and the Triax.® Now Jensen has a new system, to cleanly define music as never before.

Introducing Quadrax® 4-way car stereo speaker system.

**Re-defining the midrange.**

The new Quadrax 4-way is a 6″ x 9″ speaker system with the advantage of 2 midrange drivers, to more clearly define this critical range where most vocals are reproduced. One driver reproduces the upper midrange signals, the other grabs the lower midrange notes. The result? Clean, realistic sound reproduction across the entire midrange.

**Clarity at both ends.**

This new Jensen Quadrax covers bass frequencies with a 6″ x 9″ woofer backed by a powerful 20 oz. magnet and a high temperature 1″ voice coil. It handles all the power you've got and delivers clean, deep bass response. And Quadrax has crisp, clear highs at the top end of the spectrum from Jensen's fine 2″ piezoelectric tweeter.

**Superb power handling.**

Quadrax handles more power—55 watts per channel—and delivers a staggering 103 sound pressure level.

**No gimmicks sold here.**

Quadrax is the kind of innovative new car audio product you can expect from Jensen. It's a no gimmick system with a solid performance difference you can hear.

But beyond the beauty of this 4-way system is the fact that this is a Jensen. You'll readily select a Jensen first, because you implicitly trust our quality. You instinctively know this is one company building car stereo products with care and purpose.

So if great power handling and musical definition are what you want in a car stereo speaker system, then this Quadrax system is ideal. See your Jensen car audio dealer for a demonstration.

**JENSEN**
**SOUND LABORATORIES**

AN ESMARK COMPANY

® "Quadrax" is the registered trademark identifying the patented 4-way speaker system of Jensen Sound Laboratories, An Esmark Company. (U.S. Patent 4,122,315). ® "Triaxial" and "Triax" are the registered trademarks identifying the patented 3-way speaker system of Jensen Sound Laboratories, An Esmark Company. (U.S. Patent 4,122,315).

©1980, Jensen Sound Laboratories, An Esmark Company

# THE BIG RAM MACHINE

The L.A./Anaheim/California Rams have always taken flak for being too "Hollywood." So cartoonist and dyed-in-the-wool Ram fan Larry Corby thought up this way to prove that the Pittsburgh "Mean Machine" is nothing next to *his* favorite sheep dips.

# ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LISTEN.

## THE SANSUI 900 SUPER SYSTEM.

Just listen.

Your ears will tell you immediately. Here is sound that's just about as good as it gets. And your eyes will tell you here's styling that's a cut above the rest.

But best of all, here is a sensibly priced complete system of high performance separates that is as easy to use as it is to buy.

All you have to do is plug it in — and enjoy.

**C-77 Control Center/ Preamplifier with Automatic Fader and Moving Coil Pre-Preamp** Unique in offering full stereo mixing with the convenience of an automatic and manual fader for smooth, professional sounding transitions from any connected source to any other, plus a built in pre-preamp for moving-coil cartridges. Variable loudness control.

**B-77 LINEAR-A DC Servo Power Amplifier with Spectrum Analyzer and Peak Power Meter.** Sensibly rated at 60 watts/channel, min. RMS, both channels into 8 ohms from 20-20,000Hz, with no more than 0.03% THD. Direct-coupled throughout, it features Sansui's exclusive new "Linear A" circuitry for low distortion with high efficiency, along with separate 10-band spectrum analyzer and peak power displays that show just what your system is doing.

**T-77 Quartz-PLL Digital Synthesizer FM/AM Tuner with 8 Preset FM/AM Stations and Auto Search** Digital Quartz-PLL Synthesizer design, which guarantees the most accurate tuning possible, is the highlight of this extraordinary tuner. Stores up to 8 stations in memory circuits for instant recall.

This system also has a direct/

drive automatic-return FR-D3 turntable with its low 0.028% wow/flutter and 72dB S/N ratio.

The attractive audio rack that contains the 900's components has additional space for an optional Sansui metal-tape compatible cassette deck.

Also included are two S-50 12", 3-way loudspeakers specially designed to perfectly match the system's components and fill your listening room with an uncanny amount and quality of music.

If you love great high fidelity, but don't have the patience for a lot of shopping and technical talk, you'll want to see and hear the Sansui 900 Super System. Visit your Sansui dealer and find out how

easy it is to own a top-of-the-line high fidelity system.

The Sansui 900 Super System. All you have to do is listen.

SUPERCOMPO

Sansui

**SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.**

Lyndhurst, New Jersey 07071 • Gardena, Ca. 90247
SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan
SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A., Antwerp, Belgium
In Canada: Electronic Distributors

# "Puerto Rican white rum can do anything better than gin or vodka."

## "Our Puerto Rican rum has started a new trend in Bloody Marys."

*Betsy González, fashion designer, with her brother and partner, Ausbert González.*

People everywhere are discovering that the rum Bloody Mary possesses a smoothness and refinement you won't find in the vodka version.

White rum also mixes marvelously with tonic or soda. And makes an exquisite dry martini.

Why? Because every drop of Puerto Rican white rum, by law, is aged at least one full year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

**Hint:** For more zip and zest in your Bloody Mary, use a fresh scallion as your stirrer.

**Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.**

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

**PUERTO RICAN RUMS**

**Aged for smoothness and taste.**

For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico." recipes, write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. 07 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10102.

© 1980 Government of Puerto Rico.

Approved by the Electoral Review Board.

# LOVE AT FIRST BITE

*Openers* has discovered an Oriental aphrodisiac with a real bite to it. The locals call the magic potion *shōchū*, and the recipe is simplicity itself. Take a bottle of your favorite beverage and add one live, poisonous snake. (The symbolism should be obvious to you Freudian fans.)

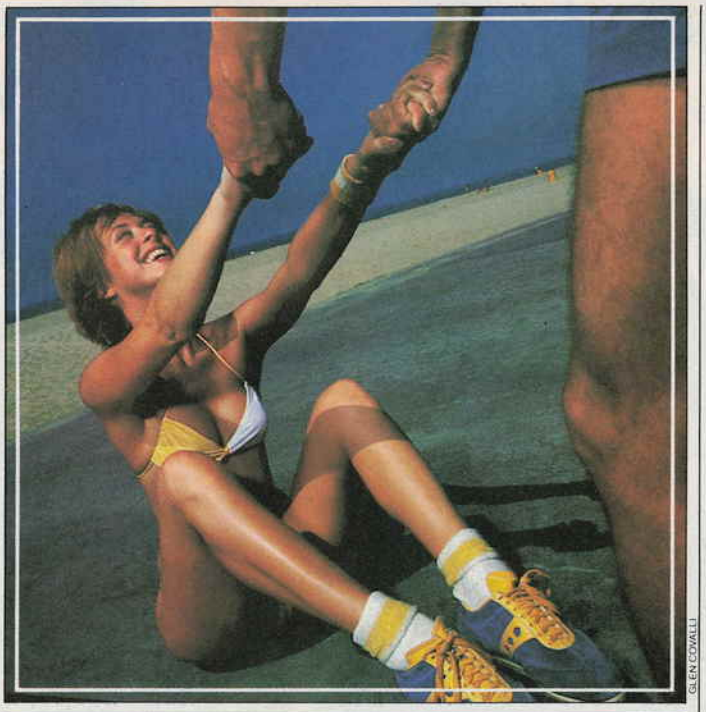
Japanese erotophiles believe that the slithery little reptile gives off potent juices as he drowns in your drink. Our informant in the Land of the Rising Sun told us there are two important rules to *shōchū* drinking, though. First, make sure that your venomous viper will fit inside the chosen beverage container. Trying to squeeze a live king cobra into a bottle of Jack Daniel's can take all night. And second, make sure the thing drowns.

Recently, a 70-year-old Tokyo resident tried the ancient recipe. With the impatience of a satyric septuagenarian, he

DAVID GAINES

took a drink before the drowning serpent hissed its last. The snake, soaked in sake but still alive, bit the geezer on the lip, thus ruining the evening's plans for a little *shitsu*. With inscrutable Oriental logic, the old man called the Tokyo Fire Department, who arranged for an antidote.

It could've been worse, though. *Shōchū* is an oral aphrodisiac, not a topical one. That might have proved embarrassing—especially to the poor fireman who had to suck out the poison.



GLEN COVALLI

## BOOKS

# PICKUP LIT

What activity most distinguishes man from the animals? According to Aristotle, it is politics; according to Aquinas, it is metaphysics; according to Karl Marx, it's labor. But they're all wrong. Historically, man has fully realized his human potential by picking up girls. First, Adam picked up Eve, and we've been picking each other up ever since.

So, your *Openers* Literary Department, always ready to advance the human cause, sought out the world's finest collection of literature about picking up girls, each volume a unique monument to the rise of human civilization.

---

*The Arts of Beauty: Hints to Gentlemen on the Art of Fascinating*, Madame Lola Montez, Countess of Landsfeld (Ecco Press, New York, 1978). Montez was the lover of Franz Liszt, Balzac, Alexandre Dumas, King Ludwig I of Bavaria and Czar Nicholas I of Russia. Her *Hints* appeared as an appendix to her 1856 book, *The Arts of Beauty*, and includes tips like: "You will make an immense hit with the ladies by pretending to be no admirer of any particular woman, but a professed adorer and slave of the whole sex; a thing which you can easily show by staring insultingly at every pretty woman you meet."

---

*The Mad Make Out Book*, Larry Siegel, illustrated by Angelo Torres (Warner Books, New York, 1977). At last, the pickup secrets of Alfred E. Neuman. This book has some typically gross *Mad* cartoons and the kind of jokes we've come to expect from the kings of crazy. "If you show her how romantic you are and shower her day and night with candy and champagne, chances are she'll go all the way . . . However, who wants to make out with a fat drunk?"

---

*Let's Make Mary: Being a Gentleman's Guide to Scientific Seduction in Eight Easy Lessons*, Jack Hanley (Phoenix Press, New York, 1937). This classic includes chapters like "Seduction Among the Eskimos," the "I Can Take You Away from All This" gambit (including the "I Can Get Your Father Out of Jail" variation) and much, much more. Also included, the first recorded plan for picking up girls on roller skates: Put on skates, skate into selected subject, knock her down and then, what else? *Pick her up!*

---

*The Little Black Book*, Cadwallader and Nudnick (MacFadden Publications, New York, 1963). These pseudonymous pickup artists pioneered some truly outrageous tactics, of which "Glamorous Neglect" is but a fair sample. "Strategic use of the telephone, when a girl is hot for you, can give her the illusion of being courted without much wear and tear on the old retreads and bank account. One classic example was by the genius Ellsworth—a falsified ship-to-shore conversation from the *Coronia* on the high seas. For this particular conversation, he had presumed on a Hollywood bit player of Cockney parts who owed him five dollars to handle the preliminaries. The sound effects were masterly—a continually flushing toilet, a record faintly playing *Nearer My God to Thee* and some kind of ship's bell, which was sounded in the kitchen at intervals. The rotary motion that Ellsworth used on the phone, moving it back and forth from his mouth to imitate the rise and fall of volume on connections from sea, was a thing of beauty. But best of all was the genuine disbelief he showed at actually being able to hear the girl's voice on the other end. The eagerness and feeling he put into 'Can you hear me, darling?' was unforgettable. We later admitted to each other, even standing right there, we felt a wee bit seasick."

---

*How to Make a Good Airline Stewardess*, Bill Wenzel and Cornelius Wohl (Fawcett Publications, New York, 1972). Remember *"Coffee, Tea or Me?"* and "I'm Sally, Fly Me"? Well, Wenzel and Wohl present an airline-by-airline guide to the girls of the sky. It's a wonderful book, but its content is dubious, with assertions like "Before becoming the big Communist *macher*, Stalin was a pilot for Purge Airlines run by Max Boffski." And "Mohawk Airlines stewardesses [in case you score on the way

© 1980 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

# CAMEL

## Where a man belongs.

9 mg tar.

**Camel Lights. Low tar. Camel taste.**

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# Meet the Girl Groups, Vol. 9

**Can these four wholesome-looking women be the members of a rock-'n'-roll band? Well, the B-Girls are a hot New Wave act, and they've attained quite a following in the Toronto–New York area, where they play most of their gigs. The group features (from left to right) Renee Chetsky (lead guitar, backup vocals), Marcy Saddy (drums), Xenia Splawinski (rhythm guitar, vocals) and Cynthia Ross (bass, backup vocals). The B-Girls are the first band without a major recording contract ever allowed to play the famed El Mocambo club.**

**The band has warmed up for the likes of Blondie and the Clash and has released one single on a small independent label.**

**They also have the distinction of having been formed three years ago in the washroom of the Plaza II Hotel when Cynthia and ex-member Lucasta Ross were asked if they were in a band. It sounded like a good idea to them, so they formed the group on the spot.**

—KURT GLEMSER

to Ithaca or Syracuse] hate to take off their buckskin-colored uniforms and head feathers, even when in bed."

---

*Three-Upmanship* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, New York, 1962) and *Anti-Woo* (Signet, New York, 1965), Stephen Potter. Disguised as humor, these classics of "lifemanship" by this English writer have for years supplied sophisticated "lifemen and lifewomen" with ammunition, strategy and tactics for staggering successes in every area of endeavor—from pretending you're playing chess without a board to picking up girls. Of Woomanship, or Basic Woo, Potter writes: "The principle of Instantaneous Speech is important. No good if you get into a railway carriage solely occupied by some woo-worthy girl, waiting for half an hour and offering her a cigarette at about Reading, after premonitory mumbles and throat clearing. Start speaking to the girl while still half in the corridor, saying, for instance (if she is reading *The Times*), 'Good heavens, I thought *The Times* had ceased publication.' Natural and easy—like a panther ready to spring."

---

*Every Girl Is Entitled to a Husband*, Nina Farewell (MacFadden Publications, New York, 1964). There also exists a large body of literature devoted to the subject of women picking up guys. Of Ms. Farewell's book, the Fort Wayne *News Sentinel* wrote, "This cleverly written marriage manual tells tricks and traps practically guaranteed to take any girl to the altar." We're not going to spill *these* beans.

---

*501 Best Pickup Lines* (Barronbrook Publishing Co., Santa Monica, 1979). This volume is the result of a campus competition which offered $10,000 in prizes for the best pickup lines. But apparently, the kids took it as a joke, because it seems to contain the 501 *worst* pickup lines. Par example: "Hey, you'd look great pregnant"; "I just wanted to let you know you're making my underwear smoke"; and "I'd like to be a space explorer. You could help me explore my favorite planet—Uranus." If the American girl is dropping her pants for lines like these, who wants her?

---

*How to Pick Up Girls*, Eric Weber (Symphony Press, New Jersey, 1970). This is the classic you've seen advertised a thousand times, and it is, indeed, a classic. Weber is to pickupmanship what Hemingway was to hunting or Rommel was to desert warfare. There could hardly be a more brilliant example of the perfect pickup style, using only natural ingredients and no expensive additives like Quaaludes, which I could probably help you obtain or, uh, rather, a friend of mine could—only I don't know him anymore, and that was in another country and he's probably dead now. —GILBERT CHOATE

# PHOTO STRIP

The lovely lady with the great December tan is Tami R. of Cincinnati, this month's $150 winner. Send your entries to "Photo Strip," OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. And don't forget to include your name and address.

# Wild Should Wild Remain.

*"Man always kills the thing he loves, and so we the pioneers have killed our wilderness. Some say we had to. Be that as it may, I am glad I shall never be young without wild country to be young in."*

*ALDO LEOPOLD*

*"Integrity is wholeness, the greatest beauty is organic wholeness, the wholeness of life and things, the divine beauty of the universe. Love that, not man apart from that...."*

*ROBINSON JEFFERS*

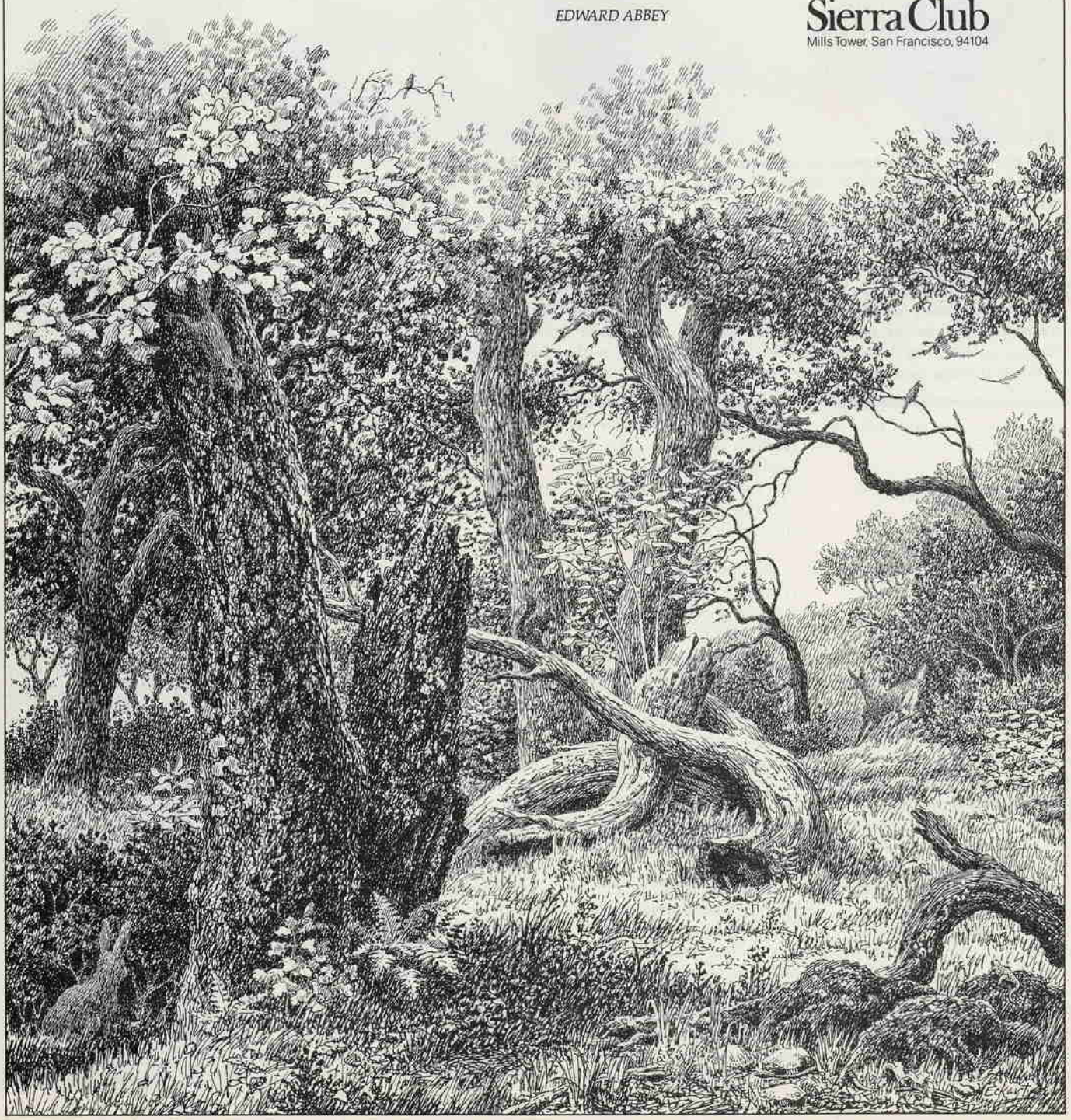
*"The love of wilderness is more than a hunger for what is always beyond reach; it is also an expression of loyalty to the earth, (the earth which bore us and sustains us), the only home we shall ever know, the only paradise we ever need—if only we had the eyes to see."*

*EDWARD ABBEY*

*"We need wilderness preserved—as much of it as is still left, and as many kinds... It is important to us... simply because it is there—important, that is, simply as an idea."*

*WALLACE STEGNER*

**Sierra Club**
Mills Tower, San Francisco, 94104



# oui

DATEBOOK
1981

**PENNY GRAY**

Penny, an auburn-haired beauty who works in an Atlanta health spa, admits that she likes to keep her body in prime condition. We like it, too.

# JANUARY

THURSDAY
1 NEW YEAR'S DAY

FRIDAY
2 THE SECOND DAY OF THE YEAR

SATURDAY
3

SUNDAY
4

MONDAY
5

TUESDAY
6

WEDNESDAY
7

THURSDAY
8 ELVIS PRESLEY'S BIRTHDAY

FRIDAY
9

SATURDAY
10

SUNDAY
11

MONDAY
12

TUESDAY
13

WEDNESDAY
14

THURSDAY
15

FRIDAY
16 NATIONAL NOTHING DAY

SATURDAY
17

SUNDAY
18 SWEDISH TENNIS STAR FINDS RELIGION AND IS BJÖRN AGAIN

MONDAY
19

TUESDAY
20

WEDNESDAY
21

THURSDAY
22

FRIDAY
23

SATURDAY
24

SUNDAY
25

MONDAY
26

TUESDAY
27

WEDNESDAY
28

THURSDAY
29 W.C. FIELDS' BIRTHDAY

FRIDAY / SATURDAY
30/31

**KAREN DENSMORE**

A university film major, Karen has her sights set on becoming a cinematographer. But she confides that she likes working in front of the camera as much as behind it.

# FEBRUARY

SUNDAY
1

MONDAY
2 GROUNDHOG DAY

TUESDAY
3 POSSUM DAY

WEDNESDAY
4 FLYING SQUIRREL DAY

THURSDAY
5

FRIDAY
6

SATURDAY
7

SUNDAY
8

MONDAY
9

TUESDAY
10

WEDNESDAY
11

THURSDAY
12 LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

FRIDAY
13

SATURDAY
14 VALENTINE'S DAY

SUNDAY
15

MONDAY
16 WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVED

TUESDAY
17

WEDNESDAY
18

THURSDAY
19

FRIDAY
20

SATURDAY
21

SUNDAY
22 THIS IS *REALLY* WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

MONDAY
23

TUESDAY
24

WEDNESDAY
25

THURSDAY
26 FATS DOMINO TESTS HIS THEORY

FRIDAY
27

SATURDAY
28

**JACKIE JOHNS**

Jackie refuses to have anything to do with cold climes. She wants to stay where the sun is hot, the water is warm and the wind blows cool. Who can blame her?

# MARCH

SUNDAY
1

MONDAY
2

TUESDAY
3

WEDNESDAY
4 ASH WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY
5 ASH THURSDAY, MOUNT ST. HELENS, WASHINGTON

FRIDAY
6

SATURDAY
7

SUNDAY
8

MONDAY
9

TUESDAY
10

WEDNESDAY
11

THURSDAY
12

FRIDAY
13

SATURDAY
14 THREE MILE ISLANDERS SIT BY A STREAM AND DISCOVER NUCLEAR FISHING

SUNDAY
15

MONDAY
16

TUESDAY
17 THE SEVENTY-SIXTH DAY OF THE YEAR

WEDNESDAY
18

THURSDAY
19

FRIDAY
20

SATURDAY
21 J.R. EWING SHOT BY ASSAILANT, 1980

SUNDAY
22

MONDAY
23

TUESDAY
24 HARRY HOUDINI MAKES HIS FIRST ESCAPE—FROM HIS MOTHER'S WOMB

WEDNESDAY
25

THURSDAY
26

FRIDAY
27

SATURDAY
28

SUNDAY
29

MONDAY / TUESDAY
30/31 WILLIE NELSON BUYS A PAIR OF PANTS THAT FIT

**TESSA HEWITT**

English-born Tessa whiled away several years in the Caribbean. Finally, she grew tired of all the peace and quiet and headed back to the big city. We're glad she did.

# APRIL

WEDNESDAY
1 FOOLS RUSH IN WHERE WISE MEN FEAR TO TREAD

THURSDAY
2

FRIDAY
3

SATURDAY
4

SUNDAY
5

MONDAY
6

TUESDAY
7 SUFFERING FROM ANAÏS NIN DEFICIENCY?

WEDNESDAY
8

THURSDAY
9

FRIDAY
10

SATURDAY
11

SUNDAY
12 PALM SUNDAY

MONDAY
13 PINE MONDAY

TUESDAY
14 BIRCH TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY
15

THURSDAY
16

FRIDAY
17

SATURDAY
18

SUNDAY
19 EASTER

MONDAY
20

TUESDAY
21

WEDNESDAY
22

THURSDAY
23

FRIDAY
24

SATURDAY
25 ELBOW MACARONI INVENTED BY ITALIAN TELEGRAPHER

SUNDAY
26

MONDAY
27

TUESDAY
28

WEDNESDAY
29

THURSDAY
30

**KERRY LOU BAYLIS**

Dark-eyed, dark-haired Kerry Lou tells us that the three things foremost on her mind are men, partying and dancing—in that order. Any order she wants, we'll oblige.

# MAY

FRIDAY
1

SATURDAY
2 JOHN LENNON BUYS FLORIDA

SUNDAY
3

MONDAY
4

TUESDAY
5

WEDNESDAY
6

THURSDAY
7

FRIDAY
8

SATURDAY
9

SUNDAY
10 MOTHER'S DAY

MONDAY
11

TUESDAY
12

WEDNESDAY
13

THURSDAY
14

FRIDAY
15

SATURDAY
16 VIRGINIA POULTRY FESTIVAL: CHICKENS RECITE THEIR FAVORITE VERSES

SUNDAY
17

MONDAY
18 JOHN LENNON TURNS FLORIDA AROUND FOR A QUICK PROFIT

TUESDAY
19

WEDNESDAY
20

THURSDAY
21

FRIDAY
22

SATURDAY
23

SUNDAY
24 BOB DYLAN'S BIRTHDAY

MONDAY
25 MEMORIAL DAY

TUESDAY
26

WEDNESDAY
27 KAHLIL GIBRAN WRITES A BOOK AND TURNS A QUICK PROPHET

THURSDAY
28

FRIDAY
29

SATURDAY/SUNDAY
30/31

**CORINNE NIVELLE**

Corinne, Paris born and bred, vows that she'll never leave her hometown. That's good news for Frenchmen, bad news for the rest of the world.

# JUNE

MONDAY
1 MARILYN MONROE'S BIRTHDAY

TUESDAY
2 THE BEATLES RELEASE *SGT. PEPPER*, 1967

WEDNESDAY
3

THURSDAY
4

FRIDAY
5

SATURDAY
6

SUNDAY
7 DAY OF THE RICE GOD

MONDAY
8 THE POPE IS SEEN SHITTING IN THE WOODS

TUESDAY
9

WEDNESDAY
10

THURSDAY
11

FRIDAY
12

SATURDAY
13

SUNDAY
14 FLAG DAY

MONDAY
15

TUESDAY
16

WEDNESDAY
17

THURSDAY
18

FRIDAY
19

SATURDAY
20

SUNDAY
21 FATHER'S DAY

MONDAY
22

TUESDAY
23 BOB DYLAN CONVERTS TO BUDDHISM

WEDNESDAY
24

THURSDAY
25

FRIDAY
26

SATURDAY
27

SUNDAY
28

MONDAY
29

TUESDAY
30

**NELIA COZZA**

Nelia calls Hawaii her home, but she's actually of Cuban and Filipino descent. She reports that she's found paradise in Maui. Now, if we could only find her there.

# JULY

WEDNESDAY
1

THURSDAY
2

FRIDAY
3

SATURDAY
4 INDEPENDENCE DAY. WILLIE NELSON HAS NO PICNIC

SUNDAY
5

MONDAY
6

TUESDAY
7

WEDNESDAY
8

THURSDAY
9

FRIDAY
10

SATURDAY
11

SUNDAY
12

MONDAY
13

TUESDAY
14 JERRY FORD ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED BY DOCTOR PERFORMING DELIVERY

WEDNESDAY
15

THURSDAY
16

FRIDAY
17

SATURDAY
18

SUNDAY
19

MONDAY
20

TUESDAY
21

WEDNESDAY
22

THURSDAY
23

FRIDAY
24

SATURDAY
25

SUNDAY
26 MICK JAGGER'S BIRTHDAY

MONDAY
27

TUESDAY
28

WEDNESDAY
29 JAPANESE RESTAURATEUR BENI HANA MARRIES SIXTIES SINGING STAR LULU IN HAWAII

THURSDAY/FRIDAY
30/31

**TINA LIGGINS**

Tina, a tall, outspoken Santa Barbara girl, tells us her ideal date is a man who doesn't talk about sex but, instead, acts on his impulses. That's OK by us.

# AUGUST

SATURDAY
1

SUNDAY
2

MONDAY
3

TUESDAY
4 LIZZIE BORDEN LIBERATION DAY

WEDNESDAY
5 ELSIE THE COW LIBERATION DAY

THURSDAY
6

FRIDAY
7

SATURDAY
8

SUNDAY
9

MONDAY
10

TUESDAY
11

WEDNESDAY
12

THURSDAY
13

FRIDAY
14

SATURDAY
15 NAPOLEON'S BIRTHDAY

SUNDAY
16

MONDAY
17 FIRST ATLANTIC CROSSING IN A BALLOON

TUESDAY
18

WEDNESDAY
19 FIRST PACIFIC CROSSING IN A STUDEBAKER

THURSDAY
20

FRIDAY
21

SATURDAY
22

SUNDAY
23

MONDAY
24

TUESDAY
25

WEDNESDAY
26

THURSDAY
27

FRIDAY
28

SATURDAY
29

SUNDAY / MONDAY
30/31 ROBERT MITCHUM ARRESTED FOR POSSESSION OF MARIJUANA, 1948

**JANNIE NIELSEN**

Winsome Jannie is an antique collector from Copenhagen. Though she looks like a country girl, Jannie thrives on the hustle and bustle of city life. Thrive on, thrive on.

# SEPTEMBER

TUESDAY
1

WEDNESDAY
2

THURSDAY
3

FRIDAY
4

SATURDAY
5

SUNDAY
6

MONDAY
7 LABOR DAY

TUESDAY
8

WEDNESDAY
9

THURSDAY
10 ISAAC FUNK'S BIRTHDAY — INVENTOR OF FUNK MUSIC

FRIDAY
11

SATURDAY
12

SUNDAY
13

MONDAY
14

TUESDAY
15

WEDNESDAY
16

THURSDAY
17 HANK WILLIAMS' BIRTHDAY

FRIDAY
18 LAST TELECAST OF *THE MANY LOVES OF DOBIE GILLIS*, 1963

SATURDAY
19

SUNDAY
20

MONDAY
21

TUESDAY
22

WEDNESDAY
23

THURSDAY
24

FRIDAY
25

SATURDAY
26

SUNDAY
27 OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN'S BIRTHDAY

MONDAY
28

TUESDAY
29 ROSH HASHANAH

WEDNESDAY
30 HASH A RAMA

**CHRISTINE HOWE**

Christine confided that she spent her teenage years as a real tomboy. Luckily, the bountiful brunette discovered her true self. We feel lucky we discovered her, too.

# OCTOBER

THURSDAY
1 ROCK GROUP AMERICA RELEASES HIT SINGLE *WHORE WITH NO SHAME*

FRIDAY
2

SATURDAY
3

SUNDAY
4 FIRST TELECAST OF *LEAVE IT TO BEAVER*, 1957

MONDAY
5

TUESDAY
6

WEDNESDAY
7

THURSDAY
8 YOM KIPPUR

FRIDAY
9 "YUM, KIPPERS!"

SATURDAY
10

SUNDAY
11

MONDAY
12 COLUMBUS DAY

TUESDAY
13

WEDNESDAY
14

THURSDAY
15

FRIDAY
16

SATURDAY
17 NATIONAL WHINE DAY

SUNDAY
18

MONDAY
19

TUESDAY
20

WEDNESDAY
21

THURSDAY
22

FRIDAY
23

SATURDAY
24

SUNDAY
25 THE FIRST DERMATOLOGIST HANGS OUT HIS SHINGLES

MONDAY
26

TUESDAY
27

WEDNESDAY
28

THURSDAY
29

FRIDAY / SATURDAY
30/31

**JODIE GRAHAM**

Jodie asked us why there aren't more movie musicals being made nowadays. After watching her dance, we're wondering, too. It's a crime to let this talent go to waste.

# NOVEMBER

SUNDAY
1

MONDAY
2

TUESDAY
3 POLITICS AS USUAL

WEDNESDAY
4

THURSDAY
5 GUY FAWKES DAY

FRIDAY
6

SATURDAY
7

SUNDAY
8

MONDAY
9

TUESDAY
10

WEDNESDAY
11 VETERAN'S DAY

THURSDAY
12 VETERINARIAN'S DAY

FRIDAY
13

SATURDAY
14

SUNDAY
15

MONDAY
16

TUESDAY
17

WEDNESDAY
18 MICKEY MOUSE'S BIRTHDAY

THURSDAY
19

FRIDAY
20

SATURDAY
21

SUNDAY
22

MONDAY
23

TUESDAY
24

WEDNESDAY
25

THURSDAY
26 THANKSGIVING

FRIDAY
27

SATURDAY
28

SUNDAY
29

MONDAY
30

**LESLIE GRAVES**

Actress Leslie tells us she's easily sidetracked; though she takes her work seriously, she can take to the beach with the same determination. And we're taking after her.

# DECEMBER

TUESDAY
1 SCOTTISH GENEROSITY DAY

WEDNESDAY
2 POLISH INTELLIGENCE DAY

THURSDAY
3

FRIDAY
4

SATURDAY
5

SUNDAY
6

MONDAY
7 PEARL HARBOR DAY

TUESDAY
8 PEARL BAILEY DAY

WEDNESDAY
9 PEARL S. BUCK DAY

THURSDAY
10

FRIDAY
11 UPPER VOLTA AUTONOMY CELEBRATION

SATURDAY
12

SUNDAY
13 LOWER MALTA DEUTERONOMY CELEBRATION

MONDAY
14

TUESDAY
15

WEDNESDAY
16

THURSDAY
17

FRIDAY
18

SATURDAY
19

SUNDAY
20

MONDAY
21 HANUKKAH

TUESDAY
22

WEDNESDAY
23

THURSDAY
24

FRIDAY
25 CHRISTMAS

SATURDAY
26 MAO TSE-TUNG'S BIRTHDAY

SUNDAY
27

MONDAY
28

TUESDAY
29

WEDNESDAY / THURSDAY
30/31 NEW YEAR'S EVE

Calendar imported from separate scan. There are five pages missing here.

Two may be accounted for as padding or something as all OUI calendar inserts appear to have two pages missing.

The other 3 are likely:

* telephone numbers
* notes page
* calendar back

# Speak Easy

## THIS MONTH: INVESTIGATING PSYCHIC SEX

*Modern researchers of supernatural/paranormal phenomena now feel that just about everyone is born with some sort of psychic ability. Most of us attribute our psychic manifestations to coincidence—the phone rings and we guess the identity of the caller before answering it, or we get a flash of what our mate is thinking, even if he or she is across the room.* OUI *decided to do a little research of our own into the connection between psychic power and sex, after we read a report about some California researchers who'd tested male college students' abilities to send telepathic messages. When the researchers put pictures of naked women on the backs of the ESP cards, the percentage of correct hits improved dramatically. What, we thought, could be a better subject for "Speak Easy"? In conducting our interviews, we avoided questioning professional psychics, preferring instead to talk to friends, and friends of friends . . . just ordinary people. We think you'll be surprised at some of their extraordinary stories.*

*(Alan, 25, lives in Boston, Massachusetts. He is a grad student and part-time bartender.)*

**OUI:** Have you ever had any psychic- or paranormal-sex experiences?

**ALAN:** Well, I don't think I'd characterize *any* of my sexual experiences as just normal—who wants to be normal? That's boring. I try to make love as though each time were a novel experience.

**OUI:** Have you ever had any extrasensory perceptions while making love?

**ALAN:** Hey, the senses I already have are enough to blow my mind. But I see what you're getting at. Well, I once knew a girl who was into color breathing. Does that count?

**OUI:** Tell us about it.

**ALAN:** Her name was Alyssa, which is a fairy-princess sort of name. She looked like one, too—fine blonde hair, which curled around her head like a mist, deep-blue eyes, translucent skin. Alyssa was into meditation. She didn't follow any particular religion—she just liked to sit there and listen to music and let her mind wander off somewhere. She was always after me to do it, too; she said it was very relaxing. I tried, but I wasn't very good at it. I felt too silly sitting there with my legs crossed, counting my breaths. My mind just wouldn't go blank like it was supposed to. Fact is, I couldn't be in Alyssa's presence without wanting to jump on her—that was my problem.

**OUI:** We were wondering when you would get around to sex.

**ALAN:** Sex with Alyssa was a truly extraordinary experience. You know how some women totally change personalities when they make love? Like the librarian who becomes an aggressive, seductive woman or the dancer who just lies there like a cold fish? Alyssa was like that, only she changed personalities just about every time we made love. I never knew what she was going to do next. One night she'd be the shy virgin, and the next night, a wild gypsy, and after that, an intellectual hooker. She always said that she got inspired by the images in her meditations. Hell, it never even occurred to me that meditation could be used for sex, so I decided to give it another try.

**OUI:** So the two of you would, uh, meditate together?

**ALAN:** It started out that way. One night Alyssa had me sit down facing her, and we touched fingertips. Then she told me to close my eyes and just think about colors, especially pinks and reds. After that, I was to see the air I was breathing as pink air flooding my body with pink light. Every time I'd start to feel silly, she'd sense it and just press on my fingertips and say, "Let go. It's OK. Feel the energy."

**OUI:** What did it feel like?

**ALAN:** It was pretty amazing. After a couple of minutes, I felt my skin start to tingle all over. In

my mind's eye, I saw both of us enveloped in a hazy rose color. Then she began to run her hands lightly over my body. I reached out to kiss her, but she stopped me. "Don't think of anything but colors," she said. "Just breathe pink." We took off our clothes right about then. Let me tell you, it isn't easy to undress while trying to think of nothing but pink air!

**OUI:** What was Alyssa doing all this time?

**ALAN:** I guess she was breathing pink, too. She later said that when you get good at it, you can breathe colors and still talk and stuff. Anyway, I lay down, concentrating on colors. As Alyssa ran her hands all over my body, the colors in my mind immediately turned to darker reds and blues and purple. When she went down on me, I thought I'd pass out from the sensation. All of a sudden, it became quite easy to see colors—rainbows of color, lightning bolts of color. It took me only a couple of minutes to come, and I remember coming in a purple explosion. It took me a very long time to come back to reality after that one. It reminded me of my only acid trip that I took some years back. Then I was scared, but this time I was ecstatic. I really do think that I was as close to physical ecstasy as it is possible to get.

**OUI:** Were you able to repeat the experience?

**ALAN:** Oh, I repeated it right there with Alyssa about half an hour later. It was wonderful, but nothing could top that first explosive surprise. Over the next few weeks, we got together several times for our color-breathing sex trip, and each time, the sensations were more intense than I ever remember feeling before. In fact, she just about spoiled me for any other woman.

**OUI:** How'd you break up?

**ALAN:** We didn't really. She just moved away—her parents are in the diplomatic service, and they're always traveling to China or Timbuktu. Every now and then, she'll write and tell me to dream about her on a certain night. I try, but I almost never remember my dreams. Once or twice I've awakened when trying to dream about Alyssa. I can never quite remember the dream, but I'm aware of colors floating around back there in my subconscious. Who knows? Maybe my mind got together with hers in an electrical storm over the Atlantic and we both had a lightning orgasm.

**OUI:** Have you told this story to many of your friends?

**ALAN:** Just a couple. They usually make jokes or tell me I'm crazy. Hell, in my saner moments, even I think I'm crazy. Listen, if any of my friends had told me that I could have a better orgasm by breathing pink, I'd have laughed in their faces. Now I'm not so sure anymore. I just know that it worked for me.

---

*(Melanie, 24, and Claire, 22, are sisters who both live in Washington, D.C. They are close friends, but live in separate apartments. Melanie works for a congressman, and Claire is a student.)*

**OUI:** Have either of you had a sexual experience in which ESP was involved? Or any other psychic phenomena?

**CLAIRE:** Well, I always thought that my sister here was the weird one. She's into Tantra and having sex without orgasms . . .

**MELANIE:** Hey, wait a minute. I have orgasms. They're just more . . . cosmic than the other kind. Besides, Tantra is certainly no more weird than having a Ouija board run your sex life.

**OUI:** Now, that sounds interesting.

**CLAIRE:** It's an exaggeration to say that the Ouija board runs my sex life, although it did help me get past a certain sexual fear.

**OUI:** What was that?

**CLAIRE:** My fear of oral sex—fellatio to be exact. I didn't mind it if a guy wanted to go down on me, but I just couldn't face—excuse the expression—doing it to him.

**MELANIE:** She had a bad experience in her youth.

**CLAIRE:** Yeah. The first time I got into some serious petting with a guy, he pushed my head down into his pants and came all over my face. It was disgusting—the stuff got all over my hair and everything. Some of it even got into my mouth, and when I went to kiss the guy, he pushed me away, saying, "Yecch!" Isn't that just like a guy? It's OK for you to swallow big gobs of semen, but God forbid he should have a little taste. Anyway, I didn't want to have sex at all for two years after that. Then last year . . .

**MELANIE:** Enter the Ouija board.

**OUI:** What, exactly, is a Ouija board?

**CLAIRE:** Oh, it's a board with the alphabet and the words *yes* and *no* on it. Some toy company puts it out, but I understand you can make your own. There's also a little plastic marker you put your hands on, and it points to different letters and spells out words. It doesn't work for everybody. I got the board five or six years ago as a Christmas present, and it never worked for any of us until I met Paul last year. He saw it in the closet one day and wanted to try it. I was never so shocked in my life when that marker started moving all over the board.

**OUI:** What did it spell out?

**CLAIRE:** Lots of stuff about the power of love: LOVE IS ALL. U AND PAUL R ONE. MAKE LOVE NOW. I tried to get it to tell me about the future, like what courses I should take, but it wouldn't talk about anything except sex and love.

**OUI:** How did it bring up the subject of oral sex?

**CLAIRE:** One day it asked me what my biggest sexual fear was. I said that I was afraid that my refusal to perform fellatio might ruin my relationship with Paul. Paul had always denied that it would, but I knew that he thought my fears were pretty childish. Anyway, the Ouija board said that the only way to conquer my fear was to go through it.

**MELANIE:** When Claire told me about that, I was sure that Paul must be moving the marker.

**CLAIRE:** I thought the same thing, so the next time, I made Paul wear a blindfold when we sat down to work the board. It spelled out DRINK OF PAUL THE MAGIC ELIXIR OF FREEDOM. I said, "Huh?" It spelled out, DO U WANT IT RAW? I thought that was pretty funny, so I said, "Yes," and it came back with SUCK PAUL AND B FREE OF FEAR.

**OUI:** Guess there's no mistaking that message.

**CLAIRE:** Yeah. Luckily, Paul was very helpful. He told me I didn't have to do anything I didn't want to do, which immediately lessened my fears. I finally decided that if the Ouija-board energy was somehow connected to my subconscious, then I must have wanted to get past my oral-sex hangup. So I just took a deep breath and dived in, so to speak. I pretended his penis was an ice-cream cone, and after a few minutes, I started having fun with it. I found that I really liked watching him moan and twitch with pleasure. We finished by making love the regular way. Afterward, we got out the Ouija board.

**OUI:** Did it give you an A-plus?

**CLAIRE:** More like a C-minus. It said I chickened out in the end, so we had to do the whole thing over. But this time, I was a lot more relaxed.

**OUI:** What did the board say next?

**CLAIRE:** It told me I went TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS. Then it spelled out HA HA because *head* was like a joke, you know? Then it signed off, and it hasn't

I never knew what Alyssa was going to do next. One night she'd be the shy virgin, and the next night, a wild gypsy, and after that, an intellectual hooker. She always said that she got inspired by the images in her meditations.

budged since. I don't understand it at all, but I'm grateful for the experience.

**OUI:** What about your interest in Tantra, Melanie? Has it led to any psychic experiences?

**MELANIE:** Nothing quite so spectacular as what happened to Claire, but then, I never had her problem, either.

**OUI:** How does it work, exactly?

**MELANIE:** It's an Indian art of lovemaking that goes back thousands of years. I've developed my own brand of it because the classical form has a lot of rules and regulations I don't care for.

**CLAIRE:** And some of the names for sexual positions are pretty funny—you know, like "Mongoose Entering Lotus Flower," or something like that.

**MELANIE:** The key element is its emphasis on a blending of minds, as well as a blending of bodies. It's not the sort of thing you can do in a casual pickup situation, and I don't do it every time I make love. Sometimes I *like* casual pickup situations. Anyway, in Tantra, you try to stroke each other into a flush of excitement. Then the guy enters you, and you both try to maintain that excitement without moving much.

**CLAIRE:** Can you imagine why anybody would want to do that?

**MELANIE:** Hey, don't knock it if you haven't tried it. Anyway, the idea is to try to maintain a level of calm passion. It sounds contradictory, I know, but contradiction is what increases the electric tension. In Tantra, sex can last for hours. You don't try to reach *peak* orgasms; rather, you go down into a "valley" orgasm, which usually means you fall asleep still locked together.

**OUI:** Did you ever have an out-of-body experience?

**MELANIE:** You mean when your mind sort of floats up to the ceiling and you see your body lying there in bed?

**OUI:** Yes.

**MELANIE:** I used to have that feeling as a kid. I told my mother about it, and she said I shouldn't do it anymore. So I didn't. I'd love to have that kind of feeling while making love, but I haven't figured out the trick to it yet. Isn't it funny how things that were so easily done as a kid become so difficult to do as an adult?

**CLAIRE:** Listen, I'm still trying to get the hang of making love *inside* my body—the last thing I want to do is get outside of it.

---

*(Jason, 27, and Dawn, 26, have been married for two years and live in Santa Cruz, California. Jason teaches school, and Dawn is a psychologist.)*

**JASON:** Our whole life together has been full of psychic experiences, sexual and otherwise.

**OUI:** How so?

**DAWN:** From the moment we met, we both knew we belonged together. Some call it chemistry; the French call it a *coup de foudre*, a lightning bolt. I don't know. There was just some sort of instant electricity between us that has held up for two years—much to the surprise of all our friends and family, I might add.

**JASON:** Not to mention ourselves. In the beginning, I spent a lot of time worrying about the suddenness with which our relationship developed. We broke all the rules—made love on the first date, moved in together after a

## SPEAK EASY QUESTIONNAIRE

*Mail to: OUI Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069*

Your answers to these questions will be detailed and discussed in the *Speak Easy* column of a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know about your psychic-sex experiences.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. City and state: _____

FOR MEN:

6. When it comes to psychic sex . . .
   a. I haven't had any experiences and I don't believe in it.
   b. I haven't really thought about it much, but I'm curious.
   c. I can think of at least one experience that might be termed psychic.
   d. I've had many such experiences.
7. When making love, I sometimes feel . . .
   a. as if I can read my lover's mind.
   b. that my normal sense of time is distorted.
   c. that my mind floats away from my body.
   d. that I can touch or see an aura around my lover.
   e. Other: _____.
8. The kind of psychic sex I'd like to have is . . .
   a. a feeling of transcending beyond myself.
   b. anything that leads to more intense orgasms.
   c. knowing what my lover really wants in bed.
   d. a sense of complete oneness with my lover.
9. My most dramatic paranormal experience . . .
   a. occurred when I had an out-of-body experience.
   b. concerned a dream that later came true.
   c. was a result of meditation practices.
   d. happened when I went to see a psychic.
   e. Other: _____.
10. People who say they've had psychic sex . . .
    a. are probably just making it up.
    b. might know something I'd like to learn.
    c. are just like me; I've experienced it.

FOR WOMEN:

11. I'm most likely to experience psychic sex when . . .
    a. I have my period.
    b. I've smoked pot or taken some other drug.
    c. I'm very much in love with my partner.
    d. I'm not thinking about it.
12. The most psychic thing that ever happened to me . . .
    a. came as a result of playing with psychic games.
    b. was when a psychic correctly predicted a lover.
    c. was a lover coming to me by my meditating on it.
    d. was a mind-reading experiment showing I had ESP.
    e. Other: _____.
13. In general, I think that psychic-sex experiences are . . .
    a. natural occurrences.
    b. mostly exaggerated flights of fancy.
    c. possible, but not likely to happen to most of us.
    d. a terrific idea. I'd like to learn more about them.

FOR BOTH SEXES:

14. The most exciting experience I ever had with psychic sex is as follows (use separate page to explain):

week, got married after three months. Our friends were sure it would never last.

**DAWN:** I never doubted it for a second. You see, I knew when I saw Jason that I'd seen him before someplace. I did a past-life regression a couple of months ago, and it turned out that he was my lover in medieval France, and I was married to someone else.

**JASON:** I'm not sure I believe in past lives or reincarnation, but it's true that the moment I met Dawn, I had a strong feeling of *déjà vu*. And there have been some fairly extraordinary coincidences since then, too.

**OUI:** Like what?

**JASON:** Oh, I'll buy her a present that she's just bought for me. And at least once a week, I put my hand on the phone to call her, and it rings and it's her. Lots of mundane things that probably happen to many people. I think that people who live together become more and more psychically attuned to each other as they go along.

**OUI:** How does all this affect your sex life?

**DAWN:** Well, one time Jason psyched-out my secret erogenous zone. Actually, he felt it without even touching my body.

**OUI:** Sounds complicated.

**JASON:** We'd been reading about Kirlian photography and how it affirms the existence of an energy field around the body. We decided to try and see if we could feel any differences in that energy field. Besides, we were in bed, and it seemed like more fun than watching Johnny Carson.

**DAWN:** So I lay down on my stomach, nude, and Jason began running his hands over my body, keeping them an inch or two above the skin.

**JASON:** And when I got to the backs of her knees, my hands suddenly felt hot. I jerked them away, it was such an amazing feeling.

**DAWN:** And then I admitted that the backs of my knees are practically orgasmic—they're much more sensitive than my breasts. I had never told anyone, though, because it seemed like such a dumb place to feel sexy. Oh, I just remembered the most mind-blowing thing that ever happened while we were in bed together . . . but you'll never believe it.

**OUI:** Give us a try.

**JASON:** What was that?

**DAWN:** When you conquered my snake.

**JASON:** Oh, my God, I'd almost forgotten about that one.

**DAWN:** It happened very early on in our relationship. I know this is going to sound crazy, but sometimes when I made love, this snake would appear in the corner or on the bureau or someplace. Not every time, but once in a while. It usually appeared when I was with someone I really cared about.

**OUI:** Were you afraid it would attack you?

**DAWN:** No, it was rather seductive. It would sway back and forth hypnotically, and its tongue would slither in and out. I mean, I really saw that thing. I knew it was a figment of my imagination, but I saw it as clearly as I see you or Jason. And it would take my mind away from what was going on. I would feel myself go into a trance, and I would kind of look over the guy's shoulder as he was making love to me. I couldn't feel anything anymore so, of course, I didn't have an orgasm. I suppose it was some kind of sexual-avoidance mechanism that I threw up there, but I didn't know what to do about it.

**OUI:** Did you ever tell your lovers about it?

**DAWN:** Are you kidding? They would have thought I was nuts. One night the snake appeared while I was with Jason. He felt me drifting away from him, and he rolled over to look where I was staring. And do you know what he said? "Is that snake bothering you?" I almost had a heart attack, I was so startled. And the snake vanished in an instant, never to be seen again.

**OUI:** Did you really see that snake, Jason?

**JASON:** [smiling enigmatically] Maybe it was just a lucky guess.

**DAWN:** I can't explain it, but then I can't explain a lot of things. I think there's a lot more going on in the world than we can scientifically explain. And if there are psychic energies at work, isn't it likely that they'd be strongest during sex? I think we should all try to develop those potentials. All I know is that since the snake disappeared and Jason and I started tuning in to each other's minds, my orgasms have improved dramatically both in intensity and number.

**JASON:** And all I know is that Dawn wants to make love more and more often, which, after two years, is not such a common thing. All this psychic sex may be just our imaginations working overtime, but it works. ■

# SPEAK EASY LETTERS

*The most interesting thing about the responses to our questionnaire on "One-Night Stands" is the dramatic differences in attitude in relation to age. Eighty percent of our male respondents this month are under the age of 25; all of them said that women who like one-night stands are either "beautifully free" or "horny just like me." But about half of the over-30 group feel that such a woman is "probably an easy lay for many men." And most of these same men said that when the night was over, they'd usually "ask for her phone number but never call." This is in direct contrast to the younger men who said that they'd either tell the girl the truth or, at least, try to see her a few more times so that she wouldn't feel used. Meanwhile, 90 percent of the women who answered our survey said that casual sex makes them feel "very liberated and sexy." A few, however, remarked that the fantasy of one-nighters always seems to be more exciting than the actual experience.*

---

Although I'm married, I don't see anything wrong with an occasional short affair. After all, I'm only 23, and I can't see myself sleeping with just one man for the rest of my life, even if he *is* as wonderful as my husband.

The best one-nighter I can remember turned into a three-day affair. It happened a couple of years ago when I was hitchhiking across the country. I stood on the New Jersey Turnpike with my little sign that read CALIFORNIA OR BUST, and it wasn't long before a trucker—his name was Duke—came along and picked me up. We drank beer and popped uppers and laughed the day away. By the time we got to Chicago, I was starting to feel a little flirtatious, and Duke said he wanted to shower and sleep. It seemed quite natural to get a hotel room together. But we sure didn't get much sleep. Man, he could ball with the best of them.

> The best one-nighter I can remember turned into a three-day affair. I was picked up by a trucker, and I'll never forget him.

I think that the fact that we knew the trip would have to end made the whole experience even nicer. Neither of us had to worry about future commitments, so we just acted out every repressed fantasy we'd ever had.

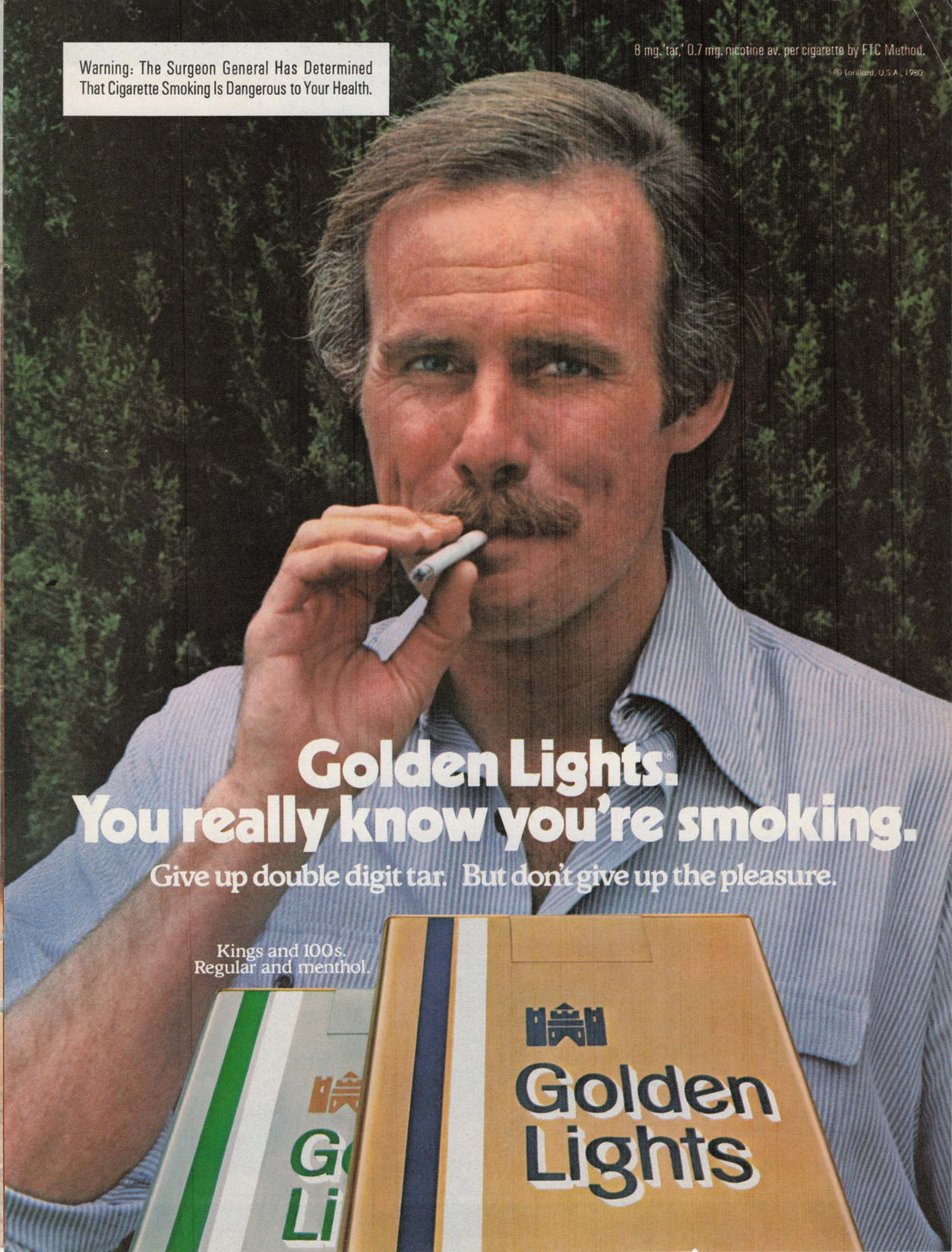
Duke took me as far as Las Vegas—it took us three days to get there. I reluctantly left him and went on to California alone. I know I'll never forget him, even though we only knew each other three days. I often wonder if he still remembers me. Sometimes when I'm home with my husband, I find myself pretending I'm back with Duke on the open road.

APRYL T.
Flushing, New York

---

The best thing about one-night stands is the suddenness with which things develop. For me, the perfect casual-sex en-

*(Continued on page 158)*


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.
© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1980
Golden Lights.®
You really know you're smoking.
Give up double digit tar. But don't give up the pleasure.
Kings and 100s.
Regular and menthol.
Golden
Lights

# SABINNE SCHMIDT

## Portrait from Germany

**Photography by H.W. Hesselmann**

"I would never approach a man first. Rather, I get him to approach me." So explains Sabinne Schmidt, an ingenuous, cool young beauty from Hamburg, Germany. "Does that sound old-fashioned to you?" she asks in charmingly eloquent English. "If it does, that's OK. I'm just not very emancipated. I like to be passive at times. To have a strong man take care of me. What I like best is to be spoiled."

Which means, the way we see it, that Sabinne—irresistible smile and all—usually gets what she wants out of life. And gets it without appearing to ask. "As a child, I used to drive my parents mad, because I always wanted my own way. Now I still want my own way, but I know how to get it and leave people smiling."

And Sabinne's chances of eliciting some smiles probably aren't hindered by the fact that she's blonde, has penetrating gray-blue eyes and a statuesque 35–23–35 form. "Sure, a good-looking woman often gets along

better," she concurs. "Especially if she moves about in a man's world, which is the kind of world I like to travel in. I thrive on male energy and competition—in both work and play. I don't have many girlfriends. I much prefer spending my time with a man."

Work for Sabinne might sound a little unglamorous and downright dull for some, but not for our 23-year-old German heroine. She is almost as enthusiastic about her insurance job as she is about her pursuit of men.

"I love the pressure and the demand of my work—and the freedom I have," asserts Ms. Schmidt, who has established a small but successful independent insurance agency for herself. "At sixteen, I left school to shop around for jobs. I worked for several large insurance companies but, at some point, I would inevitably have some sort of dispute with my boss. Finally, I had had enough and decided I

"It might sound strange, but I don't mind my boyfriend sleeping with another woman."

could do it on my own. Now I'm working again with a few bigger firms—but as a specialist, a consultant. I'm the boss."

Does Sabinne see herself as one of these new European women who place their work before their love life? "No. I am serious about my profession, but I'm far more serious when it comes

to men. I'm very loyal and loving to the man I am with.

"It might sound a little strange, but I'm not opposed to my boyfriend sleeping with another woman. I'm not the jealous kind—as long as he passes on his new experiences to me."

Hmmm, how about the other way around? we wonder. "As I said, I'm very loyal. I like to have one boyfriend at a time—someone who will take care of me."

What about hobbies, pastimes? "I love music. Especially Donna Summer and some of the other disco artists that don't sound too mechanical. People are always remarking on the size of my record collection. I like to gamble a little, and play backgammon. And one of my passions is fast motorcycles. I will never buy a car. I enjoy the sensation of all that power between my legs.

"But I think my favorite thing to do—apart from making love to a man—is going to see movies. Especially American pictures from the

Thirties and Forties. I sometimes imagine that I'm like Carole Lombard or Veronica Lake. Tough and independent, but still sexy enough not to scare the men away—to have them falling all over themselves trying to please you."

Is there one particular film that's her favorite? Something that embodies her view of the world, her image of love? "I shouldn't tell you this," she grins, a flicker of evil lighting up her eyes, "but *Double Indemnity* is my very favorite movie. The idea of an insurance man and the woman he loves conspiring to murder the husband and collect on the life-insurance money. Well, there have been a few men, a few moments in my life when that didn't seem like such a crazy notion, after all. But my better judgment took control."

We're glad to hear it. A little lust is one thing, but a crime of passion—that's something else altogether.

"In some ways, I'm very old-fashioned. But in other ways, I'm definitely *not*."

oui
DECEMBER 1980

# Carnal Apathy

*A noted sex therapist reveals why young men oftentimes aren't interested in sex.*

*Article by Bernie Zilbergeld, Ph.D.*

I had been specializing in the treatment of sexual problems for two years and thought I'd heard just about everything, when a young couple, married just a few months, had the following exchange in my office:

She: "The problem, doctor, is that he's frigid. He hardly ever wants to make love—once or twice a month at most. That's barely enough to keep my motor running. I don't feel like I'm married, and I won't be if something doesn't change."

He: "I just can't give her what she wants. I have as much sex as I want, but she's always complaining that it's not enough. I'd like to please her, but I simply don't feel like having more sex."

Up until six years ago, I had never heard anything like this. Although I encountered a number of similar cases shortly thereafter, I didn't bother including a section on desire problems in my book *Male Sexuality*, because they were relatively rare. Since then, however, the complaint "My lover doesn't want as much sex as I do" has become a familiar refrain.

For the last few years, sex therapists around the country have been reporting that an increasingly large number of men and women complain that they have lost their interest in sex. In some practices, desire problems outnumber even orgasm and erection complaints. Drs. Leon and Shirley Zussman, two well-known marriage counselors and sex therapists in New York, claim that "well over fifty percent of our patients report problems of sexual disinterest." And at recent professional conferences, the two most common questions raised were: (1) Where are all these desire cases coming from? (2) What can be done about them?

Many people immediately assume that this phenomenon of declining desire afflicts only older people or those involved in long-term relationships. Understandable. After all, sexual appetite often decreases with age, and those in long-term unions may become bored with one another. But the real facts belie these assumptions. Desire problems are present in all age groups and in all relationships, short or long, casual or serious. In fact, a surprisingly high percentage of those afflicted are people under 35.

Well, then, you say, the majority of patients must be women, because women, as we all know, don't have as great a sexual interest as do men. Wrong. An occurrence on a recent Phil Donahue show devoted entirely to sexual desire is typical. A 25-year-old man called in complaining that while he was content to have sex just once a month, his wife demanded much more frequent lovemaking. The Zussmans have noted that desire problems are "equally distributed between men and women." And in my own practice, I find that the majority of couples who come to see me with desire complaints come because the woman wants more sex and the man wants less.

Such facts fly in the face of traditional wisdom and the experience of many people. Young men, so the story goes, are always horny and can never get enough. Their heads overflow with erotic fantasies, and they are ready to have sex with almost anyone at the drop of a skirt. They only wish they could have more sex or feel less desire. No doubt many men feel like this. Some live out their fantasies and derive immense enjoyment. Others are frustrated because they're not getting as much as they want; they spend a lot of time fantasizing and



ILLUSTRATION BY IGNACIO GOMEZ

masturbating, wishing they had a partner to share the fun.

But there's an important distinction to be made here between fantasy and reality. Many men whose sexual desire for their partners has been negligible still have active sexual fantasies and continue to masturbate. They may even leer at every woman they encounter. They feel desire, or at least *think* they do, but they don't feel it when it counts. They don't take advantage of the opportunities for partner sex that are available to them.

The topic of sexual desire is murky and complex, and simple answers are hard to come by. The problem was that sex therapists never really addressed themselves to the issue until recently. Most assumed that their patients wanted sex and were turned on by it but were inhibited, for one reason or another, and just couldn't function. Recently, however, therapists began seeing couples in which one or both partners had little or no sexual interest. Most of these cases were examples of desire discrepancies: One partner wanted sex only once every few weeks or so, and the other partner was frustrated and demanding it four or five times as often. Many times the relationship itself was at stake. Both partners were usually willing to compromise but, unless more sex could be arranged on a long-term basis, one or the other threatened to turn to outside sex or to terminate the relationship.

So why are there so many desire problems now? Perhaps it's because we have gone from a culture that negatively valued sex to one that emphasizes sexual activity and performance. Virginity in young men and women is now regarded as some dread disease in need of immediate cure. The pressure for frequent and indiscriminate lovemaking is probably higher now than at any time in our history. People are attuned to sex as they have never been before. They are acutely aware of how often they make love, how well they or their partners perform, how many orgasms they have. The bottom line: Everyone feels entitled to as much sexual pleasure as he or she needs.

Not only do we expect as much sex as we can get, we want as much *good* sex as we can get. We no longer want partners who just go through the motions. We expect and demand enthusiasm, passion and satisfaction for all concerned. This means that the time-honored method of dealing with desire problems—i.e., going along with the program whether or not you are interested—is no longer the solution. To do so is more than likely to draw criticism from our partners.

It is well known that women throughout history have resorted to this stratagem. Less well known is the fact that men have, too. It's a bit more difficult for a man, since lack of interest may mean lack of erection. But even without interest, many men will try—by intercourse, oral or manual stimulation—to satisfy their partners when they would rather be doing something—anything—else. Although this method often works, it is not problem-free.

*Men have had little practice in being the object of sexual advances and deciding what to do with them.*

One young man lamented: "I don't know what I can do. Linda wants sex much more than I do. When I'm not in the mood, there's no way I can get an erection, but I try to do the liberated thing and stimulate her so she can get off. Sometimes that works but, lately, she's been complaining that she can tell I'm not really into it and this turns her off. What do I have to do, pretend I'm burning up with passion?"

Many men have lost interest in sex simply because it has become hard work for them. It wasn't long ago that a man's main goal was to get as much as he could. He wasn't necessarily inconsiderate or cruel, given the nature of the times, but his main concern was for his own pleasure. But since things have changed radically in the last 20 years, the overwhelming majority of American men now believe their job is to satisfy their partners. For many, this goal carries with it tremendous pressures.

A couple in their early 20s came to see me because the husband's desire lagged far behind that of his wife. When I asked the man his main goal in sex, he said, "The first thing is to make sure Robin is satisfied, that she gets what she wants." A minute later he threw in the "obligation" he felt "to give her a good time." I asked if this caused him any difficulties. "Yeah," he said, "I often wonder how I'm doing, if she's enjoying herself . . . if I really am satisfying her." Then, he admitted, "I'm kind of concerned about my erection the whole time. I want to make sure it stays firm so we can have intercourse when she's ready." Sex was hardly an enjoyable experience for this man. He worked harder at making love than he did at his job. It wasn't surprising that he lost interest.

Compare what he then said about masturbation, which he did once or twice a week after he lost his desire for sex with his wife. "I can do pretty much what I want. There's no pressure, no worrying about how I'm doing. I just do what feels good to me." He hadn't really lost his desire for sex, only for the anxiety-producing sex with his partner.

Another man in a similar situation blamed himself for not giving enough. "My problem," he said, "is that I'm too selfish. I don't want to give of myself sexually." After we talked, I saw it differently. The reason for his loss of interest was that he couldn't be selfish at all; he couldn't get anything for himself. He viewed sex as a totally giving experience, giving his girlfriend closeness, affection, stimulation and orgasms, while not getting much for himself.

Why couldn't these men be more assertive and get what they wanted? Why couldn't sex with their partners be anything like the sex in their masturbatory fantasies?

Consider that men have received a lot of bad press in recent years. Many of them believe what they have heard. Told they are poor and insensitive lovers seeking only their own pleasure, unable to satisfy a woman as well as another woman can, many men have been seriously affected. They have been knocked off balance because of a lack of clarity about their changing roles and functions. Men want to do what is right. If women ought to be sexually satisfied, then so be it, even if this means sacrificing one's own satisfaction. The problem is that the more often a man has sex when he doesn't want to or sex that doesn't give him pleasure, the more likely he is to lose interest in it completely.

Another reason that some men have found their sexual interest reduced is the idea that anyone can initiate sex. A generation or two ago, it was well understood that only the male initiated sex. This put men in a favorable position. They suggested sex only when they were interested and aroused, perhaps when they already had an erection. Women, of course, were then faced with the decision to accept or reject. But the man's aggressive role was not without difficulty. After all, he could be rejected—something that does no one's ego any good. But most men were plenty experienced in rejection, and they learned to live with it.

Times have changed. Men now find themselves in the position women were once in. It is now widely accepted, especially among children of the Sixties, that either the man or the woman can be the aggressor. And while this has created a problem for some women who have little experience in making advances and dealing with refusals, it has created a problem for the men as well. They have little practice in being the object of advances and deciding what to do with them. A man may be immersed in a television program or a book, or perhaps he's tired or just content to stare out into space, and then his partner suggests they make love. He may not be interested in sex, but how can he say so gracefully and without hurting her feelings? Maybe she's already turned on and he has a long way to go to catch up. How can he handle this? How can he communicate what he feels?

Sex is complex for both men and women. Both have to play more roles than before. The man must be able to initiate and seek his own pleasure as before, but now he must also deal with being the recipient of invitations. He must try to satisfy his partner. For some men, this is too much to handle and their interest fades.

Ron, a college student, found his sexual appetite sharply declining after a new girlfriend started initiating sex. She accused him of being a male chauvinist, unwilling to accord equal sexual rights to women. The truth was a little different from what she imagined. Ron wasn't opposed to Carol suggesting sex. He liked the idea—at least in the abstract. The problem was that she often wanted sex when he didn't. This was a new situation for him. He was used to initiating when he was ready, and *then* turning his partner on. Now when *she* initiated, he didn't know quite what to do. It was hard for him to tell her what he needed in order to be turned on. His state of confusion was hardly conducive to a good experience. He found that he couldn't always get an erection and, even when he did, sex wasn't very enjoyable. Only after he learned how to better deal with her advances did his sexual appetite return to its previous level.

There are many other reasons that contribute to a loss of sexual desire: a host of medical conditions; alcohol and drug excesses; depression; relationship problems; career-related problems; and sexual dysfunction. But these barriers to sexual desire aren't the whole story. Just as people have different interests and patterns in other areas of their lives, they also have different sexual appetites.

For some people, sex serves many functions. Their sexual feelings are elicited by a wide range of cues. In his novel *The Deep*, Peter Benchley gives an example of one such woman. "To Gail, sex was a vehicle for expressing everything—delight, anger, hunger, love, frustration, annoyance, even outrage. As an alcoholic can find any excuse for a drink, so Gail could make anything, from the first fallen leaf of autumn to the anniversary of Richard Nixon's resignation, a reason for making love."

*Many times what is expressed as a desire for more sex is simply a plea for more attention.*

For other people, sex serves only a few functions. For them, only a few stimuli can evoke sexual desire. There is nothing wrong with those who desire a great deal of sexual gratification or with those whose desire is more modest. The problem occurs when two people with wholly different needs enter into a sexual relationship. These days, we want what we want when we want it, and we have little tolerance for arrangements that give us too little or demand too much. Some otherwise workable relationships have fallen apart because of these kinds of disparities in sexual desire.

So what can be done? Unfortunately, these problems are probably less amenable to self-help solutions than are other sexual difficulties. If the problem is caused or affected by chronic illness, depression, medication or serious personal conflict, you should get competent professional consultation. Professional help can also be useful when there doesn't seem to be any other obstacle to desire but a disparity between the natural sexual appetites of two people. Sex therapists don't know a whole helluva lot about changing our natural levels of desire. Nonetheless, a consultation may be worthwhile, especially if the sexual discrepancy is seriously damaging the relationship.

There are a few things you can do on your own to deal with desire problems, but be cautious. Desire difficulties, perhaps more so than any other sexual problem, can lead to hurt feelings and accusations. The one whose advances are frequently rejected may begin to feel unattractive, undesirable, unloved. The other partner may feel guilty about shirking his or her duty, and this can lead to feelings of resentment. As one man put it, "I don't have a minute of peace. I come home from work all dragged out and just wanting some quiet, and there she is, trying to put the make on me." When such feelings abound, recriminations usually follow: "You don't love me." "You must be having an affair." "You make my life miserable, always bugging me."

It is important to remember that differences in sexual interest need not mean that you have done anything wrong or that your partner is less desirable than before. It is beneficial to express your honest feelings. Next time you can't deliver, try something like "I love you and find you very sexy, but I'm so tied up in my work that it's hard to get in a sexual mood more than once a week." If you're on the other side of the sexual coin, something like this may work: "I know I'm always chasing after you, but I miss having more sex. When we had sex more often, I felt much closer and more loving. I'd like to feel that way again."

Of course, it's not always this easy. Sometimes feelings about your partner will change (she no longer turns you on, you don't love her anymore, her behavior turns you off). In that case, her desperate attempts to initiate sex may make you feel pressured or angry. It may be necessary to discuss these feelings and what they mean for the relationship and for your sex life. Honesty is not always the best policy, but sometimes a straightforward expression of your feelings is the only way to start working out a troublesome situation. But if you or your partner are experiencing a loss of sexual interest and not a loss of love, here are a few things you can try on your own.

*Define exactly what is wanted.* Many times, what is expressed as a desire for more sex is, on closer inspection, simply a plea for more attention, affection, shared time or a sense of being loved. The partner who does not want sex may well be amenable to providing what it is that lies behind the wish for more sex.

After extensive surgery following an accident, one patient of mine wanted sex almost all the time; his fiancée found him impossible to be with. Walt felt totally rejected, but he kept after her. The more he did this, the less interested she became. Soon they had no sex at all; their former closeness deteriorated rapidly. It turned out

*(Continued on page 110)*

# Objets d'Xmas

## SEXY LITTLE TOYS AND TREASURES THAT SHOW HER HOW MUCH YOU REALLY CARE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAÚL VEGA

*Christmas is the season to celebrate love, peace and good cheer. Especially love and good cheer. What better way to invoke the holiday spirit than to give the girl of your dreams something that will turn her on—and turn you on at the same time.*

*Twice the bubbles for twice the effect. Perrier-Jouët champagne in a hand-painted bottle with a pair of matching glasses, $60.*

*Sensuous soaps, refreshing oils, absorbing body sponges and loving lotions arranged in a beautiful, bountiful basket. Crabtree & Evelyn, $40.*

*Help her slide into a pair of red high-heel slippers—mules, they used to be called. Marabou mules with feathers. Trashy Lingerie, around $30.*

*After you bathe, wrap her up in a warm, white terrycloth toweling robe. Robes of California, around $65.*

*Have a tropical wash in a foaming bath gel made from the ripe green fruit of the avocado. Crabtree & Evelyn, $5.*

*This mouth is definitely full of hot air. An inflatable Hot Lips pillow to cushion your fluvial fantasies, $10.*

*For those hard-to-reach places, grab a long-handled, bristling back brush. Crabtree & Evelyn, $6.*

*Good vibrations? Try the ultimate body-massage system, a stimulating set of domes, dynamos and probing penetrators. Five attachments, including one for yourself. The Prelude 3, $30.*

*Soft, slithery, smooth and slippery: the Kama Sutra package for some well-oiled lovemaking. Around $35.*

*Who says diamonds are a girl's best friend? Though they aren't the real mothers-of, an elegant pearl bracelet can still light up her eyes. Treza, $25.*

*The ultimate glass decanter contains the ultimate French brandy—cognac, culled from the fervent orchards of the Charente-Maritime region. Guaranteed to set your hearts ablaze. Remy Martin Louis XIII cognac, $245.*

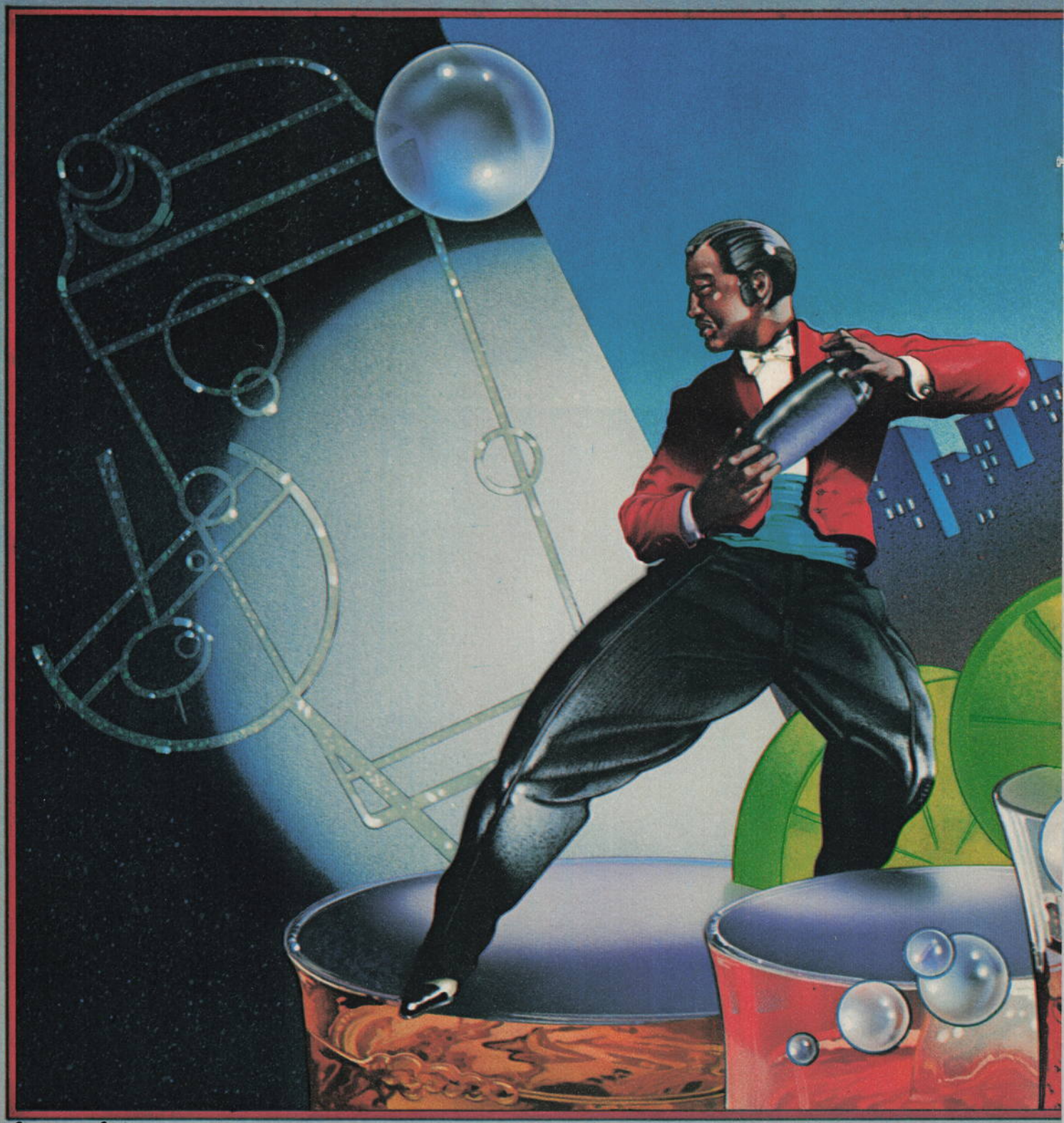
*Slinky white and coffee teddy tops and gray silk briefs. A little something next to nothing. Blush, Olga and Farr-West, $18, $20 and $25, respectively.*

*Even Jim Garner takes a few romantic shots when he's not doing commercials. For focus at close quarters, the Polaroid SX 70 Sonar Special Edition, $309.*

*Chloe in the afternoon? A delicate dab of talc and a few fine mists of perfume to put your lady on the right scent. Chloe perfume and powder by Lagerfeld, $48.*

*Shell-shaped chocolate kisses for the sweet-toothed twosome. Krön Chocolatier, $16.*

Styling by Francie Moore / Some items courtesy of Chalet Gourmet, Pleasure Chest and Samy's Camera, Los Angeles.



# THE BARTENDER

She was a spectacular, sultry mess. Down on her luck. Deep down. Her lovely face had been redesigned by an incredibly haphazard application of makeup. Bright-red lipstick jagging a quarter-inch above and below her lips, and eye shadow applied so broadly that it looked as though a blue butterfly had perched on the bridge of her nose.

Her drink order, too, was unique: "A shot of Mogen David with a splash of Squirt." But I guess it was her come-on, "Care to see my bullet holes?" that endears her to me to this day.

Entreated to peek over my side of the bar, I watched her hitch up an already short

# MYSTIQUE

## THE TRUTH BEHIND LIFE BEHIND THE RAIL

ARTICLE BY MARK CHRISTENSEN

skirt to reveal two tiny puckers in an otherwise perfect thigh. It seems that she'd been in another bar down the street and two gentlemen had gotten into an argument over her favors. Guns materialized, and she was caught, as they say, in the crossfire. Now, skirt yanked to the crotch, she cooed, "I got hit one more place, but I couldn't show you . . . here."

Lord above.

Mind now, I don't want to sound like an evangelizing Jim Jones of grab-ass or anything, but let me just put it to you this way: If you're single and looking for a new career, be a bartender. For laughs alone, it's worth

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB RODRIGUEZ

# THE WORLD IS CHOCK-FULL OF REAL ESTATE MOGULS, BANK VICE-PRESIDENTS AND PUBLIC-RELATIONS HONCHOS THAT GOT THEIR START BECAUSE THEY SERVED THE RIGHT GUY A GOOD DRINK.

it. For adventure, it beats the bejesus out of the navy, the Mafia and the space program combined. And nobody, but nobody—not even famous rock-'n'-roll stars and sons of sitting Presidents—get more opportunity for . . . what's the word? Oh yeah, *easy sex*. I should know—I spent the two best years of my life as chief bartender and associate bouncer in the wildest, weirdest dance hall in the Northwest: Portland's own late, great American Museum.

There is where I schooled myself in all tricks of the bartending trade: heavy-drunk thumping, cocktail-waitress manipulation, light tip gouging, emergency tart diddling. You name it. For I was convinced that I, too, could become a stalwart among the drink-drawing elite.

I may have been a tad naïve, but from Key West to Vancouver, from the gin mills of Ensenada to the wateringholes of Aspen, I had seen bartenders enjoying positions of on-the-street prestige and power. They represented order in a disorderly world, service in a serve-yourself age, untold resources in an era of diminishing expectation. A position as bartender would give nothing, I figured, if not a little status.

And tending bar can be one of the most pleasant jobs going. It's a position low in outside responsibilities—you leave the job completely when you go home at night—and high in pleasant surroundings—you work with an ever-changing constellation of cocktail waitresses hired for their looks, youth and charm. And any place worth its name also serves as a nightly alcoholic way station for every manner of lovely under God's heaven. Often they're alone, bored and lonely. And there you are, exactly *ein* drink order away from an informal introduction. What's more, if your place of business is even halfway tip-oriented, the money is good—often over $50 a night in tax-free (if not reported) tips. All for just glugging booze from bottle to glass.

Just out of college, graduate school, the service or a real dead-end job? Bartending can be the most rewarding short-term pastime in the world. No kidding. You stand there in your suit of lights (apron, vest, tux, whatever) and, if your place of business has any class, you'll be glad-handing your community's white-collar overachievers on a day-to-day basis. And for guys looking to connect, what could be better? The world is chock-full of real estate moguls, bank vice-presidents and public-relations honchos that got their start because they served the right guy a good drink 20 years ago.

Ah yes, the glorious bartender mystique.

Unfortunately, reality is rarely so pastoral. Take the American Museum up in Portland. There we practiced an arcane aspect of the art: a rare, rogue, Wild West offshoot known as Combat Bartending.

The owner was an entrepreneurial genius, politician and famous light-heavyweight boxer named Ron McCarty. He was my hero. He also bore an uncanny resemblance to Clark Kent and ran the American Museum in essentially the same way America fought the Vietnam War.

We were located on the corner of West 3rd and Burnside, which then served as the Iron Triangle of Portland's thriving porn district. Across the street was an establishment named—no kidding—Satan's Disco. To the immediate east: a bottomless/topless sanctuary featuring a rather impressive All-Nude Dancing Revue. After midnight, the creatures from Satan's Disco and the dolls from the All-Nude Dancing Revue would converge at the American Museum and infiltrate our regular, more uptown, clientele.

McCarty treated them all like they were the Viet Cong. Behind the bar, it was Us against Them. Our motto: "The customer is always wrong." So, while my more backward pals from college were content to pour drinks in Beverly Hills, Steamboat Springs and Hilton Head Island, noodling after hours with gorgeous and obliging blonde blue bloods from the world around, I was thriving in an atmosphere that, for pure variety and high-energy ominous strangeness, would have made Saigon in '68 look like a big Studio 54.

There, I learned bartending reality and, herewith, allow me to give you a little advice. You may have a bartender fantasy already: You see yourself tuxed out behind the bar at one of Manhattan's most intimate and exclusive little eateries, where entrées in the dining room go for $85 a pop, *à prix fixe*. Where a sport-coated Jimmy Breslin has been ejected time after time for "improper attire." Where you've just poured Margaux Hemingway a shot of Jameson's neat and advised her "*post coitum omni animum triste est*." Where you . . .

OK, enough is enough. Unless you get your ducks in a row, pardner, you'll be lucky to get a job editing the graffiti in the men's john at your local bar and grill, let alone score a bartending coup like that. And if you think six months from now you're going to be setting 'em up in Sun Valley or drawing Primo at the Pioneer Inn on Maui, you've obviously been doing your drinking at home. There are 50 applications for every opening at those places, and the manager's usually got 75 of his best friends standing in line in front of you.

No, compadre, such will not be your fate.

Now for the good news. And it's ten, 15, 20 times better than the bad news.

To wit: The secret of the bartender mystique is that there isn't any secret. Women aren't going to like you any better because you pour a neat drink; they're going to like you because you're *there*. Available. Accessible. Approachable. As almost no one else is. It's that simple. Women can't just walk in and collar some guy in the library, the supermarket or the local department store. But a bartender they can meet in a sec. They're *supposed* to meet you, for God's sake. You are the most meetable guy in the entire universe. Your bartending Valhalla can be in your own hometown.

Of course, it also helps if you've got the requisite number of eyes, ears, arms and teeth. And your place of bartenderhood will have critical bearing on your lady-to-bag rate overall. As barkeep at a disco or dance hall, you may end up working as little more than a two-legged hootch dispenser. It'll be pour, wash, pour, wash, pour, wash . . . all night long. Customer rapport is minimal, and tips by the drink are low, though you may make up a lot in sheer volume. Here, your job is simpler, but harder, than at an inn or a lounge. At a disco, well (or house) liquor does for 60 percent of your drinks; whereas, in less frantic atmospheres, call (specific brand requests) liquors will predominate.

At a big disco or dance hall, your relationships with women will be speedy, too. Sure, you'll see a lot more of them, both customers and waitresses, but your chances of establishing any real contact are next to nil. Everything moves too fast. It's like trying to meet women on a train by standing next to the track. They go by too quickly for anything more than a glance.

But lounge work is a different world altogether. And while it's considerably easier to meet compliant young ladies, there are other overwhelming responsibilities.

Here, bartenders are more like fathers. They're also like cops, shrinks, ringmasters, political Op Ed editors at *The New York Times*, stand-up comedians and major-league umpires. But mostly, they are like fathers—the sober, judicious heads of an everchanging family of drinkers. They are the supplier of the family's sustenance; the family's welfare is their responsibility.

Taken on a one-on-one basis, this can be downright eerie. Every day in bars across the country, your basic 25-year-old lounge

**THE BARTENDER'S LOT IS A MICROCOSM OF AMERICAN LIFE AT ITS MOST UNHOLY. IN ORDER TO SURVIVE, HE MUST LEARN TO DEAL AGGRESSIVELY WITH BOOZE, JERKS, BOSSES, FELLOW EMPLOYEES AND HIMSELF.**

bartender plays dad to your basic semi-alcoholic 55-year-old executive. Young dad counsels geezer son on his problems, his opportunities and—more often than not—his drinking. Pa cuts Sonny off and calls him a cab when it's time to go back to his other home—the one that's got his wife in it.

Before we delve into the specifics of bartender comportment, let's consider bartender qualifications. Meaning, what does it take to be one? Very little, except brains, maturity, physical stamina and a modicum of charm, erudition and *presence*. Above all, it takes ability to deal with a hundred different things at once.

No famous bartenders' school will teach you any or all of these things. In fact, most of our nation's great barkeepers have learned their trade solely from on-the-job experience. They started in taverns, pouring beer and wine, and then moved on to life on the top shelf. In like fashion, before *you* make the bartending big time—that is, clubs where the tips are in bills, the drinks in snifters and the women in jewels—you've got to get some experience, preferably in a neighborhood establishment not inhabited totally by no-necks and mouthbreathers.

At first, you'll go crazy. An average bar will be stocked with well over 100 brands of liquor and, for the initial two weeks, you'll need 12 hands. Life will be a manic ballet. But within a month, it'll all become pretty rote. The fact is, after a while, you can be serving layered zombies to the entire Washington Press Corps and be daydreaming meantime about life in Ibiza.

Yet bartender life requires much, much more than the mechanical ability to prepare a drink. A good bartender should know the rudimentary history of mixology and the basic ABCs of the distillery trade.

It's required that you know the Submarine—a shot glass of whiskey dropped into a stein of beer—was invented by none other than Pancho Villa. You should likewise be aware that Adolf L. Zimmerman invented the daiquiri in 1898 and that the rumor that a man named Jerry Thomas invented the martini is entirely untrue.

Bartenders are further required to endure lectures and dissertations on everything from white power to the friendly atom, the wonders of Esalen, premarathon carbohydrate overloading, teenage poon and Billy Martin.

This is one sterling opportunity to express yourself, friend. As the locus for information, you can whip up your own repertoire of whoppers. Talk about fun—I used to like to impart late breakers that hardly anybody else was liable to know about. Like the fact that J.D. Salinger had gone broke in the New Hampshire woods and had taken work in a Madison Avenue ad agency. Or that Tiny Archibald had signed a half-million-dollar contract that afternoon to play N.B.A. basketball while wearing Tony Lama cowboy boots. Insider stuff.

But the bartending trade is not all pun and games. No, indeed. The bartender's lot is a microcosm of American life at its most unholy. In order to survive, the successful bartender must learn to deal aggressively with booze, jerks, bosses, fellow employees and himself. In roughly that order. That means, in addition to his wooing and entertainment obligations, the smart barkeep must learn to do other things. Like serve drinks.

Here's where fear comes with the territory. Every bartender cringes at the yahoo who announces, "Hi, I'm with a party of ten, and we'd like a Pickled Dilly, a Zubrovka, three Sneaky Petes, two double Erectors, a Bath Cure, some Moose Milk and a triple Bishop with a vodka back." Fortunately, most of your orders in white-collar bars will be beer, simple vodka combinations, Scotch, bourbon or gin with a single mixer. In blue-collar establishments, it's even simpler: beer and whiskey for the gents, wine coolers and Bloody Marys for the women.

What really hurts is watching someone waste good booze and good money. For example, most people who order call liquor—with the exception of tequila—with a flavored mixer are just pissing away change. And unless you're a cosmic connoisseur, to order a call vodka mixed is a mistake. Despite its popularity, it takes a real pro to tell the difference between Stolichnaya and Smirnoff. Nevertheless, you might be astonished at the number of people who call these brands and order them mixed with half the liquids under heaven. So the next time you see a bartender quake visibly when some clown has ordered a Ronrico rum and Coke or a margarita with Cointreau, you'll know why.

You must also learn how to handle people. All sorts of people. Every night most every bartender has to deal with some loud-mouthed drip with a gold razor on a chain around his neck and a woman on his arm whom he refers to as his "lady." That's just par for the course.

Still, there are other more ominous types entirely. Here's a bartender's premise worth remembering: Most assholes *know* they are assholes. Some of them are coy about it, true. They sit and drink and are all polite and nice, while inside they're winding up and getting ready to uncork.

The veteran bartender learns to spot them early, however. He recognizes clues. No eye contact when ordering a drink is a big one. Jerks have a fun way of treating a bartender as if he were invisible. Also, jerks do not so much request drinks as they command them. As a species, they rarely tip.

However, pro bartenders *never*—unless it's practically a matter of life and death—poke a patron. For one thing, the guy may be smart enough to call an attorney. In fact, he may actually *be* an attorney. For another, the bartender must remain a symbol of restraint. An experienced bartender will generally beckon a couple of his associates, who then form sort of a cocoon around the aggrieved Mr. Fun and lead him to an exit.

The experienced bartender is likewise never too proud to call the cops.

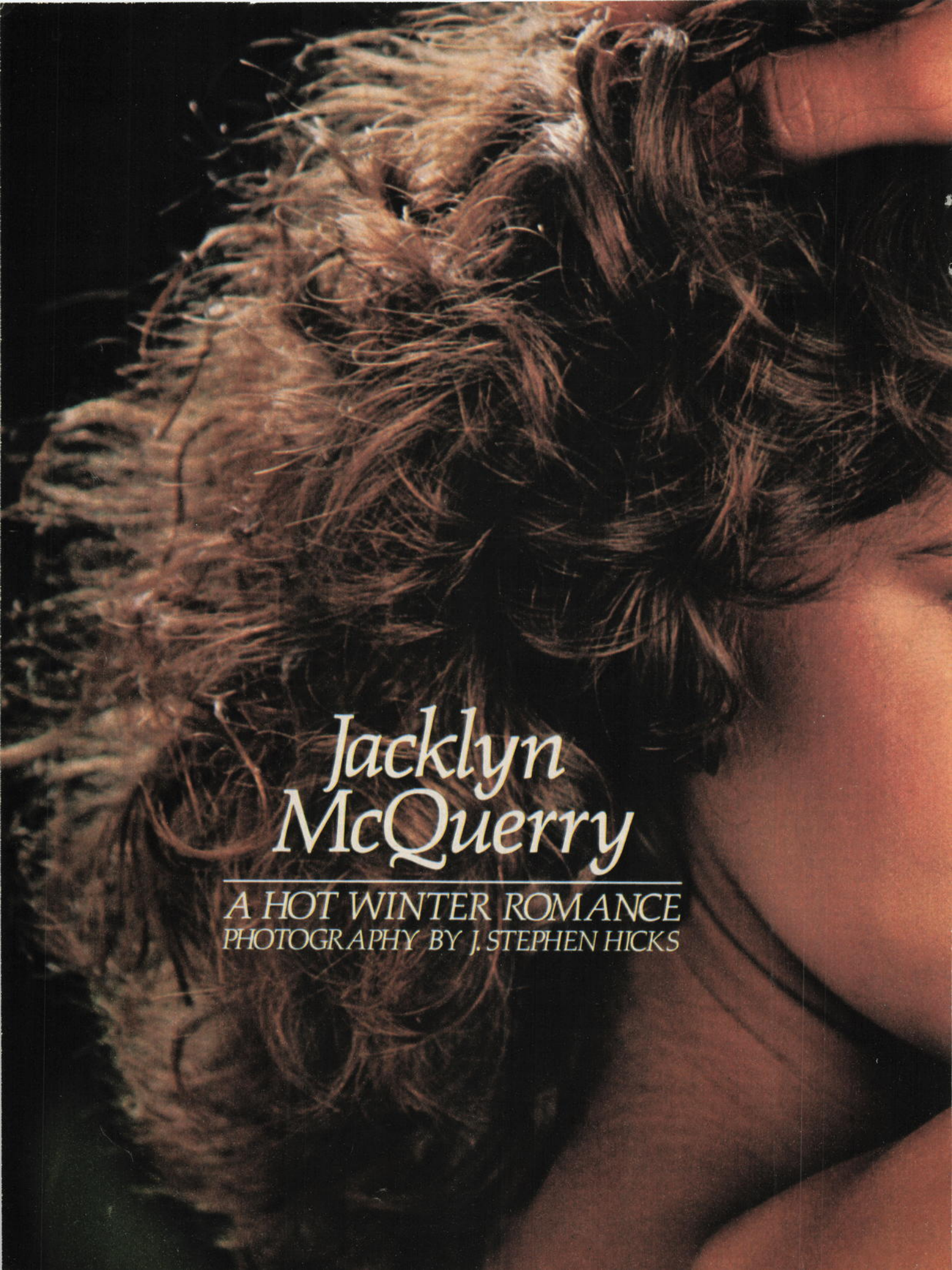
As for dealing with fellow employees, well, here the Golden Rule applies: You gotta live with these people.

And as for dealing with the boss, it's very simple. A good bartender should be paid roughly the equivalent wage of a good eighth-grade social-studies teacher, since his responsibilities are pretty much the same.

You must also learn to deal with yourself. Bartending is a lot of fun, but it's not without its pitfalls. The job can be an eight-hour juggling act—watching out for and coordinating patrons, drinks, waiters, waitresses and God-knows-what-else—and by the time your shift is over, the great temptation is to do exactly what most everybody else there is doing: *Drink the hell out of it*. It's like being a kid in a candy shop or a brown bear in a salmon cannery—instant gratification. The bartender-to-alky ratio is high; so the barkeep who finds himself making an eight-inch dent in a bottle of Johnnie Walker Red after work might be wise to interpret his thirst as nature's way of saying, "Slow down."

There's a subtler danger. For a lot of guys, bartending gets to be such a wonderful pastime that they never get out of it. Career-wise, it can be worse than heroin. Believe me, time flies when you're having fun. You get out of college, serve a few margaritas, a couple thousand bourbon and waters, and the next thing you know, you're 35. This is nature's way of saying, "You're possibly wasting your time."

I myself left the bartending world at the tender age of 27. McCarty's American Museum finally got the better of me. ■


Jacklyn
McQuerry
A HOT WINTER ROMANCE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

Most people are sad to see autumn slip away into winter, but not 19-year-old Jackie McQuerry. Winter to most means blizzards, cabin fever and antifreeze; but ask Jackie about winter and she'll tell you about cognac, quilts and a roaring fire—all best shared with a friend. "Winter is definitely the most romantic season," she says. "It's cuddling up with someone I care about and devising our own schemes to take away the chill, while saving energy. Besides, if a man wants me enough to come out in a storm, it means he must really care about me."

Jackie, who grew up all over the world ("We moved twice a year"), knows about the problems of inclement winters. "I spent one year with relatives in northern Minnesota. Believe me, you haven't been cold unless you've spent a winter in Minnesota. There was one guy I had been seeing

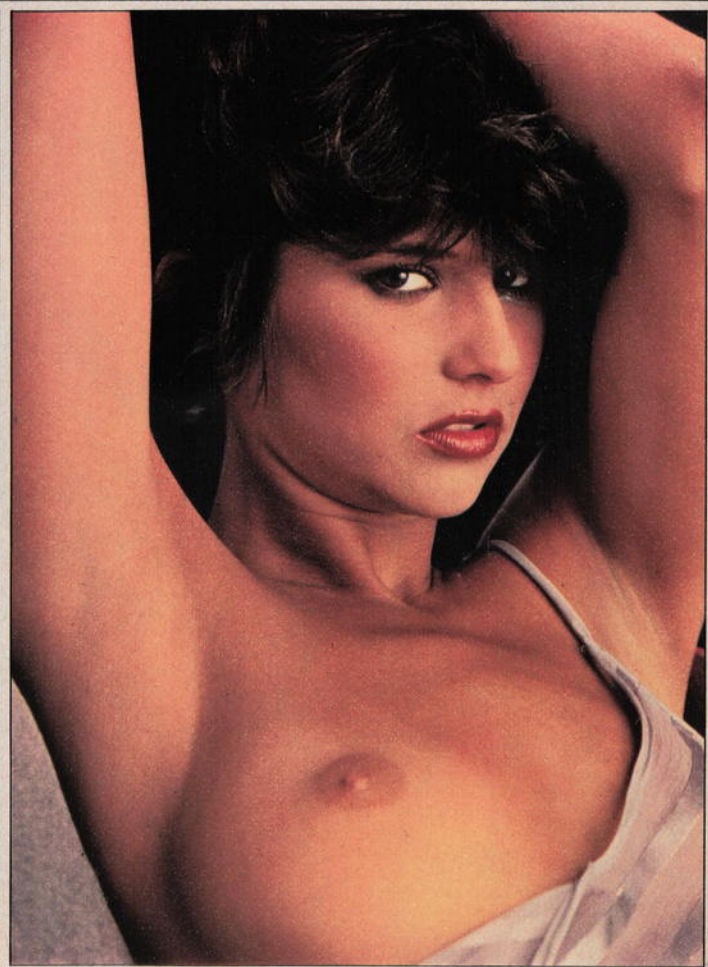
*"Ask me about winter and I'll tell you about brandy, quilts and a roaring fire."*

*"There are nights I wish it would stay winter forever."*

casually. It wasn't anything hot and heavy until he showed up one day when it was twenty below. 'My God,' I thought to myself, 'he must really care if he's willing to come out in weather like this just to see me.' I had never been so flattered in my life. We ended up spending the entire winter keeping each other warm."

Jackie also prides herself on being somewhat of a throwback to the romantic period. "I guess I really am a romantic," she confesses. "And I don't mind receiving gifts now and then from certain admirers. In fact, the way to my heart is a bottle of Napoleon brandy, a soft fur and a dozen roses. The brandy is for the both of us, the fur is to lie on—not to wear—and the roses . . . ? Well, I guess if any guy is willing to go through the effort of finding roses in December, that would really prove to me that he cares."

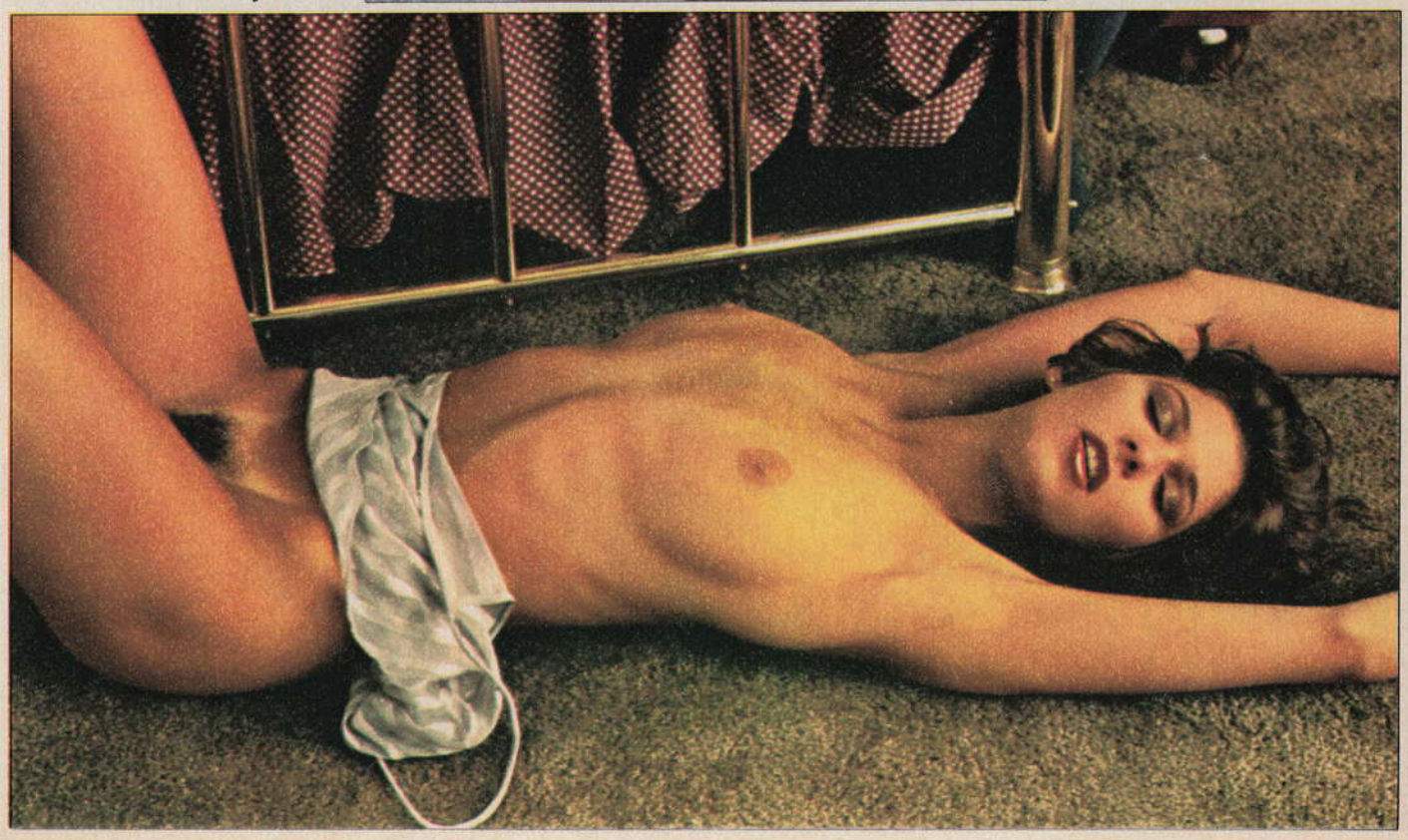
Last year, Jackie traded in her snowshoes for tennis shorts and moved to Los Angeles, where she is working on her modeling career. "Sometimes Californians amaze me," she says with a slight air of confidence.



"During the rainy season, the city comes to a standstill. All because of a little rain. For me, this is nice weather. Of course, I can't say that I really mind. There are many nights that I'd rather stay home and curl up in front of my fireplace instead of doing a night on the town. Besides, there isn't much chance of getting snowed in, is there? I guess you have to make do with what you've got. I have to admit, though, I feel a little foolish saying, 'Go outside in weather like this? It must be all the way down to forty-five degrees.' Oh well, when in Rome . . ."

Since we were on the topic of romantic evenings, we asked Jackie if there were any type of man she would most like to keep warm. "Actually, I'm not particular about a man's looks, although there has to be something interesting about him. He can be tall or short, dark or light, but there must be something special that I find attractive. It's usually a simple thing like a smile or the way a man

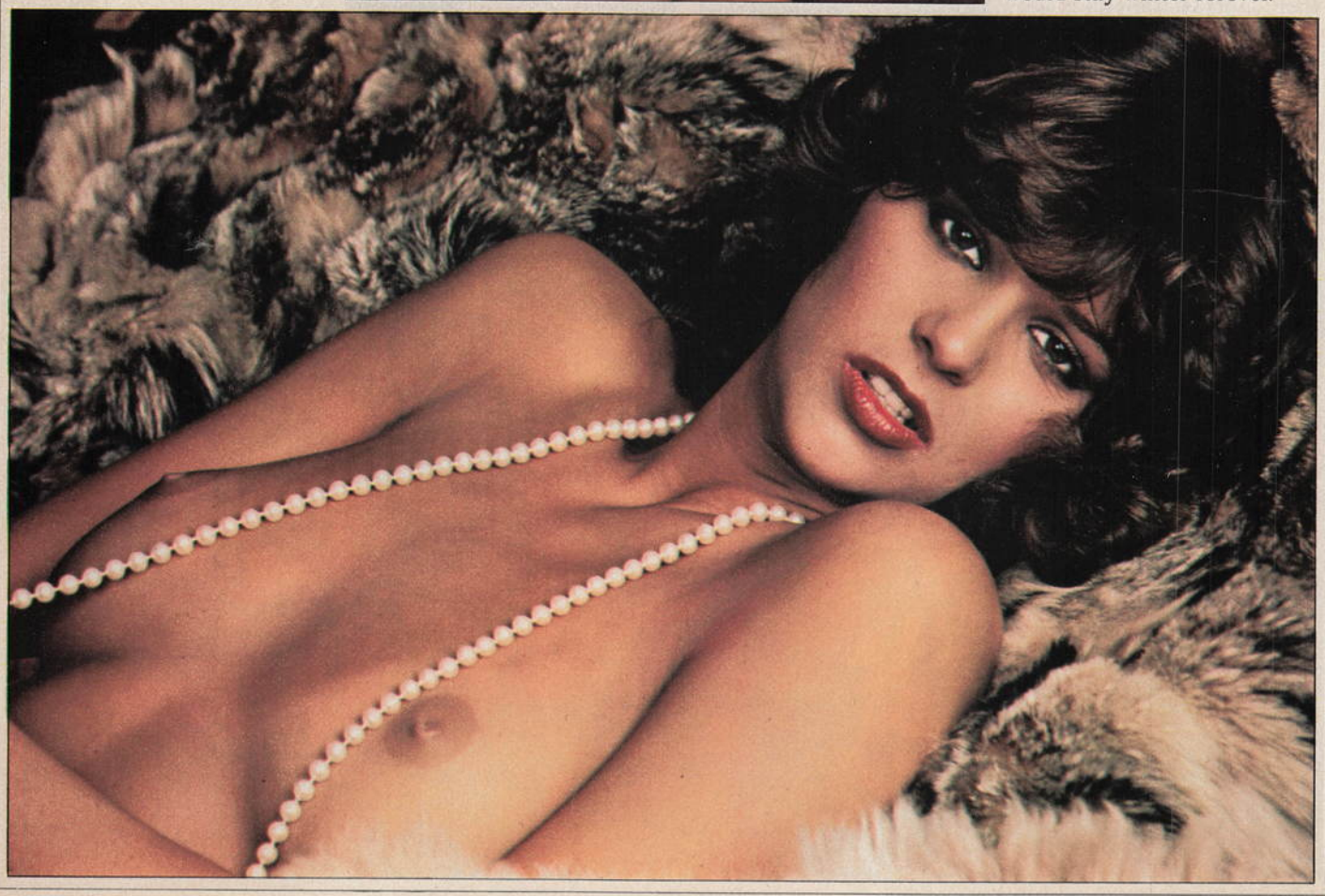
*"I'm not particular about a man's looks, although there has to be something interesting about him."*



*"If a guy is willing to find roses in December, that would prove to me that he cares."*

looks at me while I'm talking. I like a man who can really carry on a conversation with me, and I'm a sucker for one who can make me laugh. You never can tell when you might get snowbound, so it's always a good idea to have a man who's entertaining.

"Of course, all of this talk of warm, seductive nights doesn't quite paint the complete picture," she adds. "There is another side of me—one that's totally wild. I don't lead the 'early to bed, early to rise' life of most models. It's not that I'm totally crazy, mind you, but I'm like anyone else. There are some nights I want to go out and party forever, and there are other nights that solitude is more suited to my mood. But if I had the ability to freeze time, I suppose I would freeze it just as the camera does, in a cozy, quiet, sensual atmosphere. There are nights I wish it would stay winter forever."



# oui

DECEMBER 1980

A CONVERSATION WITH

# THE CAST OF TV's "FRIDAYS"

Sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll and a dash of disgusting antics. Is this what made the new late-night comedy show *Fridays* a hit? The group insists they're not just a bunch of *SatNiteLive* cloneheads. OUI was determined to find out . . .

At a meeting of network affiliates earlier this year, ABC Entertainment president Tony Thomopoulos announced the arrival of the new late-night comedy show *Fridays*. "Yes, we're ripping off *Saturday Night Live*," he admitted. "That's just the way it works."

The press greeted Thomopoulos' statement as a refreshing "standard for candor" among TV executives. But for the nine members of the *Fridays* company, it was a dramatic pronouncement of the challenge ahead. Selected via a nationwide raid on improv groups and comedy clubs, this rookie team of comics had an almost impossible mission: to bust America's funny bone and establish their own identity, despite the inevitable barrage of comparisons to *Saturday Night Live*. Nobody said it would be easy.

But producers John Moffitt and Bill Lee, along with comedy vet and *Fridays* creative consultant Jack Burns, promised the network a show that would be innovative, provocative, outrageous and controversial. Natch.

Indeed, much of the material aired that first season lived up to the promise, while other skits, critics quickly pointed out, proved to be embarrassingly mediocre. But then, for the past two seasons, *mediocre* was the best praise critics could muster about the faltering *Saturday Night Live*.

Finally, the ratings were in. *Fridays* was a hit. And if that weren't enough, it had captured an even greater share of the late-night audience than had *SNL* its first year. ABC quickly slated the show for another season. The brass started touting the *Fridays* gang as the Radners and Aykroyds of tomorrow, despite the fact that the first season had proved these kids were *not* cloneheads. ABC had gone for the familiar package, but it came up with a fresh assortment of nuts.

OUI sent Roving Editor Jan Golab to the ABC studios in Los Angeles to check out the new comedy kids in town. Golab reports:

ABC is nestled at the base of the Hollywood Hills in a large, sprawling compound surrounded by wire fences and guarded entrances. Somehow, this seems appropriate. The atmosphere on the *Fridays* set falls somewhere between that of the rec-yard at Bellevue and a playground for problem kids. While some of the cast members pair off in various rehearsal halls, warehouses and executive bathrooms to rehearse their skits, others can be found rambling through the ozone, mumbling in and out of various characters and assorted shtick.

This wacko ambience is additionally fueled by the meandering presence of the show's 11 writers, a kinky trail-mix assortment of merry pranksters selected for their fresh, youthful, non-TV backgrounds, as well as specialized talents, such as knowing how to bounce a Frisbee off the guard booth or roll a number with one hand.

Having heard numerous reports about the bloodbaths that frequently erupted among the cast of *Saturday Night Live*, I was not about to be fooled by the cheerful spirits and fun-and-games attitude that pervaded the *Fridays* offices. TV comedy, after all, is serious business. The system demands that the cast work as a team, while each member must struggle to get in his own licks every week. Knowing this, I was determined to catch some of the real vibes ricocheting around the set.

As I watched rehearsal go through its usual repetitive pace during the week, I jotted down some notes. This live-TV format is tricky business. Between rehearsals, dress rehearsal and the final show on Friday, meetings of the 50-some cast and crew members are held regularly to discuss final changes. Frequently, entire skits are cut and replaced by others, partly because they bombed with the censors, or because of the whims or discretion of the producers and Jack Burns.

Moffitt and Lee—veterans of many years of TV production, including the Lily Tomlin and Richard Pryor specials—handle all this with surprising calm and, contrary to some reports, what emerges is anything but a West Coast version of *Saturday Night Live*. There is relatively little about the show that is very "West Coast." Seven of the cast members are Eastern transplants, as are most of the writers. None of the obvious characters one would expect to find are even in attendance. There are no beefy surfer types (no one is either blond or tan); no giggly starlets; no *chicanos* in Chevys. There appears to be no emphasis on skits about sitting around in the hot tub or "taking a meeting" with Hollywood types. The regional flare of the show seems limited to the "Friday Focus" segment of the "Friday Edition" newscast (which has covered stories such as the Annual Muppet Hunt on the Pacific Coast) and to the choice of musical guests, most of whom, during the first season, were groups that first scored big on the West Coast.

Maryedith Burrell, the company's resident rock-'n'-roll junkie, spends much of

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WAYNE WILLIAMS

what little spare time she has following the thriving Los Angeles music scene. Needless to say, nobody had to twist her arm to get her to party with guys like the Clash, the Boomtown Rats, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers and other punk/rockers who have appeared on the show, and she actively collaborates with the producers about which groups to book. While watching the Jam rehearse a few of their numbers for this week's show, I spied Burrell perched atop a bass-drum case at the side of the sound stage. When the group finished, we sat there amidst all the equipment and had a little chat.

Maryedith's "Friday Focus" on-location TV reporter is a character of our times. She's a strong and independent woman, hardworking as any man. She takes things very seriously, even the ridiculous stories she covers, such as an outbreak of "Wiener Rain." (Hot dogs falling from the sky. The *Fridays* crazies bought a couple thousand pounds of hot dogs, hauled them up to the roof of a three-story building in Los Angeles and heaved them all over the damn street. I was there. It was a mess. The whole street stunk of wienies. It probably still does. Cars were skidding on hot dogs. Kids were throwing hot dogs. Dogs were eating hot dogs.) Actually, she takes *herself* seriously. Perhaps too seriously. A little bit like a lot of women today. Perhaps . . .

Maryedith honed her considerable comic skills in California improv groups. She was in Off the Wall with Robin Williams and later with the War Babies Group. She had a part in *Wholly Moses* and will appear soon in *Oh God, Oh God*, playing an Irish nun in a classroom gone amok. (She attended Catholic boarding school in Monterey, California, so she knows all about the good sisters.)

**OUI:** You play a number of strong women characters . . .

**BURRELL:** Yeah, I guess I'm the rabid cast feminist. Actually, I'm not rabid, but I am a feminist because I'm a career woman. I don't walk around with a clenched fist all day. I like playing the TV reporter, because she's a strong woman—you know, out there working in the field. Actually, I'd like to do a news report sometime from a big empty field: "Not much is happening here in the field today, Melanie . . . back to you."

**OUI:** Do you ever have to bitch to get a character on the show?

**BURRELL:** Yes, that's life. There aren't any problems at *Fridays* that aren't just symptoms of things that are happening everywhere in the industry, anyway. Any actress will tell you that there are few good parts written for women. In all fairness to the guys on the staff, they've gone out of their way to try to write scenes for the ladies. But still, you're asking guys under deadline pressure every week to all of a sudden develop a lot of skits with a consciousness and sensitivity toward women, which is impossible. If I have any real gripe, it's the fact that TV is the way it is. If Joe Small in Iowa doesn't see tits, he turns off the set.

**OUI:** How would you describe the difference between your news-show character and Melanie's?

**BURRELL:** I'll tell you the difference. Melanie gets letters from bachelors who are madly in love with her. I get letters from psychopaths in prison.

**OUI:** As one of the few real Californians in the cast, do you feel there is anything distinctively "West Coast" about *Fridays*?

**BURRELL:** This is a sweeping generality, but some say East Coast humor is more cerebral, with more emphasis on dialogue. *Fridays* is more visual. It's like New Wave music—which is definitely happening more out here than in New York. The theatrics seem to be just as important as the music. Like Devo, where the emphasis is on their visuals. *Fridays* often goes in that direction. Like "Diner of the Living Dead."

**OUI:** That skit got the show kicked off a couple of affiliate stations. Have you personally encountered any problems with the censors?

**BURRELL:** We did this one skit called "CPA Groupies." Well, I'm used to doing theater; I'm not used to cleaning things up for TV. Bruce Mahler comes out dressed like a businessman, and I run up to him and say, "Boy, I hear you've got the biggest calculator in the business." Bruce pulls out his calculator to show it to me and I slide down to my knees alongside him and, well, you know, my hand wandered to an appropriate spot. It wasn't conscious on my part. I didn't do it on purpose. Bruce was so flushed. Later, five guys from the network approached me: "We're sorry, Miss Burrell, but you cannot manually massage his groin area on television."

**OUI:** Where did you get your first break?

**BURRELL:** The first gig I ever had, right out of college, was as a waitress at the Improv. This was back when it was still the Pitschel Players Cabaret. I was an actress, going out

## Says Burrell, "The difference is that Melanie gets letters from bachelors who fall in love with her. I get letters from psychopaths in prison."

on auditions and getting parts like the third witch from the left in *Macbeth*. I was in awe, working my little tush off schlepping beer for these people. One weekend, one of the girls in the company was sick. I was in the freezer shoving the Black Bavarian pie onto the trays, and they came in and said, "We need an actress." I did a scene with David Lander and Michael McKean [now Lenny and Squiggy] about *Fear of Flying* that was hysterical. Afterward, David cornered me and told me I'd be making a big mistake if I didn't go into comedy. I was planning to go to London, but he talked me into staying, and I started getting work. You know, always just enough work to screw up my unemployment. Guest shots on *Happy Days*. Bit parts on soaps: "The Doctor will see you now." So today, when people ask me how I like *Fridays*, I say that it's real exciting to be working instead of standing in the unemployment line.

•

Continuing through the ABC lot, I soon became engulfed in the show's tornado of activity. This weekly cycle of organized mayhem builds to train-wreck velocity by Friday. It begins on Sunday, when writers, cast and producers meet to pitch ideas, argue, beat their breasts and ultimately select the skits they will prepare for the coming week's show—tentatively. Monday and Tuesday, the cast is set loose on the lot to rehearse. By Wednesday, the sets have been constructed and the action moves to the sound stage. On Thursday, they rehearse in front of cameras. Friday, they perform two dress rehearsals in full costume and makeup: one run-through in the morning and one before an audience at 3:30; and then it's "Live from the Los Angeles Basin" at 8:30 (which makes it absolutely live on the East Coast at 11:30).

During one of the afternoon breaks, I zeroed in on Melanie Chartoff, *Fridays*' resident hot number and the finely manicured and articulate young lady who anchors the "Friday Edition" newscasts. Chartoff's fun to watch because she's so delightfully vulnerable—particularly to the words the *Fridays* writers put in her mouth. Such as when she proudly reads a letter from a fan who first praises her for her keen professional skills and then requests that she send him a pair of her used panties. She takes everything in stride, with a smile. And, naturally, she agrees to send the undies. Pronto.

Over lunch in the ABC commissary, I discovered this former stand-up comic to be a true multidimensional fun house. She switches easily from sexy to cute, kookie to sincere, intellectual to neurotic, or to anywhere else she cares to go, as quickly as she can wink one of those twinkling brown eyes. A real charmer, Melanie also has an incredibly provocative command of the English language.

"Are you sure they didn't put any chemicals in the liver and onions?" she asked the man behind the cafeteria counter. "They put chemicals in the food here," she explained to me as we moved toward the cash register. "I try to keep myself as clean as I can. I figure about the only thing you really have any jurisdiction over nowadays is what goes into your own orifices."

**OUI:** Does it bother you that a lot of people automatically compare you to Jane Curtin?

**CHARTOFF:** Does that happen?

**OUI:** Please . . . Melanie.

**CHARTOFF:** That's ironic, because Jane and I worked in a show together—*The Proposition*, an improv musical revue off-Broadway. I guess in the beginning I was likened to her because of the ["Friday Edition"] role, but *every* comedy show has had a news spot. Remember *That Was the Week That Was*?

**OUI:** But don't you think "Friday Edition" was patterned a little too closely after "Weekend Update"?

**CHARTOFF:** Personally, I did, but that was the network's idea. I don't mean to speak against them, but they wanted to go with something proven, and they assumed that since that format worked, we should do the same thing.

**OUI:** Do you have any characters of your own that you'd like to introduce on *Fridays*?

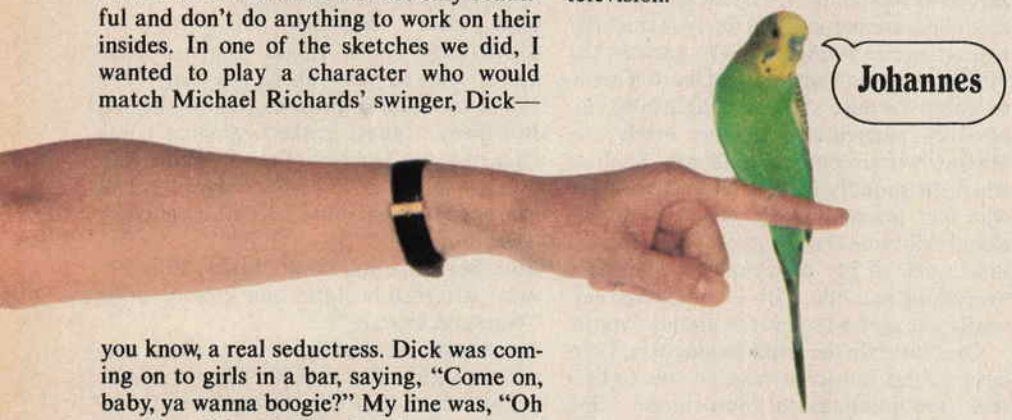
**CHARTOFF:** Yes, and I hope I can. I have to say that we have a lot of male writers and, well, let's say they haven't been touched by

## David admits: "I like to play as many obnoxious characters as I can. That's basically my goal in life. See, I *am* one."

the women characters that I do. I do a million characters. I'm not funny as myself.

**OUI:** What do you have that's funny but we haven't seen yet?

**CHARTOFF:** I do an aggressive Latin type; I do a number of old ladies. I have kind of a generic dumb blonde that I do. [assuming generic dumb-blonde voice] "People always ask me how I set my hair like this. I don't. I'm upside down. Hee-hee." It sort of puts down beautiful women who are only beautiful and don't do anything to work on their insides. In one of the sketches we did, I wanted to play a character who would match Michael Richards' swinger, Dick—




you know, a real seductress. Dick was coming on to girls in a bar, saying, "Come on, baby, ya wanna boogie?" My line was, "Oh sure, but I'd rather be tied down, covered with oil and whipped with a leather strap." But I had to say it real straight. We always play real straight around Dick because it exposes how unreal he is. I wanted to do it like him, you know, like [breathless voice, eyes in orgasmic flutter, tongue sensually waggling out of quivering lips] "Sure, but I'd rather be tied down [pant], covered with oil [whimper] and whipped with a leather strap . . ."

**OUI:** [she coyly pretends not to notice the beads of perspiration on my forehead as I continue] Uh . . . would you like to see more sketches on *Fridays* that have a feminist theme?

**CHARTOFF:** I'm not a feminist. I think anything political tends to preach and alienate. I think the best way to get a feminist point across is in a sketch like the one we did with Darrow [Igus] on a male stripper. To me, it was making the statement that women are entitled to be sexually aggressive, yet sensitive at the same time.

**OUI:** Do you feel like you're now becoming a West Coast person?

**CHARTOFF:** I don't think so. But I was never a New York person, either. I assimilate wherever I live. I don't live an L.A. kind of life. I don't do a lot of Hollywood partying, and I don't do any drugs or sun.

**OUI:** So what do you do?

**CHARTOFF:** I play racquetball. I take dance lessons. I have some real special friends who turn my head on. We argue and enlighten one another. We sort of keep each other straight and directed toward our respective goals.

**OUI:** In your case, what is that?

**CHARTOFF:** I want to touch people, make them laugh, make them cry, make them think, make them love each other more, through whatever means. Isn't that sappy?

**OUI:** Uh, sorta. Say, Melanie, you haven't touched one bite of your lunch.

**CHARTOFF:** That's OK—I like cold liver and onions. Congealed. I can walk and talk, but I can't eat and think. Eating keeps people from talking to each other. It's like television.

As I was packing up my tape recorder and admiring the way Melanie Chartoff departed, I spotted Larry David. This guy never fooled me. You know the type: always makin' with the jokes, always makin' people laugh by telling them what a schmuck he is. David would like everybody to believe he's just like the characters he plays on *Fridays*: frumpy, cynical, callous, neurotic, obnoxious—you know . . . New Yorkers. In fact, he *is* a Brooklyn native and was working as a stand-up comic in New York when he was tagged for a slot on *Fridays*.

David's the guy who plays Solly Mullins, the temporary office worker who sits in for notables like Cyrus Vance (at a summit meeting), John Lennon (at a Beatles reunion) and Gloria Steinem (at an ERA fund raiser), handling all of their world-shaking chores with the delicacy and aplomb of a New York cabby. Solly also has one of the funniest recurring lines on the show. Whenever a woman spurns his sexual advances (which is *always*), Solly bellows indignantly, "Good! Do you think I care to spend the evening with a renowned *lesbian*?"

Between rehearsals, Larry David spends an inordinate amount of time strolling aimlessly about the ABC compound with hands held behind his back and the thoughtful, steady gaze of a philosopher. I caught up with him as he strolled out of the commissary—wearing an authentic pinstriped New York Yankees jersey, his frizzy hair dancing in the breeze.

**OUI:** So, how does it feel to be one of the stars of a successful TV comedy show?

**DAVID:** Huh?

**OUI:** Er, do you feel like you are one of the stars of a successful TV comedy show?

**DAVID:** No. It's very difficult for me to allow good things to sink in. I much prefer to dwell on bad things than on things that are good. I think it's nice and everything, but I don't wake up in the morning *smiling*.

**OUI:** What type of characters do you most like to play?

**DAVID:** Well, I like to play as many obnoxious people as I can. That's basically my goal in life.

**OUI:** Why obnoxious characters? Have you known a lot of them?

**DAVID:** I *am* one. I don't know enough people in my personal life to draw on that for experience. I just enjoy being cruel to people.

**OUI:** So the characters you play are really just manifestations of the real Larry David?

**DAVID:** Sure. I'm not really a character actor. I just enjoy playing myself. I don't really have the ability to do a lot of characters, nor do I have the desire.

**OUI:** Having spent most of your life in New York, has it been a problem adjusting to life in Los Angeles?

**DAVID:** No. I don't really care where I live. It doesn't make that much difference to me. I just don't pay any attention to my environment and surroundings.

**OUI:** What *do* you pay attention to?

**DAVID:** I pay attention to large breasts. And getting a nice piece of fruit.

**OUI:** What are you into besides your work?

**DAVID:** I'm not into anything. I go home, go out to dinner . . . then I come home and pray I have some messages on my machine so I can call somebody back.

**OUI:** Then your lifestyle hasn't changed since you joined *Fridays*?

**DAVID:** Well, I was more sexually active in New York.

**OUI:** Why is that?

**DAVID:** Because I wasn't so busy. It's easier to meet women doing stand-up than television. I don't meet anybody doing this show. People think I'm supposed to have a lot of sex now, but that's not the case at all. In fact, this would be a good time for me to be completely impotent—you know, it'd be a good time to get that whole stage over with.

**OUI:** Tell me, Larry, did you have a miserable childhood?

**DAVID:** No, a wonderful childhood . . . which makes it very hard for me to adjust to a miserable adulthood. You see, I wish I'd had a miserable childhood; then I could understand being miserable now.

**OUI:** Are you in therapy?

**DAVID:** No.

**OUI:** Isn't that unusual for a New York comedian?

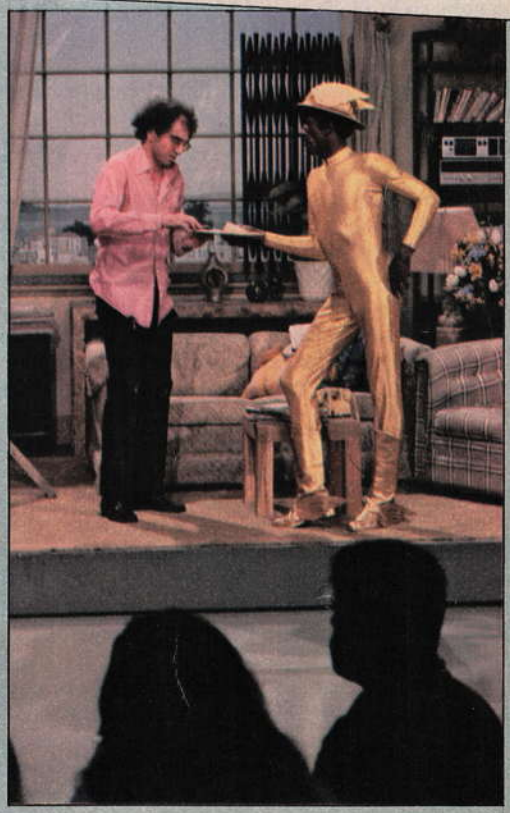
**DAVID:** I *was* in therapy.

**OUI:** Did you resolve anything?

# NINE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST

JEFF SHARE

If you've missed some of the get-down-get-crazy antics of *Fridays*, here's a review of what's been happenin' on Friday nights. Clockwise from above right: Mark Blankfield's hunchbacked monster, Ken, in the film parody "Urban Monster." Larry David receives one of many batches of flowers as "The Last Heterosexual in America" from Darrow Igus' hysterically animated FTD Man. Grossing us out here is the cast of extras playing eerie eaters in "Diner of the Living Dead" . . . Belly Burger, anyone? Coming up next—and coming too soon—is Michael "Dick" Richards—unable to control his lascivious cravings, as usual; Brandis Kemp as punk rocker Debbie Slash and John Roarke as a too-hip-to-be-whipped Ted Kennedy in leather; and the entire cast (minus one) counting their blessings.



JEFF SHARE

**DAVID:** I got worse. It's not really for me. If I could've watched TV while I was in there, it might have been all right. But to sit on a chair and not be watching television or reading a newspaper, to me, is a terrible waste of time.

**OUI:** What type of material do you use in your stand-up act?

**DAVID:** It's just monologue. I talk about my own problems. After all, nobody wants to listen to them in my life, so why not do it onstage?

**OUI:** Do you just ad-lib?

**DAVID:** No. I have an act, but I'm usually interrupted within five minutes because I've offended one person or another, and then I usually wind up leaving.

**OUI:** Do you tell ethnic or political jokes?

**DAVID:** No.

**OUI:** So what do they find so offensive?

**DAVID:** My personality.

Since Larry now had me near revulsion, I was about to agree readily. Thankfully, I caught sight of Darrow Igus heading into the *Fridays* studio.

**OUI:** Uh, well, thanks, Larry.

**DAVID:** Yeah. Good! Do you think I care to spend any more time with a renowned *pervert*?

•

Darrow Igus is the easiest guy to spot on the *Fridays* cast. For one thing, given his chiseled, compelling features and taut, lean physique, he's by far the best looking. His extensive TV and screen work and his ten years as a professional stand-up comic have made him even more recognizable. But the main reason *Fridays*' viewers can pick him out so easily is that his is the only black face in an otherwise entirely honky production.

And as for those nagging comparisons to Garrett Morris . . . let me relate the story about the refined white gentleman who walked up to a black jazz musician in a nightclub and asked, "Pardon me, sir, but could you please tell me something? What is the difference between a 'dude' and a 'cat'?"

"Why, that's easy," the black man replied. "You see, it's like this: A dude is a *duuuuude*, and a cat is a *cat*."

In case you can't figure this out, I'll make it easy for you. In this particular comparison of styles, Darrow is definitely the *cat*. You know—cool, self-confident and unpredictable.

The characters Igus has played on *Fridays* include a superhero called Skunkman (he always saves the day, but nobody seems to like him much for it), a VISTAH volunteer (Volunteers in Service to Affluent Honkies), an FTD messenger in gold lamé and, adding to his sex-symbol appeal, a Chippendales-type male stripper.

Around the *Fridays* set, Darrow's wonderful tales are often spiked with sage advice, which I discovered as we talked behind one of the sets during rehearsal, while he waited for his cue.

**OUI:** You work a lot as a stand-up comic. Do you ever get tired of doing it?

## FRIDAYS

### Igus: "Me, Jimmie Walker and Freddie Prinze used to be at the Comedy Store every night, without pay."

**IGUS:** Nah. It keeps you sharp, man. It's more like a high, you know. You don't need a lot of druuugs, man. I get off on it. I love it.

**OUI:** Until recently, performers at the Comedy Store and the Improv rarely got paid. Were those lean years for you?

**IGUS:** No. I was always able to get enough work to keep eating and have all my little vices. Heh. I can't remember a time when it was really bad. When the new comics come up to me today and gripe about makin' 25 bucks just for trying out their material, I think, "What the fuck are you talkin' about?" Me and Jimmie Walker and Freddie Prinze used to be at the Comedy Store *every night*, and we didn't get paid. It was really just a pleasure having a stage where we could perform and get our thing together.

**OUI:** Does it bother you that a lot of people compare you to Garrett Morris?

**IGUS:** No, because there is no comparison. I know Garrett and I know what he does, and I know me . . . and we're two different things. You know, like night and day? Heh-heh. We just both happen to be black.

**OUI:** Yeah, and the only black persons on two different late-night comedy shows. Jane Curtin and Melanie Chartoff are also compared as white female anchorpersons on your news editions . . .

**IGUS:** Ahh, Melanie is much prettier than Jane. They'll always do that. Everything on TV is a ripoff. It's ludicrous to call us a ripoff of *Saturday Night Live*, when *Saturday Night Live* was a ripoff of Ernie Kovacs, and Ernie Kovacs was a ripoff of Sid Caesar. . . . So who cares? We're number one now, so frankly, I don't give a damn.

**OUI:** Does it bother you that there are no black writers, producers, executives—for that matter, black anybody elses connected with the show?

**IGUS:** Yeah, sort of. But I don't really think of myself as being black, other than my blackness just naturally manifests itself. That was the idea behind my playing Walter Mondale in one of the skits. First of all, we figured nobody ever sees the Vice-President, so nobody would know the difference. But also, I wasn't playing him as a black person, but as a *person*.

**OUI:** That's a nice sentiment, but some would insist that the black experience is something totally unique.

**IGUS:** Yeah, I guess it is. I've lived the black experience, but I guess I've lived the white experience, too. They're just flavored differently, that's all. The white experience is just without spices.

**OUI:** White bread?

**IGUS:** Yeah, and the black experience is corn bread, you know. But they both taste good. Closed-mindedness leaves people in a box, and I'm not in a box.

**OUI:** You haven't really played a lot of typically "jive" characters . . .

**IGUS:** No, fortunately, they haven't wanted me to do that, and I'm glad because I couldn't.

**OUI:** How about Skunkman?

**IGUS:** I like him because he's so ridiculous. He wants to do well, you know, but he fucks up a little. He always accomplishes what he sets out to do—a real superhero—but nobody appreciates him. I mean, if there's one thing people can relate to, it's the repulsion of someone who stinks. . . . I gauge my characters by how embarrassing they are to perform. But who else can say that he got to moon the whole nation?

**OUI:** Is it true that your male-stripper role caused you to turn a few shades of red?

**IGUS:** Oh, yeah. But red is becoming to my skin tone, don't you think? I was embarrassed, yes. I felt really vulnerable, especially since during each rehearsal, I had to take off one more piece of clothing. Finally, I was down to my French-cut bikinis, man. Yes, it is rather embarrassing to peel off all your clothes in front of 40 million people. But what alarmed me was the reaction I got from the women—on the set and in the audience. Now all they talk about is my butt. Frankly, I thought I looked like a barbecued chicken.

**OUI:** And now, getting back to bigotry in Hollywood . . .

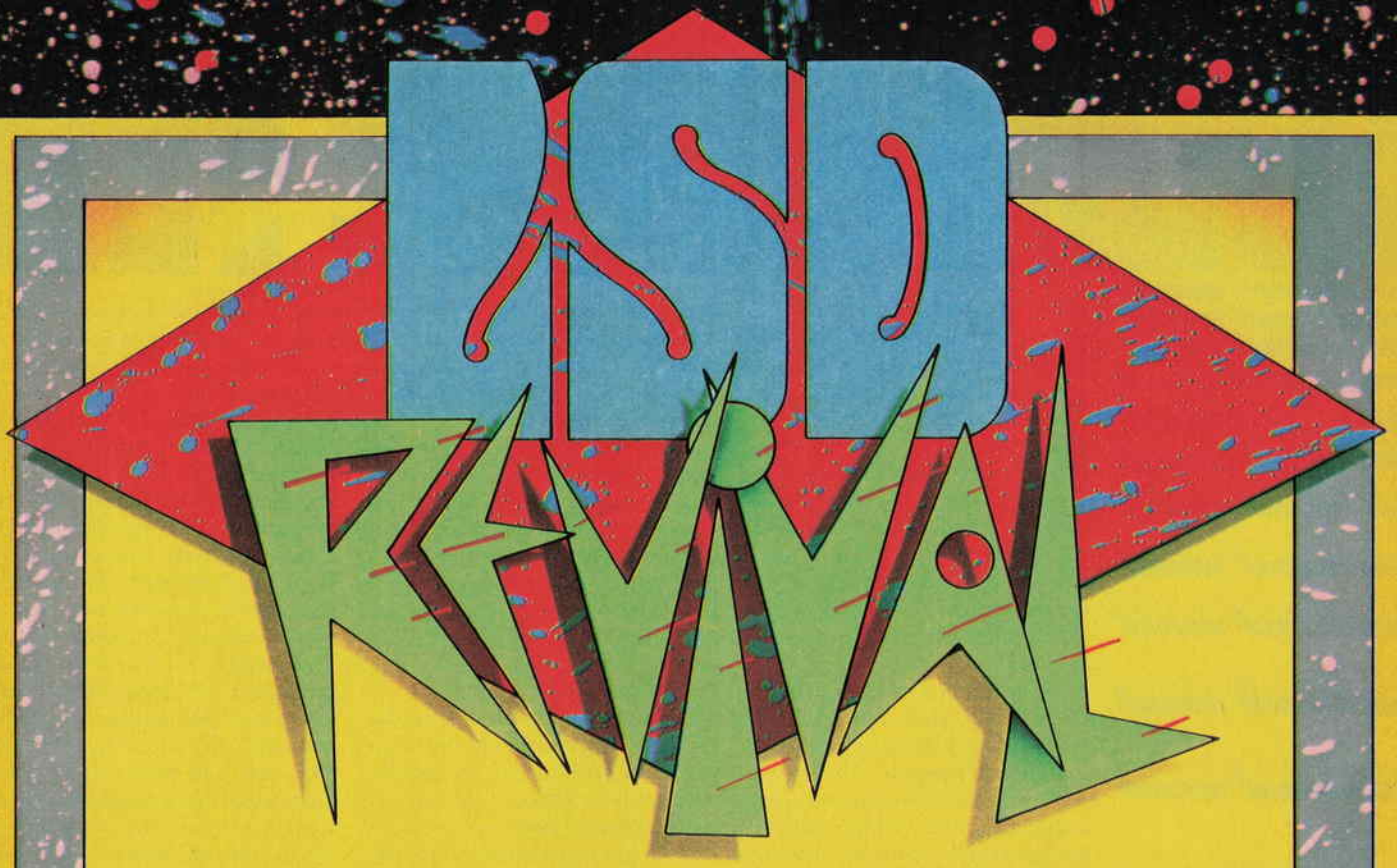
**IGUS:** Bigotry exists, but it's all bullshit, man. I mean, I know white boys who can dance better than I do. There are even white boys who've got bigger cocks than I have.

Suddenly, Igus got his cue and dashed onstage. I wanted to believe that he'd been very sincere about what he was saying but, well, I've *seen* the cat dance.

•

Although Igus may be the most visible cast member, the one who may have the hardest time being recognized for himself is John Roarke, *Fridays*' impressionist *extraordinaire*. On every show, he exhibits one of his wide range of impersonations (Ronald Reagan, Jimmy Carter, John Anderson, Ted Kennedy), and it's initially hard to believe that the same person exists behind all the masks. John does, literally, wear *masks* . . . prosthetics, makeup and wigs, all of which make it difficult for the viewer to recognize the real John Roarke, a seemingly very straight, serious guy. At times when the rest of the company would be goofing their way through a rehearsal session, I'd often stumble across John sitting by himself in a corner, immersed in a book on the philo-

*(Continued on page 150)*




## WHY THE TRIPPIEST PSYCHEDELIC OF THE SIXTIES IS EXPERIENCING A RENAISSANCE IN THE EIGHTIES.

ARTICLE BY PATRICK CARR

Michael, a New York City dealer of any dope that won't get you hooked or lead to a deviated septum, is 35 years old and very excited. "I got people callin' me for brand names, man!" he exclaims. "Can you believe it?

"It's like—wow—it's like 1968, man," he says. "Everybody wants acid. I had this California connection—y'know, for mushrooms 'n' shit—and it was goin' real good there for, oh, seven or eight years. An' then about two years ago, I start gettin' these calls. There's lawyers that used to be hippies wantin' acid for fishin' trips, kids wantin' it for graduation day—you know, end of somethin' old, start of somethin' new—an' then there's all these other old farts like me wantin' to get back into it again. All these college kids goin' on about how they want five hundred hits but it's gotta be Mr. Natural, no substitutes. There's all these Little Italy goons talkin' about how spaced-out they like to get, an' these fuckin' *debutantes* needin' it for disco, an' just—Jesus—all kindsa shit."

Michael lays out his acid stash. He has a small amount of liquid (his best) for personal consumption. He's got the thoroughly respectable Mr. Natural and Red Dragon blotter brands, which are much in demand across the nation; he's got two other kinds of white blotter; and he's also got some newly arrived and very potent black windowpane. This last item, a minuscule square of vegetable gelatin, features an LSD dosage in the 400-microgram region. Today, with most popular brands (including Mr. Natural and Red Dragon) weighing in at a mere 150 micrograms, that's heavy. "It's the kind of dose that was popular in the Sixties," Michael observes sagely.

•

*Popular in the Sixties?* Indeed. The Sixties are dead, but they're not forgotten. LSD almost disappeared in the Seventies—the government busted the chemists and spread the chromo-damage myths; the dealers became cynical and sold trash; the consumers got scared and backed away. But in the Eighties, it's back. Now the government is concerned but not worried; the dealers are hawking improved brands; and both the kids and the oldies are once again enthusiastic.

As near as OUI could establish, the trend fired up about two years ago, when the new LSD came down the pike and into the imagination. Therein lies a tale about supply stimulating demand.

It begins with one Richard Kemp, an Englishman who began to manufacture acid in 1970. Kemp took time off in Paris to make LSD with American Ron Stark (one of the first underground-acid chemists). He returned to England in 1970, resumed acid manufacturing with a number of associates until 1973, and then relocated to the bucolic environs of the Welsh countryside. There, beginning in 1976 and using ergotamine tartrate (the basic building block of LSD) supplied by David Solomon, a friend of Timothy Leary, he produced large amounts of LSD through a new, streamlined and virtually foolproof methodology that ensured exceptional purity.

The problem with LSD—as its inventor, Dr. Albert Hofmann, recognized at the very beginning in 1943—had always been that, even with extremely careful monitoring of the production process, some nasty little extra alkaloids that at-

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM HEIMANN

tached to ergotamine tartrate had a way of adhering to the final product. These alkaloids, used commercially as antihemorrhage aids for women in labor and as relief for migraine sufferers, were bad news when included in an underground product whose chief effect was the extreme stimulation of the senses. Let's face it—it's not fun to trip with one's uterus cramping or with one's extremities desensitized. But with his new process, Kemp erased this problem.

When Kemp was busted by the British police, they claimed that he had been manufacturing half of the world's LSD supply. This assessment, very probably accurate, may account for the sudden surge of quality street acid that had appeared in early 1978 in the United States.

"Operation Julie," as the Kemp-Solomon case was dubbed by an official whimsicist, was one of the most complex drug investigations of recent times. It also took some very odd turns.

The first was that in order to pursue a successful prosecution, the police had to prove beyond a doubt that Kemp was manufacturing LSD and not laundry detergent. Therefore, his exact recipe had to be introduced at his trial. This, of course, meant that, by law, the information had to be entered into the trial transcript, where—also by law—it became a matter of public record. If you were a chemist looking for a profitable sideline, all you needed to successfully synthesize pure lysergic acid diethylamide were the ingredients, the equipment and a copy of the Kemp trial transcript.

In a second odd development, a huge chunk of Kemp's confiscated LSD stockpile vanished, only to be unearthed in a woods east of London some time later by the Dorset police. But the third odd turn is a true buzz. Kemp had been making LSD in his Welsh mansion for years—by the time he was busted, the whole house was impregnated with the stuff. Furthermore, he was actually cooking up a batch when the coppers smashed his doors down. He, and everyone else in the house, was tripping at the time (evidently, there is no way around this problem; the stuff invariably gets into the chemist's system during manufacture), and so when the cops came in, they too started to trip. And since they were not only cops but also, one can assume, first-time trippers, some of them wigged out rather badly.

This problem persisted long after the bust—if you entered the house, you got stoned. In fact, the problem was so severe that at one time, the British Home Office had even considered having the house torn down.

Touchingly symbolic as all the ruckus was, it did nothing whatsoever to arrest the worldwide progress of the new Kemp-style LSD. The cat had left the bag long before and, in the States, the big new thing was already booming.

•

Michael tells me that the American industry is now a thriving and truly nationwide business. It's freelance, scattered all over the geography and rarely Mob controlled. He personally gets his goods from at least six separate sources, and new ones are offering all the time.

I suggest to Michael that I'd like to talk to one of his people and, after appropriate security measures are taken, I find myself on the telephone with a gentleman residing in Marin County, the traditional home of LSD. The gentleman says that he has no trouble procuring ergotamine tartrate. "It's easy," he says. "Nobody's really trying to control it anymore." He uses the Kemp production method and, from a laboratory equipped to the tune of some $3000, he is able to turn out 20,000 hits per month for distribution in the San Francisco Bay area and New York City. He used to make his living by producing bootleg 'ludes and Black Beauties, but LSD is now "easier and more profitable. It goes for two to four bucks on the retail market, it doesn't kill anyone, it's pure as driven snow and it's good for the soul. I'm not ashamed anymore, man; I feel like I'm living again."

Other sources confirm the information offered by Michael and his West Coast connection. The Drug Enforcement Administration, while pointing out that its most pressing concerns are the "epidemics" of Asian heroin and domestic PCP, notes a "significant" increase in the number of LSD hits confiscated nationally. The year 1975 saw 1.35 million doses of hallucinogens confiscated (figures for LSD alone are not available); in 1978, 386,543 hits of acid were seized; in the first quarter of 1979 (the most recent period for which figures are available), 808,742 hits of LSD were taken off the market by the Feds. Extrapolating from these statistics and taking into account the very evident escalation involved, it is possible that when the 1979 figures are finally processed, the DEA's confiscated-hits haul will exceed four million. This represents an increase of more than 900 percent since 1978, and since the DEA admits that it is not concentrating with any unusual intensity on the business of policing the LSD market (heroin and PCP are, after all, "killers," while LSD is not), one can safely assume that the volume of LSD usage, as opposed to LSD confiscation, has increased by a great deal more than 900 percent since 1978.

The only national acid-usage figures available for the year 1979—the National Institute on Drug Abuse's annual survey conducted by the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research—reveal that high school seniors said that 29 percent of their friends used LSD. A neat trick, this: Of all the figures cited in the report, the "Proportion of Friends Using Each Drug" tabulation is, given an individual's

natural reluctance to 'fess up to illegal habits, very probably the most reliable of all the statistics cited. The 29 percent LSD-use figure, when seen in relation to a 13 percent heroin-use report, a cocaine statistic of 39 percent and a marijuana whammy way up there at 88 percent, has the ring of truth.

So do the figures relating to the reported degree and duration of an LSD high: 73 percent of LSD users reported being "very high." This is in contrast to only 25 percent who felt similarly about both cocaine and marijuana. And while 60 percent of the LSD users said that they were high for seven hours or more, only 16 percent reported this result from cocaine inhalation, and marijuana smokers checked in at a measly 4 percent.

Even in 1979, more than a decade after it first appeared in American society as a recreational drug, LSD remains the most powerful and long-lasting psychoactive drug available to the populace. Considering the fact that most of today's doses are only about one-third as powerful as they were in 1968, this is an impressive piece of information. It reflects both the power of the drug and the growing and general appeal of being very high. Or, as a Boston University student puts it, "How else do you get to party all night for four bucks?"

Finally, a visit to *High Times* magazine—a source less formal but certainly no less reliable than the DEA or the University of Michigan on matters of societal drug use—confirmed that, yes, the boom is on in a big way (they've been getting letters); yes, today's LSD is very pure (they regularly send street samples to drug-testing labs); and yes, the doses are now beginning to get stiffer, though no more expensive. What's more, the editor of that magazine's monthly "Trans-High Market Quotations," who, understandably, prefers to remain anonymous, estimates that today's LSD market runs at an annual volume of some $50 million. He also estimates that in the 12 months between September 1979 and September 1980, between ten and 20 million hits were consumed in the United States alone.

•

There is no single center of this new LSD revival: no Millbrook, no Haight-Ashbury, no Brotherhood. It's all over the place. It's reappearing in both high schools and colleges. "It started up here about a year ago," reports a University of Chicago senior, "and it's just starting to get really organized. There's a whole group of us now, and we have acid parties every Saturday night."

At Berkeley, acid adventures in Big Sur and in Golden Gate Park have been revived: "You can feel it in the air," says a Berkeley philosophy major. "You walk around and look in people's faces, and most of the time, one in three of them are tripping. It's neat." Yet another college student tells me that the members of his Long Island high school LSD clan all enrolled at colleges in the Boston area just so they could remain acid buddies. Meanwhile, his little brother back home reports that his blotter-acid business is doing very well among the senior class: "At the very least, one in three of us is into it," he says.

And certain new influences can be seen in the culture at large. The trends of our times, which have been both recycled and newly twisted out of the cultural memory of 1965, are lunging wholeheartedly toward 1984.

In pop music, the B-52's, Devo, the Plasmatics and Public Image Ltd. are successfully tapping the new generation's interest in mutation, sci-fi, mind meld, image scrambling and kitsch glorification, while Pink Floyd and the Grateful Dead continue to hoe the old row as energetically as ever. Jerry Garcia admits to a continuing interest in psychedelia, and outside a recent Pink Floyd concert in New York, the street dealers reported sales of 40 percent LSD, 50 percent grass and hash and only 10 percent of the harder stuff.

In the art world, the sudden plasticity of Polaroid, color Xerox and photo-montage imagery is gaining ascendancy over the painstaking neorealism of the Seventies. On TV, blown-out characters like Mork and Howard Hesseman's Johnny Fever on *WKRP in Cincinnati* appeal to kids and subculturalists to such an extent that they rival even *Charlie's Angels* in popularity; meanwhile, on *Family Feud*, Richard Dawson cracks arch jokes about his potato-gobbling contestants being stoned on acid.

At the movies, *Star Trek* spin-offs, the quintessential trip, are universally applauded, while on the real-life U.S.S. *Enterprise*—the world's largest seagoing death-dealing mobile and the pride of the United States Navy—the leader of a number of flight-deck swabbies that routinely take LSD declares that "this society sucks, but it's nice to be in the breeze when you want to be. And there are some good records." That's psychedelic.

•

Essentially, the question of LSD sensibility in the modern world revolves around a debate between the relative merits of, say, *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* and *Apocalypse Now*.

Among the tweedier set, people are going for the *Umbrellas* approach. This school of thought involves the teachings of Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert from days of yore. One assembles a small and cohesive band of like-minded individuals, then locks the doors and stays home, listening to carefully chosen records by artists such as Ravi Shankar or the Incredible String Band, reading worthwhile texts, solving major life problems (Should I move to the country?) and becoming One with the cats as one watches the walls melt.

*(Continued on page 134)*

(Continued from page 79)

that Walt's hypersexuality had little to do with sex; he usually wasn't the least bit aroused when he started chasing Jan. Subconsciously, he was trying to have sex in a vain effort to prove to himself that he was really OK, that the accident hadn't made him any less of a man. What he needed more than sex was the kind of tender, loving care Jan was more than happy to supply. As he got more of the attention he needed, his sexual desire returned to its pre-accident level, and Jan's increased.

The one who is seemingly less interested may not really be less interested. He may instead be objecting to something else—the demand that he get turned on, have an erection upon request or perform sex the same old way. He might also believe that more sex, which in itself would be fine, will lead to something he doesn't want—a closer relationship, for instance. If relationship limitations can be resolved outside of the sexual arena, a greater sexual interest may result.

*Determine whether or not a decrease in desire is triggered by tension or pressure.* If this is the case, what is causing the pressure? If the culprit is sexual pressure—the need to perform to a certain standard or to achieve certain goals—there may be alternatives.

Bruce thought that every time his wife wanted sex, he had to get an erection and have intercourse. He was pleased to learn that she found oral or manual stimulation just as gratifying and, therefore, that he didn't have to have intercourse every time they made love. With the pressure off, his desire returned.

Sexual pressure is not the only kind of pressure that affects sexual interest. Work- or school-related tension can also play havoc with one's sexual appetite, and finding ways of reducing such tension can be helpful. Doing something like jogging, listening to music, meditating, taking a warm bath or relaxing with a glass of wine can be helpful in letting go of some of the tension and opening yourself up to your partner.

*Causes for a change of desire can often be discovered by looking at what was happening at the time of the change.* A move, the birth of a child, taking a new job, a change in the relationship—all are potentially sexually disrupting. When the cause has been identified, it may be possible to work out a solution.

John's sexual interest all but disappeared after he took a new job that entailed more time, responsibility and risk. Work consumed his life. When he got home at night, all he wanted was to watch a few minutes of television and go to sleep. His wife, who also worked, became rapidly disenchanted with the scenario. By simply coming home earlier a few nights a week and then reading while sitting in a warm bath, John was more open to intimacy with his wife. However, the long-range solution, which John himself suggested, was to find a job with fewer demands on his time and energy.

## CARNAL APATHY

**No one is always in the mood. Women know they have a right to refuse; men aren't so sure. But it *is* your right.**

Another couple, Dave and Sandy, both lost interest in sex after Dave confessed to an affair with a mutual friend. Anger is often a cause of a change in sexual desire. Sandy's loss of desire was due to her unexpressed anger at Dave for what she felt was a betrayal of their marriage. Dave also believed he had betrayed Sandy. His guilt was so great that he felt he no longer *deserved* sex with her. However, both of them were bothered by the lack of physical intimacy, which had always been an important part of their lives. Over a period of time, they expressed and explored their feelings about the affair and their relationship. Overcoming Sandy's anger took more time than dealing with Dave's guilt but, in due course, sexual interest returned for both of them.

*The sexual appetite of some men decreases when they have trouble dealing with their partners' advances.* As mentioned earlier, many men have trouble saying, "No, thanks" or "Well, I'm not in the mood for that, but what about . . ." We have had little practice in saying such things. Nevertheless, we need to learn to say no and to propose alternatives. The more comfortable we are doing these things, the better our chances of keeping our desire intact.

Realize that no one is always in the mood for everything. Just as there are many reasons why a woman might want to reject a sexual advance from a man she cares about deeply and finds attractive, so, too, are there many reasons why a man might want to reject an invitation from a woman. Women know they have a right to refuse; men aren't so sure. But it *is* your right. If you can refuse or suggest something else with grace and without guilt when you're not in the mood, you'll probably be able to give a resounding yes when you are.

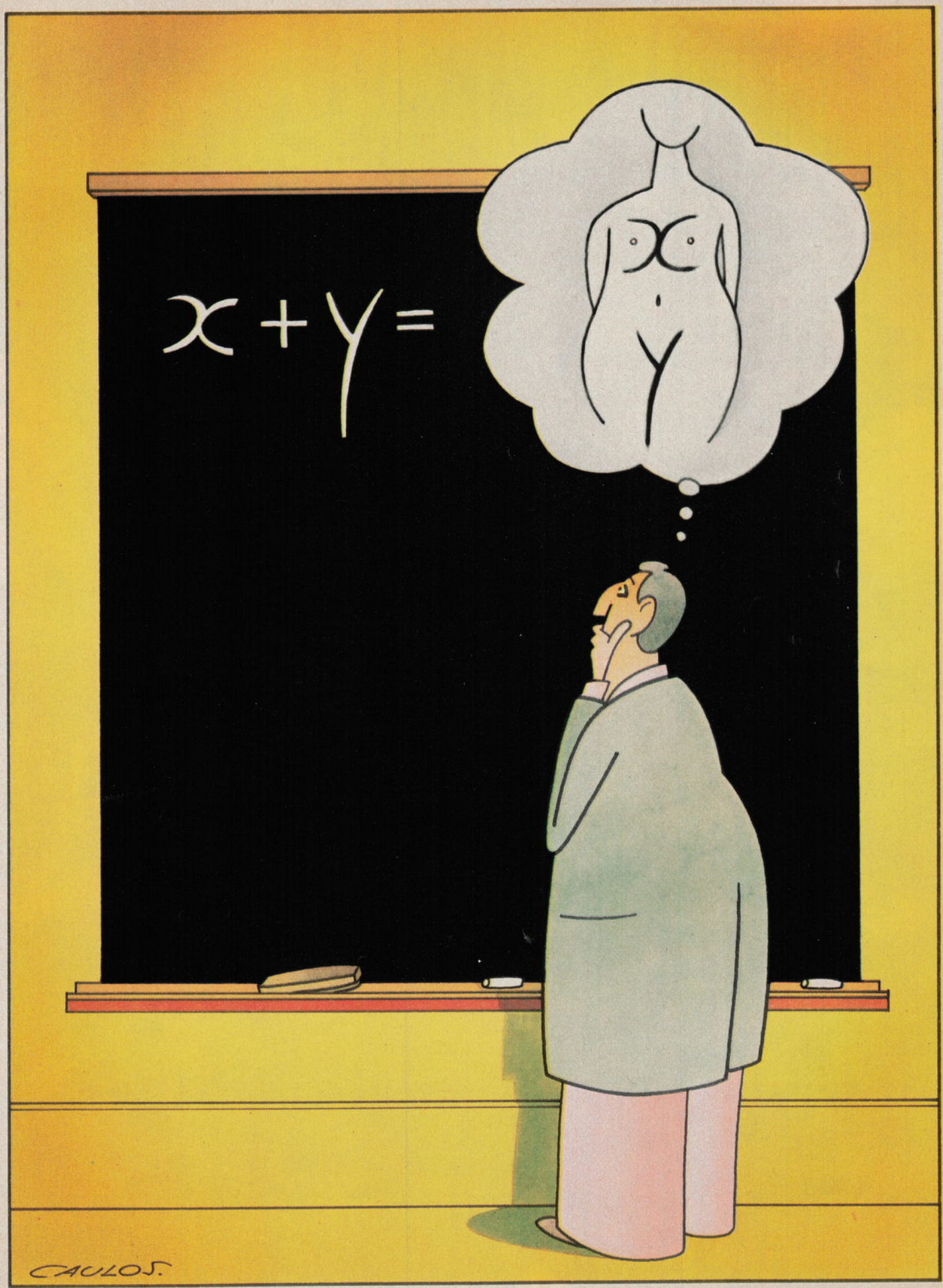
Are you willing to express where you are and what you want? Let's say you're angry with your partner for something she did and you're not going to feel sexy until you say what's on your mind. So go ahead. Say it and see if it can be worked out. If you're engrossed in something else, tell her. You might also want to set a time when you'll be available to your partner. If you are interested but also realize your partner is much more turned on than you are, you might say something like "You look like you're ready to go, but I need some time. Why don't *you* seduce *me*?" And if you don't know what you want, let her know that, too. "I'm not sure what I'm in the mood for, but let's play around and see what happens."

*If you constantly shy away from sex to avoid embarrassment or criticism, the dysfunction should be rectified either by use of self-help materials or by professional consultation.* But while working on the problem, realize that you can still have sex *if* sex can be arranged in a way that does not add to your feelings of anxiety or incompetence. Sex need not be an all-or-nothing affair. If you steer clear of sex because you have trouble maintaining an erection or because you ejaculate quickly, you can discuss with your lover ways of being intimate that maximize closeness and pleasure and minimize frustration and distance. Keep in mind that you can satisfy her in other ways if you lose your erection or ejaculate too quickly. And of course, nonsexual touching—cuddling and snuggling—can and should be continued; it will afford much pleasure and a sense of connection.

Whether or not you follow these suggestions, it is in your interest to keep things in perspective. When dealing with a sexual difficulty, it is easy to forget that a relationship consists of a lot more than sex. Before taking any drastic action—such as having an affair or leaving your partner—you should determine what sex and the relationship mean to you. Almost anyone can have more sex, less sex or better sex with a different partner. The question is: Can you also have a better relationship? Every love affair has its areas of difficulty. If your relationship is generally good, it may be possible to make changes in your sexual routine that will better meet your needs.

But even if your efforts fail, it does not necessarily follow that you will be better off with a different partner. There's always a trade-off. Do you want this relationship with its sexual problems or another one in which the sex may be better but the communication or understanding is lacking? Before you do anything rash, consider it carefully. Some who have left their partners because of a sexual discrepancy have regretted their decisions. As one bitter man put it, "Well, I got what I wanted. I said I could find women who wouldn't bug me so much for sex and, after I left Marion, I sure enough found some. But I miss her. Even with her ever-present request for more sex, we had a good thing. We understood each other; she was a good listener and I could talk to her. And we enjoyed lots of things. I'd rather have her back, even with the sexual hassles, than to live with some of these other women, even though we're better matched sexually."

As with everything else, more and more people are realizing that the *quality* of a sexual relationship is a lot more important than its frequency. ■


x+y=
CAULOS.

# THE OUI SEX SURVEY

*Are Frenchmen really better lovers than Americans? Are they more sexually sophisticated? Liberated? Uninhibited? The following comparisons disclose some startling statistics about the state of*

# FRENCH VS. AMERICAN SEX

*Article by Theodore Fischer*

THE Frenchman's historical reputation as a gold-medal superstud is as firmly entrenched an ethnic stereotype as the drunken Irishman, the militaristic German and the dim-witted Pole. The boys from the land that gave us Chevalier, Belmondo, *Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?* and *soixante-neuf* are world-renowned for their lovemaking techniques—techniques that are so sophisticated that comparing them to those of Americans has been a standard joke.

Three Frenchmen examining the meaning of the term *savoir-faire*:

Jacques: "A man returns home to find another man making passionate love to his wife. If he says, 'Pardon me,' and walks out, that is savoir-faire."

Henri: "No! If he says, 'Pardon me, please continue,' that is savoir-faire."

Jean: "You are both wrong. If he says, 'Pardon me, please continue,' and the other man *can* continue, *that* is savoir-faire."

While this kind of sexual humor shows the Frenchman to be not only suave but imaginative, the American lover is seen as neither.

An American bride is discussing lovemaking with a French bride. The French bride says, "The Frenchman is very subtle when it comes to love. He begins by kissing the fingertips, then the shoulders, then the back of the neck—"

"Boy," interrupts the American bride, "by that time, my husband would already be back from our honeymoon."

Fables aside, how many of us have not envied the Frenchman's smooth accent, wished we could read a wine list or watched our lady swoon at the thought of lying in Alain Delon's arms? At one time or another, we all probably have. But what's the real truth behind the mystique?

Well, OUI decided to find out. Through the use of *The OUI Sex Survey*, we would discover once and for all who the better lover is. In effect, we would show them ours and they would show us theirs.

Although Americans were first Kinseyed more than 30 years ago, French sexuality remained largely a matter of conjecture until *Lui* magazine, our hot French cousin, infiltrated boudoirs and raised many a Gallic eyebrow with its survey of French sex habits. Twenty thousand Frenchmen between the ages of 29 and 55 completed their survey questionnaires. Half of them lived in or near Paris; the other half lived in the provinces. Nearly three-quarters of their respondents were married, and the sample contained a representative cross section of age, profession and social class.

To determine how well American men measure up, we matched the questions of the *Lui* questionnaire to various studies of the American male: *The Redbook Report* by Carol Tavris (a 1977 poll of 40,000 men); *Sexual Behavior in the Seventies* by Morton Hunt (an analysis of the Playboy Foundation national sex poll); *The Extra-sex Factor* by Lewis Yablonsky (a study of 771 married men); *The Sexual Sensitivity of the American Male* by Karen Shanor (a two-year study based on questionnaires from 4062 men); and a survey on male contraceptive practices published by *The Journal of Sex Research*.

WHAT we discovered was that the only thing Frenchmen have that American men don't is the fact that they are French. Both groups start having sex at about the same time, both enjoy premarital and extramarital sex and both masturbate with equal frequency.

But let's examine some of the differences more closely. Although American men seem to get a bit more sex, Frenchmen seem more pleased and satisfied with what they do get. As one American lady who studied

PHOTOILLUSTRATION BY LISA POWERS AND TAKI ONO

in Paris claims, "That's probably because Frenchmen insist that things should be *their* way. These days, American men are more concerned with pleasing their partners than they have ever been before, so I suspect that many of them aren't always as satisfied as they could be." Using this reasoning, it is logical to assume that American men need more sex to become more satisfied.

**ON THE** other hand, the majority of the French do not get as much, even though they claim to have happy, healthy sex lives. A contradiction? Or are the French merely getting what they *need* and not what they may *want*? "That's probably true," says our female student. "Frenchmen spend a lot of time on verbal foreplay. Teasing, flirting. Romance is very important to them. The chase is as exciting as the capture. I would say that their penchant for heavy flirtation is the only difference between them and most American men. They may want to fuck more than they do, but they're not willing to give up seduction for orgasm. Frankly, though, I didn't find Frenchmen to be all that great as lovers."

No? So what about those statistics that not only show that the French bring their partners to orgasm more often, but also indicate that they can fuck longer? Another American lady who's spent a lot of time in Paris says she has trouble with these statistics. "As far as I'm concerned, they only prove that the Frenchman's favorite sex act is braggadocio. As lovers, Frenchmen tend to be difficult, petulant and romantic in a self-indulgent way. They're sexual teases who are oblivious to what it takes to really satisfy a woman. They are ninety percent peacock and ten percent cock."

A Frenchwoman now living in Chicago also disputes this fabulous French contention, explaining that "they think they have the reputation of being the world's greatest lovers, so they answer questions according to what they wish to believe is true. American men are more considerate as lovers, but they think too much when they make love. And they are far more interested in cock sucking than the French."

And the French seem to be more interested in cunnilingus than Americans. Not that we Americans are turned off to going down (*The OUI Sex Survey: Cunnilingus*, November 1980, disproves that) but, historically and culturally, cunnilingus has been an unspoken taboo. We're making up for lost pleasure these days. The French, on the other hand, have always found any sex act to be, as another woman who lives abroad puts it, "natural. The French have a much more accepting idea of human nature. Frenchwomen have always expected their husbands to fool around, and they don't feel that to do so is grounds to break up a marriage. It's part of the culture to have *cinq-à-sept*. Translated, that's 'five to seven,' kind of like our happy hour, except that French-

| QUESTION | FRENCHMEN |
|---|---|
| How old were you the first time you had sexual intercourse? | 18 |
| How often do you have sex?<br>More than twice a week:<br>Once a week:<br>One to three times a month:<br>Less than once a month or never: | <br>45%<br>29%<br>14%<br>9% |
| Are you generally satisfied with your sex life?<br>Yes:<br>No: | <br>75%<br>25% |
| Do you get as much sex as you want?<br>Yes:<br>No: | <br>34%<br>64% |
| When you make love, what is the average duration of actual intercourse? | 20 min. |
| Do you engage in cunnilingus with your partner?<br>Yes:<br>No: | <br>73%<br>19% |
| Would you like to change the size of your penis?<br>Yes:<br>No: | <br>17%<br>79% |
| Do you like your partner to initiate your lovemaking sessions?<br>Yes:<br>No: | <br>75%<br>15% |
| Does your partner always have an orgasm?<br>Yes:<br>No: | <br>44%<br>49% |
| Do you ever have trouble getting an erection when you're ready to make love?<br>Yes: | <br>49% |
| Have you ever in your life masturbated?<br>Yes:<br>No: | <br>90%<br>9% |
| Do you still masturbate?<br>Yes:<br>No: | <br>77%<br>21% |
| Have you ever participated in group sex?<br>Yes:<br>No: | <br>25%<br>74% |
| Have you ever swapped partners?<br>Yes:<br>No: | <br>22%<br>77% |
| Have you ever had a homosexual experience?<br>Yes:<br>No: | <br>21%<br>76% |
| Would you use a contraceptive pill if one were available to men?<br>Yes:<br>No: | <br>70%<br>27% |
| If you are married or divorced, did you have sex before marriage?<br>Yes:<br>Average number of premarital partners: | <br>79%<br>4 |
| If you are married, have you ever had extramarital sex?<br>Yes:<br>No: | <br>64%<br>33% |
| Married men: How many extramarital partners have you had?<br>One:<br>Two to six:<br>More than six: | <br>8%<br>48%<br>38% |
| Married men: How do you feel about your extramarital-sex experience?<br>Positive feelings:<br>Mixed feelings:<br>Negative feelings: | <br>35%<br>60%<br>5% |

| AMERICAN MEN | SUMMARY |
|---|---|
| 18 | French and American men are initiated at approximately the same age; however, 57 percent of American men with only grade school educations balled before the age of 15 (11 percent for Americans with higher education) as compared with 17 percent of the French. |
| 64%<br>22%<br>10%<br>4% | On this point, the statistics are indisputable: American men fuck more. Eighty-six percent of Americans do it at least once a week as compared with 74 percent of the French. |
| 46%<br>54% | Americans may be getting it more, but they seem to be enjoying it almost a third less. |
| 46%<br>54% | Makes sense: American males who are satisfied with their sex lives are getting as much as they want. But even though the French are satisfied with the *quality*, they're not as satisfied with the *quantity*. |
| 11 min. | The French either take longer or make it seem longer. |
| 54%<br>46% | Americans, compared to the French, may be more tight-lipped, but they're not tongue-tied. |
| 17%<br>79% | *Vive la similarité!* |
| 97%<br>3% | American men seem to enjoy aggressive women. The French, on the other hand, never claimed to be as liberated. |
| 21%<br>79% | Perhaps Frenchmen really are better lovers. Or bigger liars. Or Frenchwomen are just good actresses. |
| 1% | For a product women can rely on, they should always buy American. Either that or, on the sensitive subject of impotence, American men can't get the truth up. |
| 94%<br>6% | It's a toss-up. Men on both sides of the Atlantic just can't seem to keep their hands off. |
| 80%<br>20% | Yes, the Frenchman Jacques-off about as much as the American Yanks. |
| 15%<br>85% | This is not surprising, considering that even Americans use the French term *ménage à trois* to describe the basic form of group sex. |
| 2%<br>98% | It has been said that "England swing like a pendulum do." Apparently, so does France. |
| 20%<br>80% | Needless to say, the French are just as turned-on to men as are the Americans, and almost as equally turned-off. |
| 73%<br>25% | The French and the Americans report an equal willingness to pop anti-Pop pills—at least, until one is invented. |
| 90%<br>6 | The clearly more active premarital-sex lives of Americans may possibly be attributed to America's more emancipated women. |
| 50%<br>50% | It is interesting that predominantly Catholic Frenchmen get involved more frequently in extramarital sex. |
| 19%<br>56%<br>25% | Those married Americans who do have extramarital affairs are just as likely to have as many different partners as the Frenchmen have . . . |
| 50%<br>24%<br>26% | . . . and they feel less guilty about it. The French don't feel bad enough about playing around to stop doing so but, on the other hand, they feel just enough guilt to not enjoy it completely. |

men don't hang out in bars. They hang out with their mistresses."

If adultery is so well accepted, we wonder why the French have mixed feelings about it. On this point, we can't even speculate. But it seems clear that when American men fuck around, they *want* to, and so they usually enjoy it immensely.

**SO FAR,** our American-French play-off has resulted in a draw. Women in the know have cast sufficient doubt on the superiority of French lovemaking techniques but, then again, we must point out that these were mostly *American* women who were responding. Their expectations and standards may be, if not higher, then certainly different from the Frenchwoman's. But before we dismiss Frenchmen as arrogant braggarts, we must address ourselves to the one question that resulted in a major disparity. Impotence.

Almost half of the French respondents reported that, yes, they did indeed have times when they had trouble getting an erection. Only 1 percent of the American respondents reported in the affirmative. OK, *now* who's bragging? True, France has one of the highest alcoholism rates in the world, and impotence and alcohol abuse often go hand in hand. But we Americans know the value of so-called sexual stimulants—be they alcoholic beverages, drugs or marijuana—in a seduction scene and certainly we have had our share of experiences. And who can forget those times when you're too exhausted to even think about sex, let alone get it up? Here we are in a country where our women are becoming increasingly sexually aggressive; can 99 percent of us get it up every time our heads tell us to? A nice fantasy, but our women tell it differently.

One 25-year-old singer snickered and said, "That's to be expected. American men can't be truthful about their knowledge or lack of knowledge of sex, so my first thought is that they're lying about their own hard-ons. The French may be full of hot air, as you say, but at least they seem to be more honest about not being able to do it whenever they may want to. Every single guy I've been to bed with has had those times when—due to drug excesses or fatigue—he needed a crane to get it up."

So then . . . it would seem that on both sides of the Atlantic, men have their soft spots—so soft, in fact, that to be honest about their sexuality would hurt too much. In conclusion, we have to surmise that while the Frenchman may not be the better lover, the American man isn't either. Different? Perhaps. But better? No.

One lady, however, cut right through our egos. "Why are men so interested in what another man is like? No man is the same, so national differences can't be so easily generalized. Since you asked, all I have to say is *vive la différence*, because without those differences, wouldn't men be boring?" ■

# Small Talk: Beverly D'Angelo

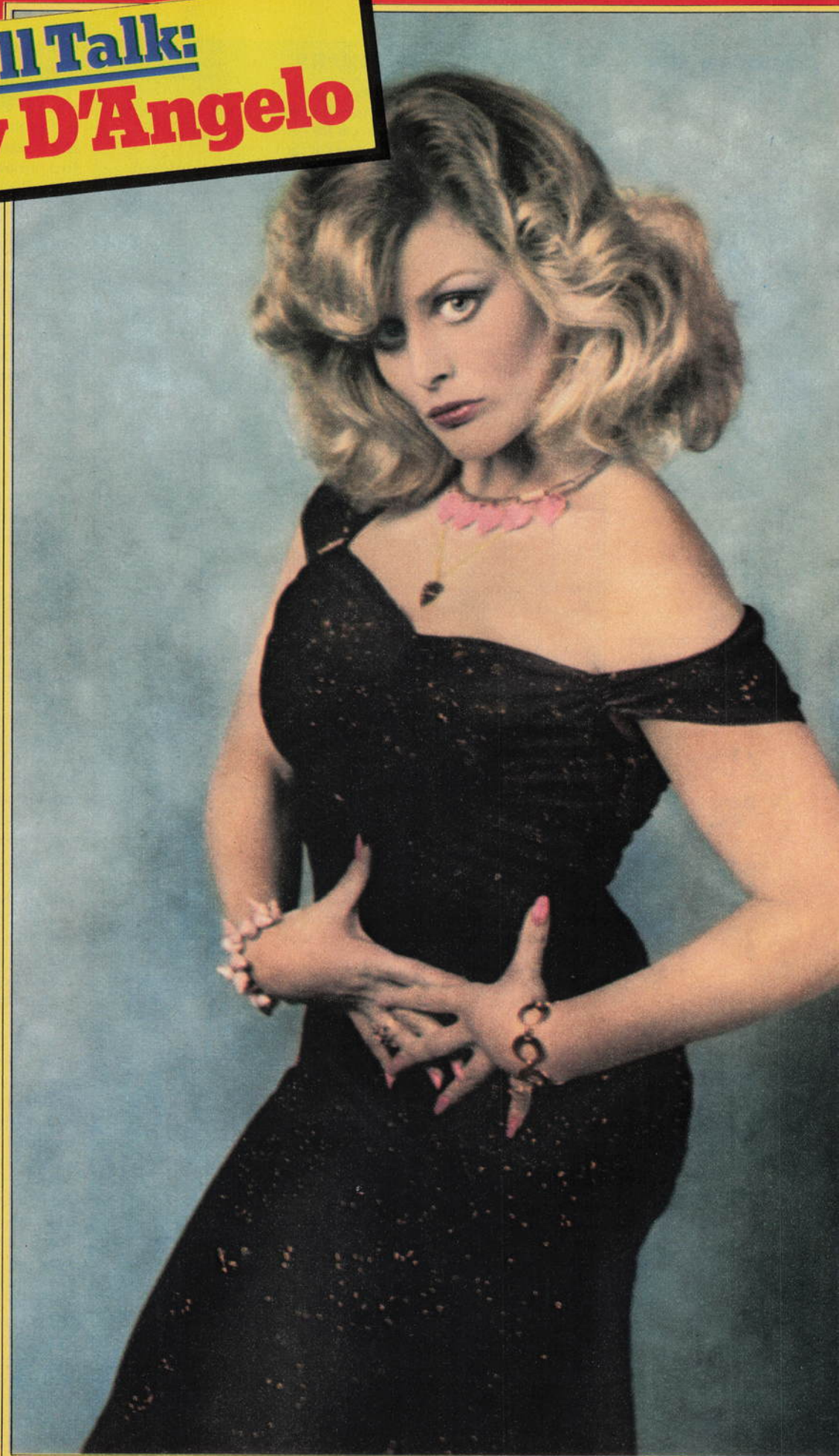
## A Down-and-Dirty Dialogue with the Angel of Film

"Enormously gifted," director John Schlesinger says of Beverly D'Angelo. "Very touching, endearing and slightly off-the-wall." Schlesinger had just finished directing D'Angelo in his film *Honky Tonk Freeway* when he said this, but OUI had been keeping a lookout for Beverly ever since her fledgling performance as Sheila in *Hair*. We wondered about this "slightly off-the-wall" part. Is that why this lady is becoming one of the hottest actresses in Hollywood today? Or is her fame due to her vampish great looks? Probably a combination of both, plus the fact that she is, to put it simply, talented.

And the past year has proven this. It's been a busy one for the not-so-angelic D'Angelo. In addition to her roles in *Honky Tonk Freeway* and *Every Which Way but Loose*, she stunned America with her dynamic performance as Patsy Cline in *Coal Miner's Daughter*. Upcoming, a role opposite Burt Reynolds in *Paternity*.

Freelance writer Stephen Fisher was just as turned-on as we were about this self-described "free spirit." In his own words, "Schlesinger was right when he described Beverly as off-the-wall. Besides being striking, she's a true nonconformist, a bit odd when compared to today's actresses. Maybe it's her unusual background and the fact that she's done a lot of what the rest of us only fantasize about."

Herewith, Beverly D'Angelo reveals her penchant for younger men, her days as a singer in a Canadian topless bar and her kinky life at the not-so-tender age of 15.



PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL CHILDERS

**OUI:** How has your success in films changed your life?

**D'ANGELO:** Frankly, my life has been a little boring since I got into films. It's really true that the most free and most exciting times I've had—and the times I've been sexually free—were when I wasn't worried about people misunderstanding my actions. Because they almost always do. The double standard is alive and well in the movie industry. Thriving, in fact! And until that goes away, and until people can handle truth and honesty—you know, about sexuality as a means of expression—then I'll just lay back.

**OUI:** You must be having *some* fun since you've been acting?

**D'ANGELO:** Oh, yeah. Sure. What do you mean? Like affairs? Well, I don't know whether it was the movies or just a phase I was going through, but I was definitely going through an older-man period for a while. That seemed to have a lot to do with the movies or something. I don't know. Now I don't have any preference. I was fascinated by older men because I never really knew any. I mean, I never really came in contact with them. And I was just a free spirit during that time.

**OUI:** You played kind of a free spirit in *Hair*. Tell us about that experience.

**D'ANGELO:** I met Milos Forman [*Hair*'s director] in May of 1977. Love. This man was the most charming, funny, handsome, brilliant . . . everything. He immediately nicknamed me "Angelicheck." And I was gone. You know, if he said, "I'm making a movie about astronauts that walked on the moon," I would have found a way to be an astronaut. I would have figured it out somehow.

**OUI:** How were you able to identify with Sheila, the character you played?

**D'ANGELO:** Well, I had the same kind of upper-middle-class background, which I really revolted against. There was a parallel between something I knew and the character of Sheila. Although the specifics were not the same, the symbols were all there. I knew all the highs and lows.

**OUI:** What was your childhood like?

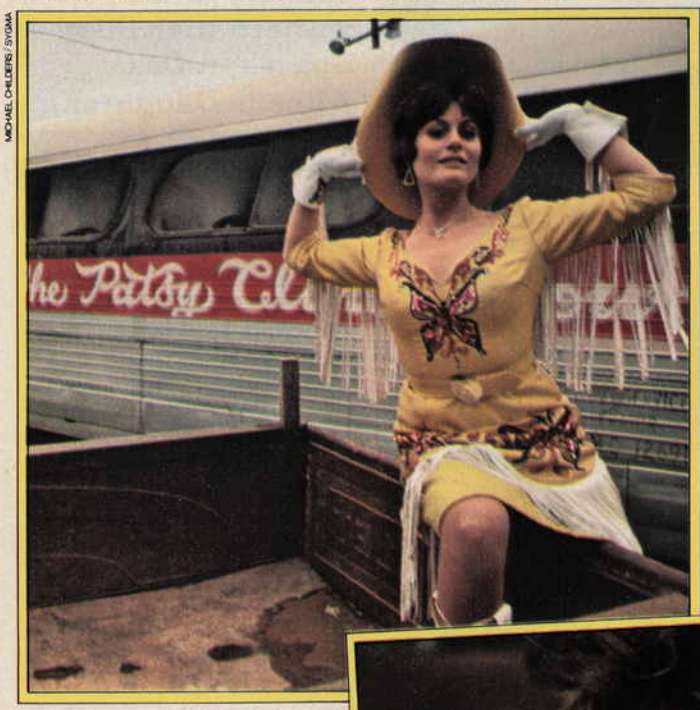
**D'ANGELO:** Where should I start?

**OUI:** Anywhere, as long as it's kinky.

**D'ANGELO:** It doesn't get kinky till I turn 15.

**OUI:** Start when you were 14 and a half then.

**D'ANGELO:** Well, actually, my life was a vast wasteland from the time I was one to 14. The only thing that stands out in my mind was when I made a deal with somebody in the third grade not to wear any underwear to school.



MICHAEL CHILDERS / SYGMA

**OUI:** Did you?

**D'ANGELO:** No, but she did . . . Anyway, when I was 15, it all turned around. That was a very big year for me. I met my first boyfriend, in the true sense. I'd had boyfriends before, but this was the *real* thing.

**OUI:** The horizontal mambo.

**D'ANGELO:** You know, I didn't make cheerleading because of my reputation. So I was sent to Italy to study art. And that really did a lot for me, because I saw a different side of life, complete with *artistes* and eye makeup and all that kind of stuff. And there were some details about that Italian summer that I still carry with me.

**OUI:** Like what?

**D'ANGELO:** I'd fallen in love, like you always do—especially when you're a blonde.

**OUI:** I wouldn't know.

**D'ANGELO:** If you're thinking of being jealous, don't be. It didn't work out.

**OUI:** Does it ever?

**D'ANGELO:** Speak for yourself.

**OUI:** Uh . . . where were we?

**D'ANGELO:** You mean after Italy?

**OUI:** Yeah.

**D'ANGELO:** Well, I moved to California—

**OUI:** —which is where you started acting.

**D'ANGELO:** —which is where I started painting cartoons for Hanna-Barbera.

**OUI:** You mean, like *Yogi Bear* and *The Flintstones*?

**D'ANGELO:** Uh-huh.

**OUI:** What was that like?

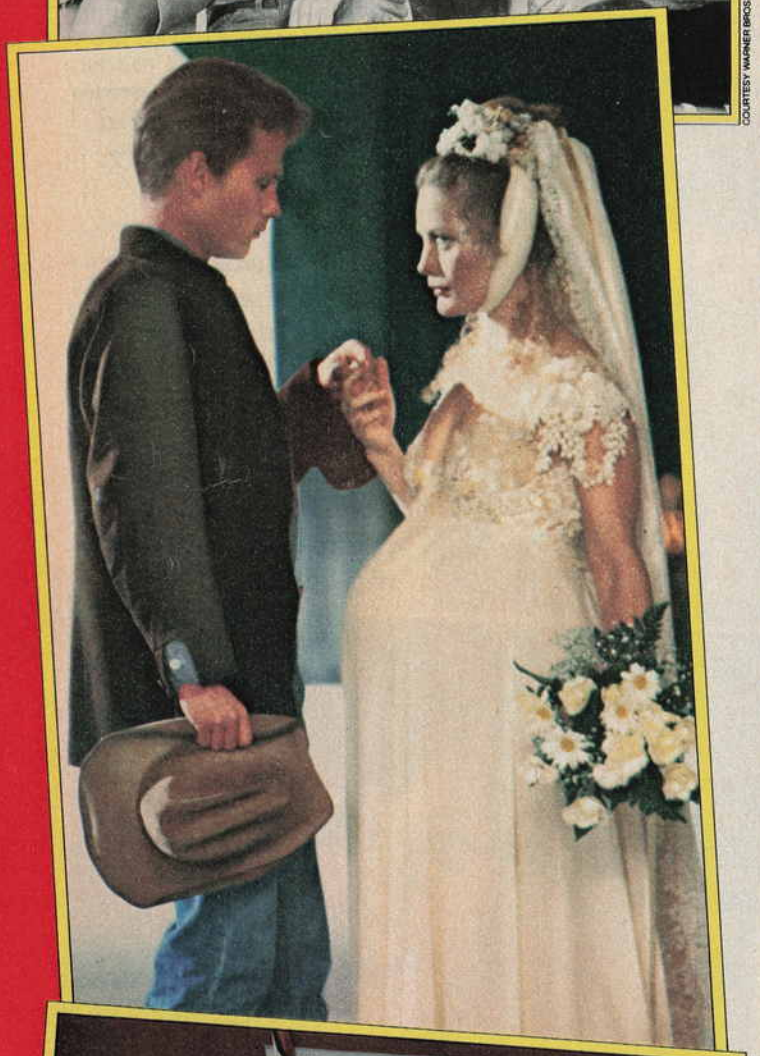
**D'ANGELO:** Well, the way it was set up, you worked seven months a year—that was their season—and the rest of the time, you went on unemployment.

**OUI:** Starving for your art, huh?

**D'ANGELO:** Actually, no. I was living in a commune in Long Beach. They published the *Long Beach Free Press*. Very big on Marxist rhetoric. They also ran a head shop. At 17, I thought I had all the answers in the world. But the fact was that I was truly jailbait. I mean, I still get asked for my I.D. *now*, so I had lots

**Campy and candid D'Angelo, as Patsy Cline in *Coal Miner's Daughter* (left), admits, "My life has been a little boring since I got into films. The most free times I've had sexually were when I wasn't worried about people misunderstanding my actions."**

COURTESY WARNER BROS., INC.



MICHAEL CHILDERS / SYGMA

**Monkeying around on the set of *Every Which Way but Loose* with Geoffrey Lewis and Clint Eastwood; as the pregnant bride in the hallucinogenic-dream sequence of *Hair*; and going country-and-western with Sissy Spacek in *Coal Miner's Daughter*.**

and lots of trouble then. Then I took off and just started traveling. I had some friends that were driving across the country, so I just jumped in the car.

**OUI:** You're really the settle-down-and-stay-at-home type of girl, aren't you?

**D'ANGELO:** The fact is, I completely bypassed the whole traditional kind of social experience. I mean, I never really—except for Grady there at 15, and he was written off the list after my Italian summer—I had never really even been out on a date.

**OUI:** Where someone takes you out to the malt shop?

**D'ANGELO:** Right. My feelings were always that if you are attracted to someone, then it happens right then. And if it's great, then you stay. Period. You stay for two days or two years or whatever. My life was so free then. It wasn't that I didn't have any ambition. It's just that what I wanted more than anything was to be free, which was a very elusive kind of thing. Whatever seemed to be free at the time was what I would get involved with. If it was sex, that was it. Or if it was dancing, that was it. Eventually, I got into singing in coffeehouses, and I traveled all around the States and Canada and met different kinds of people. I went all over simply by saying yes.

**OUI:** I hope you don't mind my asking this but . . . what'd you do for money?

**D'ANGELO:** Well, you never seem to need money when you're just traveling around. But if you stay in one place, then all of a sudden you need it. When my family moved to Buffalo, I went down to visit them and I was broke.

**OUI:** So you became a kept woman.

**D'ANGELO:** I got a job, actually. I sold vacuum-cleaner demonstrations over the phone. It was amazing the amount of information these people had. They had a list of the first names and addresses of every occupant in every suburb of Buffalo. And so, I would call them up and say, "Hello, I'm Mrs. D'Angelo." They didn't want us to say Miss, because they thought it was more respectable being married. "Hi, I'm Mrs. D'Angelo. Friendly Vacuum Cleaners are giving a demonstration this month, one month only. And you are entitled to a free demonstration of the amazing waxing and polishing capabilities of our machine. Can I set up an appointment for a demonstration?" And they would always say, "I don't know. My husband just got out of the hospital." So, I'd say, "Yeah, you don't need it. Forget it. It's a ripoff."

**OUI:** The things we do for money . . .

**D'ANGELO:** You know, it's funny looking back on the nonmaterialistic time of my life, because almost every decision I made was based on getting money.

**OUI:** What about your career as a rock-'n'-roll singer? When did all that begin?

**D'ANGELO:** I had this crazy friend who lived in Mamaroneck, and we decided—like two little kids—to go to the big city. We went to a club on 113th Street in New York, and there was this band playing and they needed a girl singer.

**OUI:** So you joined up with them?

**D'ANGELO:** Pretty much—only all sorts of horrible things happened.

**OUI:** Like?

**D'ANGELO:** The guitar player got electrocuted during one of our gigs. We were opening for Paul Butterfield or somebody like that. We set up this huge speaker system, and we plugged into it. The guitar player had on tennis shoes that got wet, and he was shocked.

**OUI:** Did he die?

**D'ANGELO:** No, but it was close. Plus, we made no money. We had this hearse that cost a hundred dollars just to look at,

because there were holes in the transmission. It got about three inches to the gallon. But it was a hearse and it was great. Anyway, no money, no nothing. Finally, we just said, "Look, this is it. Nothing is happening." So we packed it up.

**OUI:** Where to this time?

**D'ANGELO:** Don't be snide. From there I went to British Columbia with a girlfriend of mine. We ended up living on this pig farm, and I had a square-dance band that played at riding clubs and places like that. But I was deadly bored. The only thing that made any difference were these giant sheets of windowpane acid we kept getting.

**OUI:** What's it like dropping acid on a pig farm in British Columbia?

**D'ANGELO:** You ought to try it sometime. This is where the good things started to happen.

**OUI:** How's that?

**D'ANGELO:** These friends of mine were recording in Toronto, so I went there next. While I was there, I ran into a jazz musician who was doing these gigs at conventions and stuff. You know, where you sing *Shadow of Your Smile* and *What Goes Up (Must Come Down)*. I had this one knockout dress and a set of curlers and some false eyelashes. I started calling myself Beverly Moses because most of the agents in town were Jewish. That's how I got a job singing in a topless bar. I was not topless, but I sang in between two girls in the Zanzibar.

**OUI:** That sounds a little like your portrayal of Patsy Cline in *Coal Miner's Daughter*.

**D'ANGELO:** Yeah. The Zanzibar is on Young Street, which is like the strip of Toronto. The two girls danced on five-gallon oil drums with Plexiglas tops. Lights shot up through the drums. Every 40 minutes it would be swing time, and a girl would swing out over the heads of the patrons on a trapeze.

**OUI:** No shit!

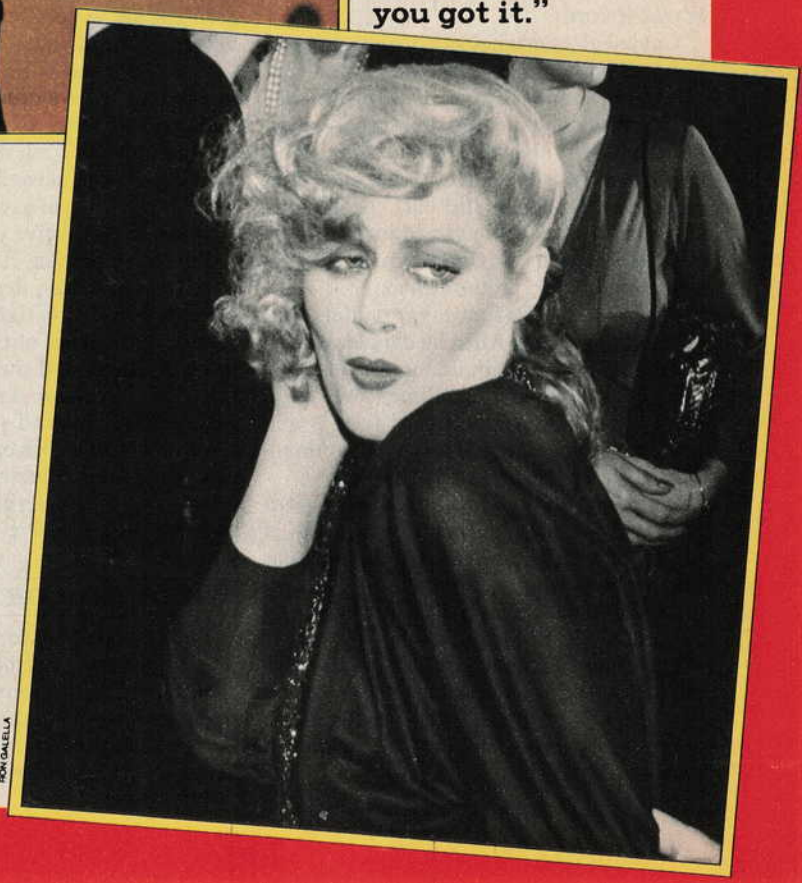
**D'ANGELO:** That's exactly what I said. Now, down the street Ronnie Hawkins was playing. Ronnie Hawkins brought rock 'n' roll to Canada. I went down to where he was playing because I had heard that he needed a singer, and I said, "Can I sing with you?" And he said, "Yeah, but let me hear you sing." So I sang a song and he said, "Stick with me, honey, and I'll have you fartin' through silk. Have you got a toothbrush?" I said, "Well, it's only inches away." He had this big black Cadillac, so we went back to this rooming house where I was living and I grabbed my toothbrush. I went up to his farm in Peterborough for four days of debauchery. Ronnie Hawkins invented the party in Canada. The ingredients for a party were that everybody had to get completely naked within 20 minutes or else it's not happening. I started living with the band, and Ronnie paid me 50 bucks a week to just play tambourine and sing backup, and just get used to what was going on. Well, what was going on was like *wow*! We played from eight o'clock until one, and we had rehearsals from two to five. Then we'd go to his house and party.

**OUI:** So, the parties would start at dawn?

**D'ANGELO:** Yeah. I was living above a discotheque at the time.

*(Continued on page 141)*

**Vamping it up onscreen (left) in *Honky Tonk Freeway*, and in real life (below) at the *Hair* premiere, Filmex '79. "Men," she quips, "want you to be experienced, but they don't want to know how you got it."**



RON GALELLA

# THE LINE ON CREDIT CARDS

*Some commonsense tips on how to lose your credit virginity without signing your life away.*

*Article by Chris Barnett*

Walter Cavanagh has a weird "hobby." He collects credit cards. In ten years, he's amassed exactly 1007 credit cards—enough to get his name and hobby into the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

Cavanagh, a bachelor, a real estate broker and, otherwise, a seemingly normal guy from Santa Clara, California, has $1.25 million in potential credit that he can unleash just by signing his name. One credit card alone, Mortgage Matic, will allow him to buy a house—on the cuff. A sterling-silver credit card from the Mapes Hotel in Reno will, just by waving it, procure him a mountain of chips in the casino.

He has a 250-foot-long wallet that touches the ground when he dangles it from the roof of a 30-story building. And only J.J. Newberry Company, the dime-store outfit, has refused him a credit card for his wallet—the day after superposh Neiman-Marcus in Dallas had issued him one.

And how many do you have in your pocket? It's true, you don't need a ton of plastic but, today, credit cards are about as important as your car; you almost can't get around without them. Sure, you can get by on cash alone, but it's a hassle. Why waste precious hours standing in bank and supermarket lines just to cash a check? And if you tote around a lot of cash, you're either going to lose it or spend it or, worse, blow it on a lot of junk.

Getting plastic money today is no cinch, though. You can't just go out and buy a credit card like you can a car. You can have an oil well in your backyard or a herd of oversexed minks, but if you're a slow-pay, no-pay or forgot-to-pay deadbeat, you aren't going to get a credit card, no matter how many times you apply.

Especially now. The fact is, it's virtually impossible to get a credit card if you've got bad credit. Even with only a small blemish on your credit record, it's going to be tough. And if you have never had a credit card before, you're going to have a hard time finding a company that'll give you your first break.

But don't despair. They *are* obtainable, even though banks, department stores and oil companies are tightening the thumbscrews on all types of credit. You just have to know the rules of their game and be willing to play by them. And be careful: If you get a credit card and you blow it—that is, you don't pay the bill on time, you run it up over your limit, you skip a payment every other month—you'll ruin your credit record so badly, it'll take five to ten years to wipe your slate clean.

## WHY IT'S TOUGH TO GET A CARD

Before you apply for a credit card, there are a few things you should know. About 15 months ago, banks were "begging people to open credit-card accounts," recalls James A. Ambrose, secretary-treasurer of the International Consumer Credit Association in St. Louis. Banks were waging an all-out war, trying to sign up VISA and Master Charge cardholders. Why? They collected a transaction fee every time you used the card, plus they felt their cardholders might use their other services.

Meanwhile, the oil companies, which once freely gave a credit card to just about anyone who applied, started tightening up. In the good old days when gasoline was 40 cents a gallon and there was plenty of it, gas companies used credit cards to attract and hold customers. If you had an Exxon card in your wallet, you'd be more likely to fill up at an Exxon station, using your card, rather than spend your cash at the Amoco station across the street. It was purely a customer convenience. Neither the oil company nor the dealer made any extra money when you charged it. Unlike bank policy, there was no extra fee for handling the credit transaction. In fact, the oil companies simply swallowed the cost of their credit-card operations.

Then two things happened. First, the price of gasoline started to climb because the supply plummeted. You waited in line—long lines—just to pump your own gas. You needed the gas station more than it needed you. So oil companies started hacking out the frills—windshield cleaning, pump jockeys—and they went self-serve. Credit cards became an unnecessary expense, and so they tightened up on the easy access.

At the same time, inflation hit and inter-

est rates soared. Recession worries scared the hell out of *all* the credit grantors—petro pushers and moneylenders alike. They were afraid you'd charge that $1000 preamp to your VISA today and then be laid off tomorrow, when the payments were due.

But what really hurts anyone applying for a credit card today is Jimmy Carter's order last March 14 that any company with more than $2 million in outstanding credit must set aside 15 percent of any amount over the $2 million as a reserve. The credit grantors got hot because they were prohibited from collecting a penny in interest on that reserve. Carter, who wanted to cool off inflation, also told people to stop spending, to lay off their credit cards. That bothered the hell out of the credit-card companies.

"The impact on people getting new credit [and credit cards] is significant," says Mark Travers, public affairs officer for the Associated Credit Bureaus, Inc. of Houston. "Credit grantors took that opportunity to reassess the creditworthiness of their cardholders." The upshot—banks and oil companies changed the rules. Some banks now charge an annual fee on their VISA and Master Charge cards—anywhere from $5 to $20 a year. And there are much stiffer requirements for new cardholders. According to the *Nilson Report*, a newsletter that follows the credit-card business, Bankers Trust—the nation's seventh largest bank, with two million cards outstanding—requires its new cardholders to make $18,000 a year. New cardholders also get a $500 limit, which is much lower than it was before the controls.

Things have eased a bit since last March. Although Carter's controls have been lifted, credit grantors fear fresh ones will be clamped on again, so they're eyeballing every new card application. OK, now that you understand the credit-card game, here's how to play.

## GETTING YOUR FIRST CARD

If you have never had a credit card in your life, have never had a charge account, have no credit history or a credit record on file with the local credit bureau, your smartest move is to open an account with an independently owned department store. Especially if you're a student. They don't have computerized credit-scoring systems to judge your creditworthiness, nor do they have iron-clad credit policies.

Many stores—like Miller & Paine, a department store in Lincoln, Nebraska, which is popular with University of Nebraska students—consider 19-year-olds to be adults. If you're under 19, you'll need a parent's signature to apply, but the charge account will still be in your name. The account is opened with a low limit—maybe $50 or $100—and it's reviewed every six months to make sure you're paying faithfully. If you open the account, use it and pay your bills.

What you're doing is automatically establishing a clean credit history. And you can't put a price tag on that. The local department store reports how you pay your account to the local credit bureau. That information will eventually be fed to the big national computerized credit bureaus. What's more, that first department-store account can be opened without a long list of credit references. At Miller & Paine, the credit department asks only for your permanent address and your source of income. "Even if it's a check from home, list it," says a spokeswoman for the store.

The critical thing is that you're building credit. And you'll need that when you apply for a credit card from a bank, a major department store or a gasoline company. There are other ways to build a credit history, and you might want to consider them before you set out to pack your wallet with plastic. It'll make things a lot easier.

## THE MAJOR DEPARTMENT STORE

A national department-store credit card is ideal. Other credit grantors know that the big chains keep an eye peeled for slow-paying customers and bad-debt artists and weed them out on a regular basis. The biggest credit grantor is Sears, Roebuck and Co. Sears has over 80 million credit cards out to people who charge nearly $10 billion a year to their accounts.

Surprisingly enough, it's not a snap to get a Sears card. But at least the huge retailer hasn't turned over the decision about whether or not you get a card to some faceless, heartless computer. Sears uses a point scoring system to determine creditworthiness. Different values are assigned to how long you've been on your job, lived in your home or apartment—things like that. "The human element is there," stresses Robert Holloway, staff assistant for credit policy at Sears's Chicago headquarters. "The score goes to an experienced authorizer to make the recommendation. Not everybody fits into [preset] slots."

Holloway says a person does not need a spotless credit history to get a Sears card. But a *derogatory* (credit-manager jargon for a black mark on your credit history) is a red flag today, "an automatic flasher." However, you're not blackballed automatically.

As Holloway points out, "If the applicant writes, 'I once bought a refrigerator at some other store and the thing didn't work and I couldn't get any satisfactory service so I just didn't pay for it,' that, at least, is something to consider and it looks a lot better than not paying a bill."

Other retailers stress that lack of a credit history doesn't disqualify you, even if a credit scoring system is used. Harvey McCormick, manager of public information for J.C. Penney Company, Inc. in New York (Penney has 27 million credit cards out) says, "Someone who lives at home with his parents and attends college could be a very good credit risk." His expenses are minimal

# Bank Cards

*are by far the most convenient, but unless used wisely, they could mean financial suicide.*

# Gas Cards

*used to be easy to obtain when they were a convenience and they attracted customers. But times have changed.*

# Big Money Cards

*like American Express and Diners Club still provide the heaviest financial clout—and they're surprisingly easy to get.*

and, if he has a full- or part-time job with a regular income, he could score well. But there's no guarantee.

### BANK CREDIT CARDS

Of all the credit cards, bank cards are the best to have from a standpoint of convenience. Almost everyplace accepts VISA or Master Charge. But if you've never had one before, they can be financially lethal. It's so incredibly easy to run up a $500 tab before you even blink an eye. Banks and savings-and-loan institutions that issue them encourage you to use them, because you pay a hefty rate of interest on the unpaid balance.

There are several ways to get a VISA or Master Charge card. One scheme requires no credit application whatsoever. A few savings-and-loan outfits, in an effort to compete with banks, offer one of the two cards to anyone who deposits $2500 in a regular passbook account. You automatically get the card, and you can charge up to half of what you have on deposit. Check with VISA U.S.A., P.O. Box 8999, San Francisco, CA 94128 for names of financial institutions in your area that offer this deal.

Another good way to get a bank card is to apply for one at the bank where you have a "depositor relationship." Makes sense, too. Why should the bank grant a card to someone who does most of his business with a competitor?

However, if you have a solid financial history, plenty of assets and a good credit rating, you should shop around. While most savings and loans now charge a simple 15 percent annually on the unpaid balance of your account, many banks are charging a combination of annual or monthly fees, higher interest rates (where allowed by state law) and even transaction fees. Last year in California, where there is no usury law limiting the rate of interest, Wells Fargo upped its annual interest rate from 18 to 20 percent, Crocker National Bank pushed its up to 21 percent and Security Pacific stayed at 18 percent. Today, all have fees; just a year ago, their cards were free.

At Crocker, Pat Connolly, director of consumer affairs, says that even though this year's credit controls have made it tougher to get a bank card, Crocker had already been considering stiffening its criteria before Carter's action. To be considered for a VISA or a Master Charge card now, an applicant must have a Crocker checking account and should have been employed on the same job and living at the same address for 12 months.

Crocker, which also uses a scoring system to determine creditworthiness, likes to see a minimum salary of $12,000 a year on an application. "There are always exceptions," says Connolly. "Someone can earn seven thousand to eight thousand dollars, live at home and not pay any expenses." In essence, a bank is looking at your disposable income. A common benchmark used by Crocker and other credit grantors is that your monthly bills and loan repayments, exclusive of rent or mortgage, should not exceed 20 percent of your take-home pay.

**Write a credit résumé outlining your complete history. Credit grantors see this as a sign of maturity.**

Crocker, like all other credit grantors, will order a credit report to see how you've paid bills in the past. A lot of derogatories and you're dead in the water. (Note: If you are declined, the credit grantor, by law, must tell you why and must divulge the name and address of the credit bureau that supplied them with your file.)

Connolly urges young people to make sure the credit bureau hasn't accidentally put someone else's credit information on your file. If you're having trouble getting credit and you don't know why, there's a chance that there are some wrong facts on your file that are getting you bounced every time you apply for a card. What's more, if you have had a dispute in the past over some purchase you charged and it has dinged your credit, you can still file an amendment to your credit file. Chances are good that it will be taken into consideration every time you apply for credit.

Connolly, however, has an even better idea. Write a credit résumé outlining your complete credit history. Credit grantors see this as a sign of maturity; it signals that you are sincerely concerned with your credit record and want to keep it clean. Make sure it's detailed, and attach it to the application. Although it can never substitute for the credit-card application or for your credit file, a credit résumé can answer a lot of questions that might make the difference between getting a card or getting the shaft.

### GASOLINE CREDIT CARDS

Believe it or not, the gas credit card may be the most difficult of all to get. Remember, oil companies don't make any money off their credit-card operations. They would just as soon you pay cash and save them the bookkeeping expense.

Atlantic Richfield Company, for instance, won't issue you a credit card unless you have a credit file or a credit history. Some gas companies may be a little more lenient. "In the past," says Dick Register, ARCO's retail credit manager, "if the customer had one derogatory, we would take a look at it and say, 'Heck, maybe he grew up.' Today, we might say, 'How do we know he grew up?' " On the other hand, Register says the applicant who takes the time to spell out the details on any past credit hassle is a "positive." He explains, "That shows maturity and a certain concern as to where he is in the business world."

### GETTING HEAVY PLASTIC

These are the biggies. They are tough to get, because they give you instant financial clout anywhere in the world. And you can count on the fact that Diners Club International, American Express Co. and Carte Blanche Corp., the main three, are going to make damn sure you're not the kind that'll take their plastic passports to the Good Life and freak out.

Diners Club is particularly interested in young cardholders who are destined to move up the corporate ladder, build a fat nest egg, then travel frequently and charge it to their Diners Club card. This is the granddaddy of the charge cards. (Technically, it is not really a credit card, because they don't assess interest and you must pay your balance at the end of every month.) It is probably the best-known card around the world. "It's the only card accepted in China," notes Diners Club president Seymour Flug.

Flug insists there's no magic involved in picking cardholders. "We look for stability—somebody who has handled credit transactions in the past satisfactorily." Diners Club likes you to be on the job for at least a year. "You tend to look at someone who changes jobs every few months a little differently," he says diplomatically. The minimum salary required for an individual applicant: $18,000.

Chances are, a student won't get a Diners Club card. But a new grad on the move with a good job is a candidate. As Flug points out, "Not only is the Diners Club card available to them, but we are emphasizing them in our marketing. People just out of college and starting a career are very attractive prospective members for us. We welcome them."

American Express, amazingly enough, is also out beating the bushes, trying to drum up new cardholders. According to a spokeswoman, any person over 18 can pack an American Express card if his parent has one; Mom or Dad simply orders a supplemental card in your name. Your parents, however, are responsible for paying the bill.

People who apply for the regular American Express card—the one you should never leave home without—must have a minimum income of $12,500 even to be considered. But American Express also has a special program for college graduates. Explains Muller: "If they have the promise of a job with a minimum salary of $10,000 and no negatives on their credit history, they are eligible for a card for up to one year after they graduate." For more information on the graduate plan, call toll-free 800-528-8000 and ask for the graduate application.

"We find that students who have applied through this program are some of our best cardholders in terms of being responsible," says Muller. ■

*What would happen if a nuclear accident occurred in your neighborhood? You say there are no nukes where you live? That the closest one is hundreds of miles away? Boy, have we got news for you . . .*

# NUKES

ARTICLE BY MARK AND JUDITH MILLER

REMEMBER *OUR FRIEND the Atom*, that cute Disney cartoon that we all saw in grade school? The flick that showed us how atomic energy could be used either to wipe out cities or to provide electricity cheaply, easily and effectively. Uncle Walt probably convinced more Americans of the benefits of nuclear power than Admiral Hyman Rickover, Dr. Edward Teller and Professor Enrico Fermi combined.

Rickover's former protégé Jimmy Carter, and former Bonzo bedmate Ronald Reagan, agree with the Mickey Mouse film. Both want to keep the nukes chugging away. "It's necessary for national security," the pro-nukers say. "After all, the Soviets are building nuclear-power plants like there's no tomorrow." An apt phrase, considering the risks involved.

On the other hand, Edward Kennedy and Jerry Brown agree with environmentalists like Barry Commoner who think the use of nuclear power is an awfully big risk to take just to boil a little water. Jackson Browne, Carly Simon, the Doobie Brothers, Bruce Springsteen and others have formed the antinuke coalition MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy) and have been singing the praises of the sun, while warning against the Frankensteinian possibilities of a reactor-gone-wild.

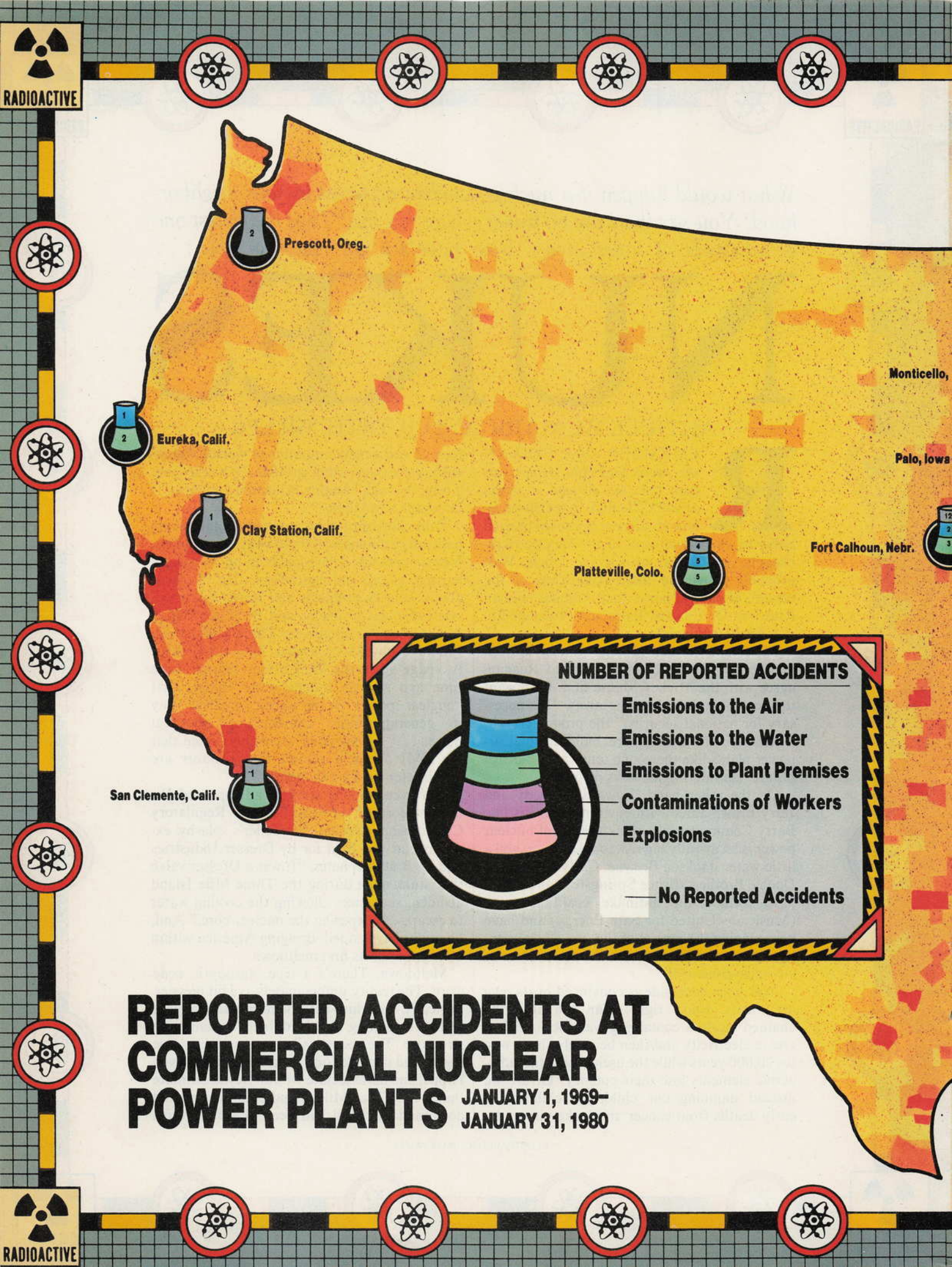
And since each side is convinced of its own arguments, who's right? Can the atom be chained inside a containing wall, be forced to create electricity and then be safely shut away for 20,000 years while the useless but still radioactive elements lose their potency? Or are we instead damning our children's children to early deaths from cancer and leukemia, to deformity and genetic mutation or worse? Apparently, there is no middle ground. "It has become a religious war," admits Princeton University's Dr. Frank von Hippel.

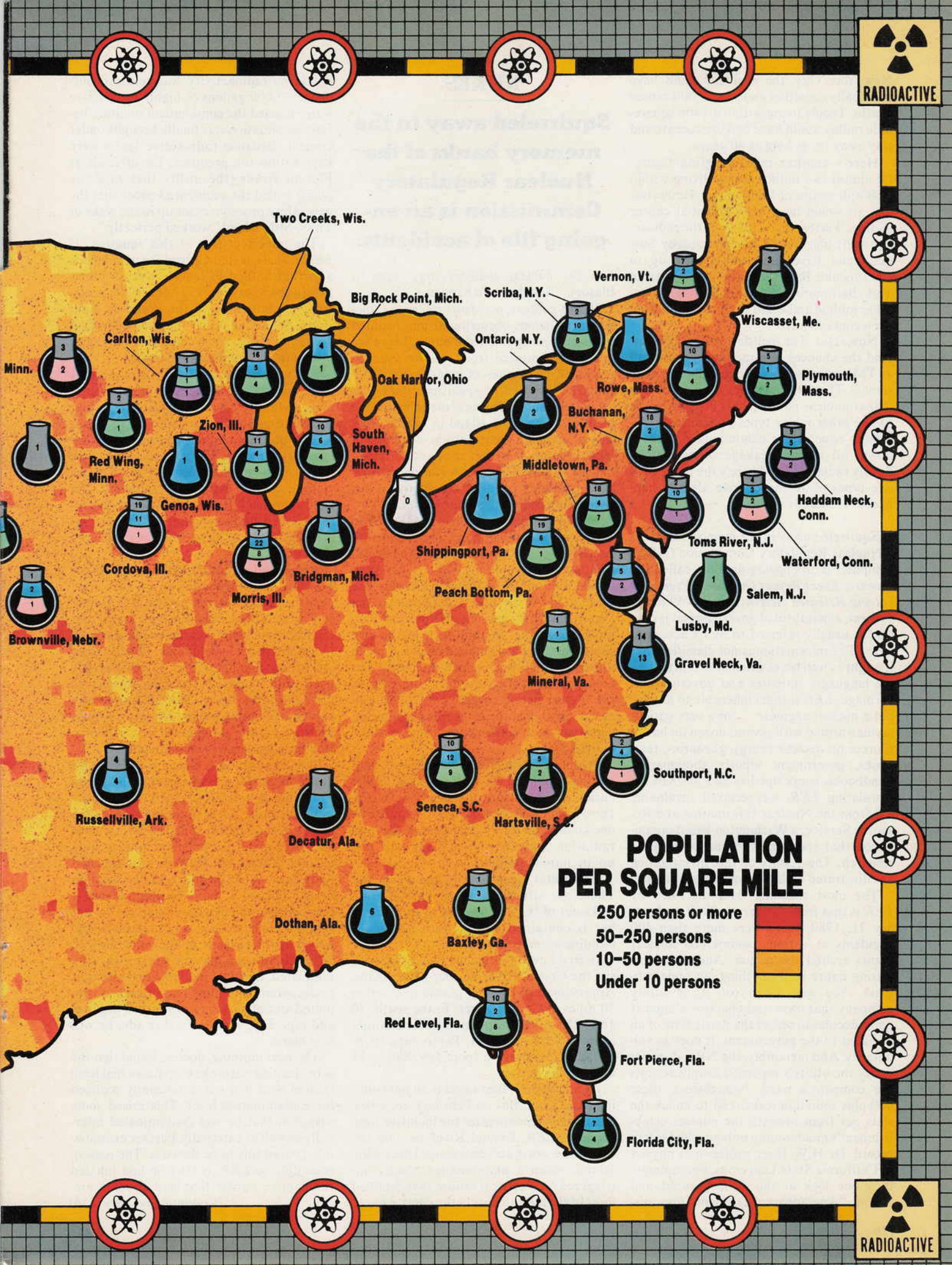
Politicians, musicians, environmentalists and political cartoonists all try to sway our opinions. Newspapers and television keep up a constant barrage of pro and con information. We hear about security problems and Karen Silkwood, waste-disposal problems and the Love Canal, needle-gauge problems and Three Mile Island. Pro-nuke physicist Edward Teller took out a two-page ad in the Wall Street Journal some time ago stating, among other things, that "nuclear power is the safest, cleanest way to generate large amounts of electrical power. . . ." At one point, he even asserted that the TMI accident proved that reactors are "even safer than we thought."

However, not long after the ad appeared, Peter Bradford of the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission revealed that Teller's splashy, expensive ad was paid for by Dresser Industries and, as Bradford notes, "It was a Dresser valve that stuck open during the Three Mile Island accident sequence, allowing the cooling water to escape . . . exposing the nuclear core." And, he might have added, bringing America within 40 minutes of its first meltdown.

Meltdown. There's a nice, antiseptic code word. The reality, unfortunately, is a bit messier. Basically, the white-hot uranium fuel core goes amok, breaching the lead-lined containment structure. The reactor then spews radioactive gasses and particles into the air. Princeton's von Hippel and his associate Dr. Jan Beyea estimate that if the Three Mile Island plant had melted down and the wind had been blowing toward

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM HEIMANN


RADIOACTIVE
Prescott, Oreg.
Eureka, Calif.
Clay Station, Calif.
San Clemente, Calif.
Platteville, Colo.
Fort Calhoun, Nebr.
Monticello,
Palo, Iowa
NUMBER OF REPORTED ACCIDENTS
Emissions to the Air
Emissions to the Water
Emissions to Plant Premises
Contaminations of Workers
Explosions
No Reported Accidents
REPORTED ACCIDENTS AT COMMERCIAL NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS
JANUARY 1, 1969–JANUARY 31, 1980
RADIOACTIVE


RADIOACTIVE
Two Creeks, Wis.
Big Rock Point, Mich.
Carlton, Wis.
Minn.
Oak Harbor, Ohio
Zion, Ill.
South Haven, Mich.
Red Wing, Minn.
Genoa, Wis.
Cordova, Ill.
Morris, Ill.
Bridgman, Mich.
Brownville, Nebr.
Shippingport, Pa.
Peach Bottom, Pa.
Middletown, Pa.
Scriba, N.Y.
Ontario, N.Y.
Vernon, Vt.
Wiscasset, Me.
Rowe, Mass.
Plymouth, Mass.
Buchanan, N.Y.
Haddam Neck, Conn.
Toms River, N.J.
Waterford, Conn.
Salem, N.J.
Lusby, Md.
Gravel Neck, Va.
Mineral, Va.
Southport, N.C.
Seneca, S.C.
Hartsville, S.C.
Russellville, Ark.
Decatur, Ala.
Dothan, Ala.
Baxley, Ga.
Red Level, Fla.
Fort Pierce, Fla.
Florida City, Fla.
POPULATION PER SQUARE MILE
250 persons or more
50–250 persons
10–50 persons
Under 10 persons
RADIOACTIVE

New York City, the accident could have eventually caused as many as 23,000 cancer deaths. People living within a 1400-square-mile radius would have had to evacuate and stay away for as long as 40 years.

Here's another mind-boggling figure: Of almost two million people living within a 50-mile radius of Middletown, Pennsylvania, all would have been potential cancer victims. Furthermore, if any of the radioactive melt had flowed into the nearby Susquehanna River and had ended up in Chesapeake Bay, the cities of Lancaster, York, Baltimore and Annapolis (totaling another million and a half persons) could have been contaminated.

Now, relax. The meltdown didn't happen. And the chances of a meltdown occurring at TMI or anywhere else are comfortingly remote. That's the good news. The bad news is that nuclear-power plants are also prone to five other major types of accidents. Although none are as calamitous as a meltdown, all involve leakage of potentially deadly radiation. And here's the topper. All five types of accidents have already happened. Hundreds of times.

•

Squirreled away in the memory banks of a Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) computer is an ongoing data file called the *Licensee Event Report Output on Events Involving Released Activity from 1969 to the Present*, a mouthful of governmental jargon that is usually referred to by its acronym, *LER*. The information is not classified, but it might as well be, so couched is it in technical language, statistics and governmental verbiage. *LER* is indecipherable to anyone but a nuclear engineer . . . or a very patient layman armed with several dozen technical sources on nuclear energy, glossaries, textbooks, government reports, dictionaries, handbooks, encyclopedias and journals. In translating *LER*, we received invaluable aid from the Nuclear Information and Resource Service, a Washington-based organization that specializes in nuclear-projects research. The results of this investigation are illustrated on the accompanying map.

The most shocking data disclosed by *LER* is that from January 1, 1969, to January 31, 1980, there were more than 400 accidents at various commercial nuclear plants around the nation. And that hair-raising figure is, if anything, an underestimate. You see, when (or if) a utility company that owns and operates a nuclear plant decides to report the particulars of an accident to the government, it does so voluntarily. And incredibly, the NRC does not verify the utility's report; it simply accepts the company's word. Nonetheless, these 400-plus radiation leaks tend to knock the slats out from beneath the nuclear establishment's much-touted unblemished safety record. Dr. H.W. Ibser, professor of physics at California State University, Sacramento, took one look at the *LER* printout and stated, "Any apparent freedom from mishap the nuclear industry may enjoy is illusory." Accidents *do* happen.



**Squirreled away in the memory banks of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission is an ongoing file of accidents.**

In this context, *accidents* refers to radioactive emissions occurring at unscheduled times or in an unplanned manner. These are to be distinguished from *routine releases*, regulated discharges of small amounts of radiation emitted at specified times in a specified manner. The near meltdown at the plant at Three Mile Island in March 1979 was an *accident*; the expulsion of a cloud of inert krypton gas from the same crippled reactor in June 1980 was a *routine release*. Both incidents released radioactivity, but one was planned—the other wasn't.

The five types of accidents indicated in *LER* and on our map are: (1) Accidental Emissions to the Premises, (2) Accidental Contaminations of Plant Workers, (3) Accidental Emissions to the Air Outside the Plant, (4) Accidental Emissions to the Water and (5) Explosions of Nuclear-Reactor Components. Within each of the five categories, we have detailed one example to illustrate what can happen and why. The actual number of each type of emission in the 11-year period covered by *LER* is indicated on the map, as is the population density of each corresponding region of the United States.

Potential health effects of these emissions can be estimated if you recall that 0.001 curies is the amount of radiation you receive from three chest X rays. Of course, no one knows exactly what percent of the total radiation leaked from a plant will end up in human bodies.

**Accidental Emissions to the Premises.** These are situations in which radiation leaks out of the components of the reactor but is contained either inside the plant building or on its grounds.

In Red Level, Florida, on the Gulf Coast, sits the Crystal River nuclear-power plant. Approximately 170,000 people live within 50 miles of Crystal River. To the south, 70 and 85 miles respectively, lie Tampa (pop. 541,000) and St. Petersburg (pop. 655,000). Gainesville (pop. 109,000) is 53 miles to the north.

At first glance, Red Level is an unassuming little town. But on February 26, 1980, less than one month after the inclusive time frame of *LER*, Crystal River became the site of the worst accident since Three Mile Island, when a maintenance electrician triggered an electrical failure that disabled most of the instruments in the control room. While no radioactivity was released outdoors, 43,000 gallons of highly radioactive water flooded the containment building before the situation was finally brought under control. Because radioactive leaks were kept within the premises, the officials at Florida Power (the utility that runs the plant) hailed the accident as proof that the new safety procedures set up in the wake of Three Mile Island "worked perfectly."

The imperfect part of this equation, as *LER* reveals, is that Crystal River had been a virtual hotbed of leaks. Over an eight-month span between 1977 and 1978, radiation was burped onto the premises eight times. While the utility reported no worker contaminations, they confessed having to evacuate the premises five times.

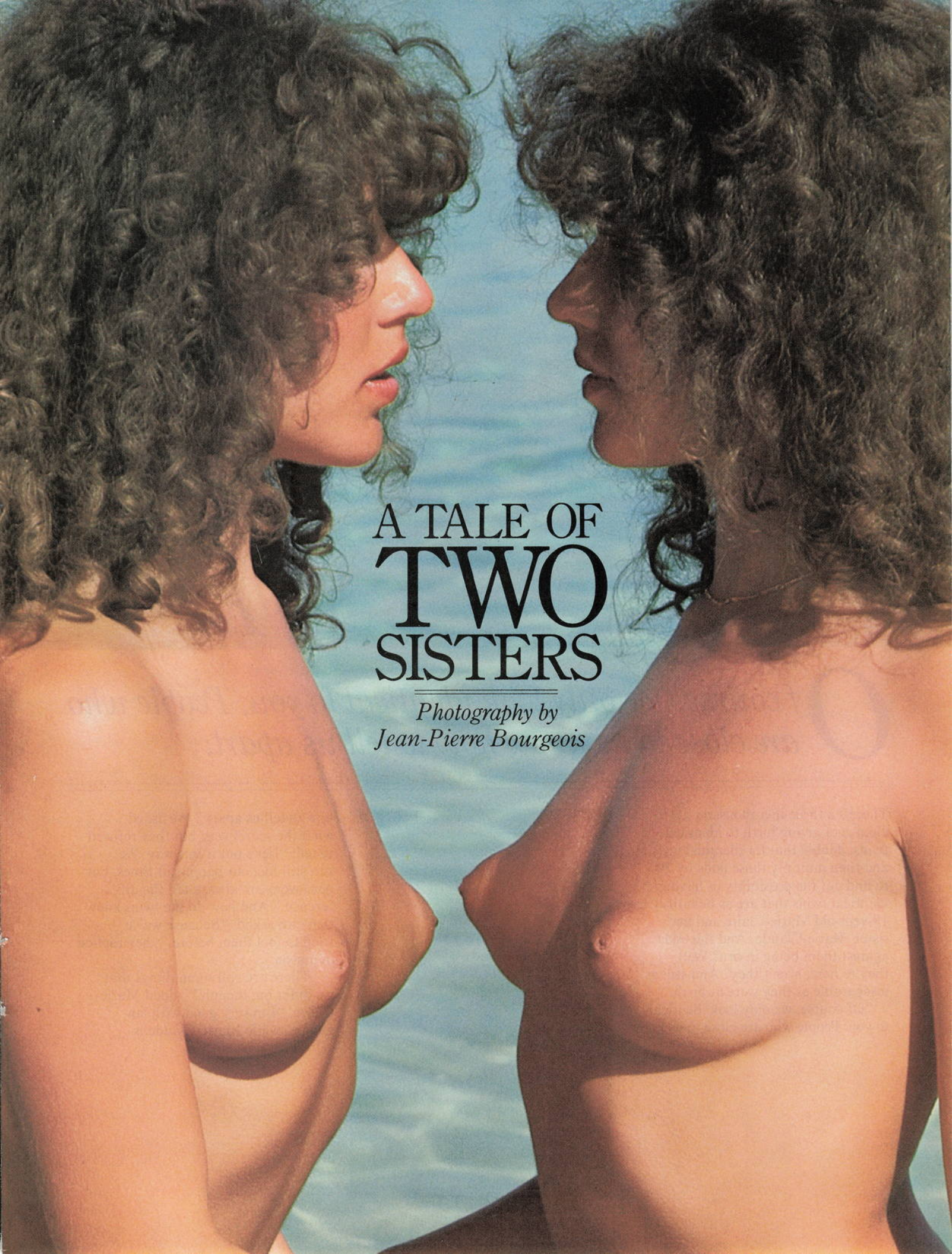
Each accident resulted from normal plant operation—the venting of gas from a makeup tank to a waste-tank leader. During the venting, however, radioactive gases leaked out, contaminating the air in the auxiliary building. The cause was the same in all cases—a blown seal in the waste-gas storage system. After each accident, the utility assured NRC that the "seals were re-established and surveillance of them increased," only to have one blown again in short order.

**Accidental Contaminations of Plant Workers.** In Hartsville, South Carolina, near the Pee Dee River, sits the H.B. Robinson nuclear-power plant. Some argue that the Robinson plant is in the boondocks and, therefore, poses little danger. But on closer inspection, you'll see that 530,000 people live within 50 miles of its cooling towers. In fact, Columbia (pop. 345,000), the state capital of South Carolina, is only 63 miles southwest of the plant. On June 15, 1974, a Robinson worker was contaminated.

What happened is that a worker, in his desire to get the job of cleaning the steam generator completed, decided to use a vacuum cleaner. After donning protective clothing, but before putting on his face mask, the man tried to operate the vacuum cleaner. When it wouldn't start, he opened it up to fix it. What he didn't realize was that he had opened a "hot" vacuum cleaner—one contaminated with radiation. It was supposed to have been kept under lock and key but, for reasons unknown, it wasn't. After discovering that the worker was contaminated, the plant made several attempts to decontaminate him. The suspected irradiated area of his face was swathed in gauze and tape and, without further ado, he was sent home.

The next morning, doctors found that the skin-cleaning agent the electrician had been treated with had not significantly reduced his contamination level. This raised some suspicion that he was contaminated internally as well as externally. Further examination proved this to be the case. The reason, according to *LER*, is that he had inhaled radioactive cobalt that had become air-

*(Continued on page 156)*


A TALE OF
TWO
SISTERS
Photography by
Jean-Pierre Bourgeois

*Of course, we only look identical to you. People who are close to us know how to tell us apart.*

There's a three-in-a-thousand chance of giving birth to identical twins; double that for identical girls, and then multiply those odds by 20 to find out the possibility of having identical twins that are as beautiful as 18-year-old Marie-Claire and her sister, Marie-Claude. And the odds against them being in OUI? Well, they're here, aren't they? And still as inseparable as they were at birth.

"Of course, we only look identical to you. People who are close to us know how to tell us apart." We asked what the secret was, but they refused to tell. "Let's put it this way: We can still fool our parents at times, but our lovers can always tell the difference." And how do the twins know that? we asked. "Because we've tried to fool them before," they replied in unison.

"There are still some things that we differ on, though," added Marie-Claire. "I'm very good with languages, while Marie-Claude is

a whiz at math. Also, I'm the smartest and the best-looking," she insisted. Marie-Claude, of course, thinks differently. "Not only am *I* the best-looking, but I'm also the oldest . . . by almost three minutes. I guess this gives me more experience, because everyone always insists that I act so much more mature." "Says who?" yelled Marie-Claire. "Why, that's what all your lovers have told me!" exclaimed Marie-Claude.

About this time, we began to pack up our gear. Sibling rivalry is normal, but hand-to-hand combat is something we always try to avoid.

"Oh, don't go," they cried, once again partners with a common goal. "We are always like this. It's all just in fun. Really. How could we ever get mad at each other?

"After all," they pointed out, "we *are* each other. And while we do keep some things separate, there are other things that we always share," they admitted with grins much too devilish to be deciphered. Oh, the things we do to get our pictures.

*We may be able to fool our parents, but we can't fool our lovers. We know, because we've tried.*

*(Continued from page 109)*

As pleasant and strangely familiar as all this sounds, it's not for everybody. There are others who lie somewhere between the *Umbrellas* and the *Apocalypse* groups: They are the Middle Grounders. You will find them at Grateful Dead concerts and at reruns of *Casablanca* or on botanical-garden visits. They are secure in the knowledge that if group fragmentation occurs, there is always the telephone. These people have been known to enter diners in search of food and to make journeys to the supermarket just to watch the grapefruit glow. Sometimes, toward the end of their trips when the main rush has worn off, they will actually make love with one another, defying gravity in the most spectacular ways.

Last and most significantly comes the acid-loon contingent: the *Apocalypse* crazies. They just don't care; they'll do *anything*. Having taken as much of the mighty drug as they can lay their hands on, they proceed lustily into the eternally youthful pursuits of house trashing, mud sliding, fast driving, manic dancing and any excessively oompahed activity in general. Brash young punks and drug-hardened old farts for the most part, they drink a great deal, attempt extreme economy and humor in verbal communication, regard the act of lovemaking as unnecessarily personal, perhaps even just for sissies, and are liable to take more LSD upon waking the next day (if, that is, they ever get to sleep the first time around). They wear silly clothes, sweat a lot and love Devo.

## LSD REVIVAL

**Acid loons are known to do *anything*. They drink a great deal, wear silly clothes and love Devo.**

Whatever. But I would like to close this brief investigation with an absolutely true LSD story about the type of trippers who comprise the wave of the future. On a party-bound journey northward up the Eastern Seaboard, six of them in a crapped-out Dodge had already ingested the goods in the cause of making the drive more interesting. They were thrashing around in the automobile, cracking jokes and swilling vodka to the sounds of Root Boy Slim & the Sex Change Band, when the driver parked the car on the shoulder of the highway, turned the lights off and adjourned to relieve himself in the adjacent woods.

Suddenly, cataclysm. A drunk in a Plymouth plowed into the back of the Dodge at approximately 60 mph. Both cars were totally destroyed but, by some miracle, nobody was killed or even badly injured.

One veteran tripper, the last to emerge from the twisted steel of the Dodge, staggered from the wreckage clutching his favorite hash pipe. Wiping blood from his eyes and digging crystallized auto glass out of his ears, he declared, "This kind of thing is *terrible*." Everybody cracked up. The joke was very modern, very *Apocalypse*. Bloodied but secure in the rain, at the edge of a good, solidly dangerous highway in an intriguing world, the trippers settled back to wait for the cops and rescue vehicles to bring their pretty lights. ■

## THE ABC'S OF LSD

### WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE

When it comes off the chemist's production line, LSD is a liquid. However, it is extremely potent, even in minuscule amounts, so it must be sold in the marketplace in a more substantial, less concentrated form. The results have been both imaginative and colorful.

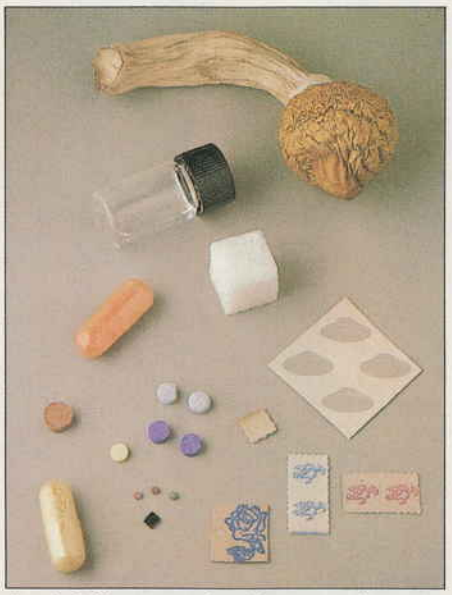
Today, as in the Sixties, the most popular means of delivery is the blotter. A large sheet of blotting paper is scored into tiny squares about an eighth to a quarter of an inch, and then the chosen amount of LSD is dropped onto each square. Often, the squares are printed with an emblem of the chemist's choice—a red dragon, the R. Crumb cartoon character, Mr. Natural, the NRC's nuclear-energy symbol—and the resultant product is then known by a brand name (Red Dragon, Mr. Natural, Atomic). Many times, blotter acid features only a circular, colored stain on a small square of paper. Devoted acid chemists like to embellish their products, however, so the more visually appealing brands are currently in demand. Dosage amount varies, though the most common strength is between 150 and 200 micrograms. By comparison, the average dose circa 1969 ranged between 250 and 400 micrograms.

The LSD marketplace also includes pills (most notably, microdots, which are tiny pink or purple items the size of Sen-Sens), small squares or triangles of translucent, colored gelatin (windowpane), capsules of all sizes and colors, and liquid. Of these types, liquid LSD is the most rare and the most prized.

### WHAT TO EXPECT

Depending on how full your stomach is when you take it, LSD comes on between 15 and 60 minutes later. The first signs are a growing physical tension, a wild fluctuation of hot and cold flashes, a distinct disinclination to talk and the beginnings of visual and aural distortion.

This first phase lasts about an hour, and then you're off. The tension abates to a steady hum, the flashes become less giddy, the nonverbalism refines itself into a preference for only essential and/or instinctive communication and the visual and aural distortions become more pronounced. This phase of the trip, the real payoff of LSD, lasts from four to ten hours depending on the dose. It can be profoundly intense: A full dose (300 micrograms on up) induces genuine out-of-this-world perceptual warps—walls melt, faces go 4-D, colors explode into rainbows, fantastic landscapes appear—while milder doses produce less incredible, though still spectacular, glows and concentrations. These are the effects that cause novice trippers to "see God," "reexperience the universe" and take leave of their senses. Extreme euphoria and extreme paranoia are both common at the top end of the dosage scale. On the bottom end (doses of under 100 micrograms), LSD is more akin to a stimulant than a psychedelic.



***Psychedelic supermarket**: (from top to bottom) fresh-dried psilocybin 'shroom; vial of liquid LSD; LSD-soaked sugar cube; capsule of Sandoz LSD (vintage 1969, a collector's item); four hits of UFO blotter; sky-blue barrels; plain-white 200-microgram blotter; purple barrels; brown mescaline tablet; yellow tab; capsule of genuine mescaline powder (very rare); brown and green microdots; dark windowpane; one Blue Rosebud blotter (four trips to a rose); two hits of Baby Blue Dragon blotter; two hits of Baby Red Dragon blotter.*

The final phase of the trip is often uncomfortable, since you are returning bumpily to a nonpsychedelic state and are both physically and mentally exhausted. This is the time that some people take a little nourishment, perhaps a relaxing agent (alcohol or marijuana), and then look for some sympathetic surroundings. With the right combination of these elements, sleep eventually becomes possible.

A hit of active LSD is unmistakable. Lively and long-lasting, it awakens both the body and the mind. If the item you have taken simply gives you a rush for a while, it's probably speed or MDA. If it shuts you down completely, it's probably PCP.

### LSD AND FOOD

LSD is perhaps the most effective diet aid known to man. Hunger vanishes. On the other hand, fruits, nuts, ice cream, cakes and other items of the light and delicious variety can become extremely interesting if approached in the right spirit. A tip: Fresh orange juice—a staple at acid sessions in the Sixties—still does a great job of replenishing the body's acid-sensitive vitamin C supply. The basic rule: If it smells dead, you won't want it.

### LSD AND THE LAW

Acid is a Schedule I drug, which means that possession is illegal anywhere in the United States. If you're tripping, you might want to steer clear of cops. On the other hand, once ingested, LSD is impossible to detect in blood, urine or saliva samples. —PATRICK CARR

# MAKE IT A RED-LETTER HOLIDAY– GIVE OUI

**. . . the perfect gift because it's packed with the sort of timely, refreshing advice that a man is after. It's the one magazine that addresses his particular lifestyle. Give a year of pleasure and save money, too.**

## A GREAT GIFT FOR GREAT FRIENDS

**$16 for first 12-issue gift subscription. Save $14.50 off $30.50 newsstand price.**

**$14 for each additional subscription (your own or gift). Save $16.50 off newsstand, $2.00 off basic subscription price.**

**Send a 12-issue subscription to:**

_____
(please print)

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

For additional gifts, list names on separate sheet.

Send Gift Card(s) signed: From _____

**Please complete order here:**

My name _____

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Start or renew my own subscription.

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ MasterCard. ☐ VISA. ☐ Bill me.

MC Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date _____

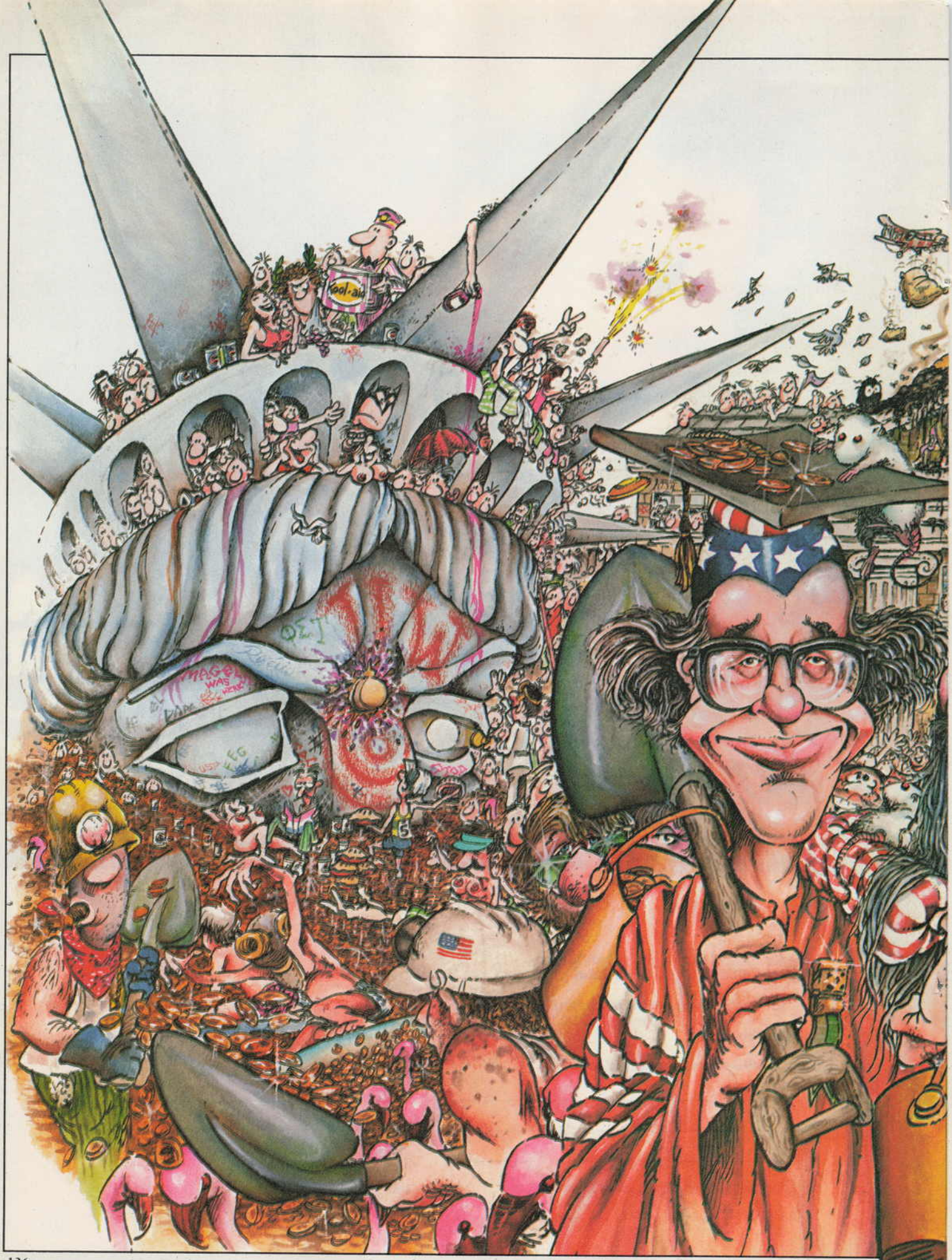
Bank Card No. _____

Signature _____

Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., APO-FPO only. Canadian rates: First gift $20, additional gifts $18. Other foreign rates: Each gift $25.

**Mail your order to:** oui
P.O. Box 2512
Boulder, CO 80322

7AAF7


Kool-Aid

# ANARCHY HOUSE

*Two campus cutups wreak havoc at a Big Ten school, and student politics will never be the same again/Article by Michael Baron*

***Animal House*** hasn't got a thing on the University of Wisconsin. Since 1978, campus edicts have been divvied out by a clique of hard-core crazies whose idea of a good time includes banana-cream-pie assassinations, campuswide toga parties with over 50,000 participants and the buying off of students, politicians and newsmen with enough bogus money to make the U.S. dollar look like the *deutschemark*. The brains behind this Marx Brothers madness are two perennial students, Jim Mallon and Leon Varjian. Mallon is the 24-year-old president-for-life of the Wisconsin Student Association. Varjian is the

ILLUSTRATION BY ROGERIO NEGUERIA

29-year-old vice-president-for-life. Like scarlet fever, their Pail & Shovel Party has drastically altered the face of politics at this highly political school. And the virus appears to be spreading.

At least a half-dozen campuses across the country have been in contact—seeking advice or declaring war—with the university's lunatic center, Pail & Shovel. The ripples emanate from the capital city of Wisconsin like the shock waves of a huge atomic-chocolate-cream bomb. At ground zero stands Pail & Shovel's proudest and most controversial achievement: the Statue of Liberty.

When Varjian and Mallon formed the Pail & Shovel Party and ran for office in the University of Wisconsin's traditionally earnest and left-leaning student body politic, they promised to bring the Statue of Liberty to Madison. It would help tourism. As NBC's *Real People* said in a segment featuring Jim and Leon, Madison "is a small Midwestern community badly in need of a major tourist attraction." (*Real People*, in their inimitable in-depth style, identified Varjian as Mallon and vice versa.) So the students voted them in. After all, as Leon has repeatedly pointed out: "The thing students want more than anything else in the world is to get on national television."

But before that first crowning success, there was just Leon Varjian, a computer-systems analyst manqué from the Bureau of Labor Statistics in Washington, D.C., seeking to avoid adult responsibility by returning to school. Disgusted with work, Leon plunged wholeheartedly into the academic life, kicking off his fall 1977 semester with a staggering three credits. The rigorous schedule failed to absorb all of Leon's energies and, in midwinter of 1978, he sought office and was appointed to an interim term as a W.S.A. senator. The other senators thought the scraggly-haired character in the clown suit was just what they needed for a touch of levity. Leon liked the job. He enjoyed haranguing his colleagues for hours on end about such important issues as the proper colors for M&M's. He especially enjoyed pasting his fellow legislators with cream pies, although the other senators didn't like this much and tried to have him impeached. But Varjian was like herpes on the student body: not so easily disposed of.

**In early 1978, Leon met Jim Mal-**lon, a full-time student from Rochester, Minnesota. Together, they formed the Pail & Shovel Party and mounted a full-scale campaign for student office in the spring, promising, among other things, to convert the entire W.S.A. budget to pennies and then dump the load on the library mall and let the students go at it with pails and shovels. They built a party platform out of Popsicle sticks. They promised to turn the U. of W. campus into "Dizzyland," with plastic buildings on wheels and moving sidewalks. *And* they promised to bring the Statue of Liberty to Madison.

Twelve percent of the students voted in that election, according Pail & Shovel 33 percent of the vote and a plurality over the other parties. In the fall election, the students gave P&S 29 of 36 senate seats. No one took the campaign promises seriously, but students were bored and sought divertisement.

Then, one morning in January 1979, it appeared on the icy surface of Lake Mendota, directly in front of Memorial Union. True, it was only the head and right arm but, as Leon explained, the ropes holding it to the helicopter had broken and most of the statue had crashed through the ice. Some called it a major tourist attraction; others called it an eerie harbinger of nuclear holocaust; and still others, a campaign promise fulfilled. But some called it a waste and an outrage.

*The Daily Cardinal*, official student newspaper and righteous supporter of liberal causes too numerous to mention, lunged for Pail & Shovel's jugular, jaws snapping:

> Jim and Leon have become—or maybe they always were—despicable megalomaniacs who are hiding behind the masks of clowns. For them, W.S.A. offers only one service—to pad their pockets and egos and those of their political cronies.

"Isn't that what politics is all about?" Mallon asked. "I don't know how many times I've said it. Here, I'll say it again: Leon and I have never promised anything but graft and corruption. And, damn it, we deliver!"

**To comprehend *The Cardinal*'s** wrath, you have to know about David Fine, the war protester. In 1970, Fine, the Armstrong brothers and Leo Burt made a bomb out of an old panel truck and several tons of chemical fertilizer, and then blew up the Army Math Research Center on the U. of W. campus, inadvertently killing a research worker. When Fine was apprehended in 1976, some editors at *The Cardinal*, which turns a profit through ad revenues, tried to donate $5000 to his defense. A drop in the bucket compared to the university's holdings in South Africa. A lousy five thou. And *The Cardinal* board vetoed it.

But W.S.A. was into serious politics at the time. The student government turned right around and voted $2000 of its own money to Fine's defense fund. And there wasn't a damn thing anybody could do about it except bitch and throw eggs at the W.S.A. officials who'd sponsored the resolution. A few right-wing state senators suggested subjecting W.S.A. funds to some kind of university control but—what the hell?—it was their cash, and the dean of students didn't have time to niggle over every little expenditure. *The Cardinal* applauded W.S.A.'s action.

W.S.A. controls an annual budget that is twice the size of the student body—two dollars for every student. In 1979, that fund totaled $75,000. Additional revenues come from a student insurance program. When the Statue of Liberty surfaced on Lake Mendota, *The Daily Cardinal* called for some kind of university control over W.S.A. funds. The more things change, the more they stay the same.

A law student took Leon to court, charging that Miss Liberty had been built with unapproved funds. But the case was thrown out. The law student had failed to submit his complaint to the student court first, which was comprised of three judges appointed by Pail & Shovel.

The Wisconsin Legislative Audit Bureau urged university officials to keep tighter rein on W.S.A.'s purse strings. Mallon immediately called for an audit of the Audit Bureau. "I've seen a lot of tanned state auditors running around the airport. Where they've been vacationing, I don't know. I want every penny accounted for.

"Why do they have to spend time on our piddling seventy-five thousand? We've saved money by cutting graft payments in half. And instead of paying for more telephones in the office, we hooked up six illegally." Mallon's candor began to win friends among the greater Madison community. Unlike some states, Wisconsin, with one of the heaviest industrial-tax burdens in the nation, looks with envy at such examples as California's Proposition 13. Frustrated by what they feel is typical government lack of responsiveness, many Wisconsinites have come to view Pail & Shovel's antics as an accurate parody of politics as usual.

Both Mallon and Varjian claim to have squirreled away millions in Swiss bank accounts. Actually, as president, Mallon draws $150 a month. As vice-president, Varjian gets $200, a salary he increased from $150. ("I do all the work. I cut the coke and line it up.") He also increased the W.S.A. share of the student insurance from $4 to $15. But he saved money, too. When he found out that W.S.A. employed a full-time secretary to keep track of its finances, he fired her. "She was making twelve thousand a year. That's one-sixth our entire budget!"

After receiving his B.A. in theater arts, Mallon carried one course for the 1979–1980 semester so he could qualify for W.S.A. office. Varjian also carried one credit (independent library research). They have repeatedly threatened to remain in office forever, which they are technically able to do, thanks to the "emergency war powers" act they rammed through the senate.

When the party assumed office, one of Pail & Shovel's first acts

was to pass a raft of "emergency" decrees. Mallon appointed his roommate, Stuart Baker, "Gen. Stu D. Baker Hawk," commander-in-chief of the armed forces and declared war on all the other Big Ten schools. The University of Missouri was first to respond. In late February, Mizzou dumped 500 pounds of cow shit on the Memorial Union steps. Surveying the damage, Varjian called the preemptive strike a victory for Pail & Shovel. "We told the University of Missouri student government that if they didn't send us something representative of their student body within twenty-four hours, we'd bombard their campus with thousands of white mice armed to the teeth. You see how they've responded."

Other schools submitted without a fight, giving into the overwhelming cultural gravity of Madison, the city that Varjian dubbed "Cheesetopia" during his unsuccessful aldermanic bid. (His motto: "He'll do to your city what he did to your W.S.A.") Purdue's students recently elected Dow, Jones and the Industrialists—little more than a Pail & Shovel puppet, Mallon asserts. And there are rumors of Banana Olympics and other Pail & Shovel–inspired feats at campuses around the country.

**Varjian has a long history of cam-**pus abuse. While at Montclair State University in New Jersey, he sponsored the Miss Montclair Steak Pageant 1972, a spoof of Montclair State's annual beauty pageant. In the Miss Steak event, contestants paraded in costumes of their own design, made of butcher paper. While at Montclair, Varjian also received a bachelor's degree in mathematics, a low point that remains an embarrassment to this day.

At Indiana University (where he studied for his master's degree), he sponsored the first Banana Olympics, wherein competitors searched for bananas in haystacks, threw bananas for distance, accuracy and impact, conducted banana races (propelled by the proboscis along a grassy field) and competed in a banana regatta (bananas sailed down a stream—they float). Prizes included the winner's choice of a year's supply of Chiquita or Del Monte brand.

Varjian tried work, but didn't like it. "Work is boring. *B-o-r-i-n-g.* I'd much rather be a student, sit around and get high and listen to rock 'n' roll all day. All students are interested in is the Big Three: sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll."

Accordingly, Pail & Shovel has provided the world's largest toga party, marijuana rallies and smoke-ins and a wind-powered rock concert that lost $11,000. They've also sponsored campus appearances by birth-control advocate Bill Baird, poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti and various writers, film makers, alternative-energy experts and artists. It's not all fun and games. Just mostly.

Aside from the Big Three, both Varjian and Mallon have repeatedly said that the one thing students want more than anything else is television exposure. Hence Pail & Shovel's own daily program, *The Vern and Evelyn Show*. Varjian and Mallon stormed Madison's public-access cable television with McLuhanesque vigor. Each show begins with two white mice (ostensibly the original Vern and Evelyn, although insiders claim that, like Lassie and Rin Tin Tin, there have been numerous stars over the months) scurrying around a small fortune in doll furniture, while two patently fake squeaky voices deliver a dialogue. The content is a mishmash of low- and middle-brow humor, leaning heavily on topical skits and gynecology jokes. Neither Varjian nor Mallon have much experience with a camera, and *The Vern and Evelyn Show* frequently resembles late-night Albanian television. There are dead spaces and long grating noises as microphones are dragged around the cramped studio. The camera often zeroes in on whoever's not speaking.

In one skit, "Pope's Potpourri," the Pope advises confessors to carry a pistol. "You tell that priest, 'Father, either you get me into heaven—no strings attached—or I'm a-gonna blow your head off.' *Pax vobiscum.*"

By the spring of 1980, Pail & Shovel had done it all. They'd brought the Statue of Liberty to Madison not once, but twice. When the first version was torched, either by a "concerned activist" or "an asshole," depending on whom you talk to, they built a new one, bigger and better than the original. It cost $6000. They'd put the campus on national television time and again. They'd covered Bascom Hill with thousands of tawdry pink flamingos. (Varjian: "We got 'em dirt cheap from a truck hijacker.") And they'd brought graft and corruption to student government. In two years, they'd gone through over $160,000 with the abandon of a drunken sailor on leave. They left W.S.A. in a shambles, its records destroyed or heavily adulterated with beer and catsup.

"There was nothing left to live for," Mallon recalls now. "I'd tasted all five International Coffee flavors and had seen every episode of *Happy Days* at least twice."

They held a press conference in front of a strangely garbed honor guard to announce that neither one of them would stand for reelection in the spring. "But," Mallon assured members of the media, "you guys will still get your checks in the mail every month, just like always. We're not done with Madison—not by a long shot. We have a Civic Center. Now let us have Cheesetopia."

Leon had first threatened Cheesetopia during his unsuccessful legislative bid. If elected, he promised to turn Madison into Cheesetopia. "After all, Wisconsin is the dairy capital of the nation. We could line the streets with cheese—put a statue of Elsie the Cow on top of the Capitol." He also promised four wheels of Swiss in every garage and a chunk of Limburger for every sink.

Madisonians who remember Jim and Leon from the Civic Center's opening night are terrified of Cheesetopia. The citizens feel about their Civic Center the way the Swiss feel about their Alps. The complex has been 127 years in the making. It's gone through countless debates and designs, including Frank Lloyd Wright's master plan for the Monona Basin. On opening night, Jim and Leon stood in front of the Oscar Mayer Theater, the Center's centerpiece and gift from Madison's foremost meat-packer. They had an enormous hot-dog cart, which effectively disrupted the flow of well-dressed concert goers.

"Hot dogs! Get your Oscar Mayer hot dogs, only ten bucks apiece! Eleven with mustard! See what you're paying for!" Cheesetopia loomed.

**Despite Jim and Leon's decision** to step down from W.S.A., Pail & Shovel's impact is going to be felt for some time. Campus interests and politics have been permanently damaged. Recent W.S.A. elections witnessed the birth of CRAP: Campus Reformation and Appeasement Party. Its motto: "How does Bucky (official badger mascot of U. of W.) spell relief? CRAP. We'll have fun, but we'll get things done!"

*Fun* includes "bringing Varjian and Mallon back to emcee at Toga III" and "suspending many Airwick solids from the Stock Pavilion ceiling." Some fun, eh? The *done* includes "allowing kegs back in the dorms." Student politicians now believe success is impossible without a hefty dose of Pail & Shovel–style lunacy, but the various programs currently being offered lack Pail & Shovel's inspiration. It appears likely, however, that W.S.A. will adopt clowning as a permanent part of its formerly sober platform.

What next? Varjian plans to breed white mice for food and to develop a cheese from their milk. Mallon is happy where he is—entrenched in the W.S.A. office. "I'm not leaving. I have a sleeping bag, enough canned rations to last me for months, hot-and-cold running coeds, and television."

The truth about Mallon is that underneath the greasepaint lies a serious student of theater arts. He will never become a workday zombie, but he will work at his craft. Varjian, however, is a congenital prankster. Many Madisonians believe that he will again seek office in the next aldermanic elections two years hence. Leon himself hasn't ruled out the possibility. "I am open to a draft. My window is open to a draft, also."

After Jim and Leon had made their decision not to run again, Dean of Students Paul Ginsberg had this observation: "Leon and Jim never deceived anyone. They always did exactly what they said they were going to do." ■

# You Can Lose Up To 5 Pounds In 5 Minutes– 5 Inches In 5 Hours!

## BEFORE WE CASH YOUR CHECK!

NO HUNGER!
NO PILLS!

with
## Second Skin–
**The Space Age Slenderizer That Starts Erasing Extra Pounds & Unsightly Inches *INSTANTLY!***

**Just fill out the coupon and postdate your check for 30 days from today! We'll hold your check or money order for 30 days, but we will send your *Second Skin* NOW! Try it. Use it. Watch inches disappear. If for any reason you are not delighted, send it back. We will return your check or money order UNCASHED! Thousands of happy customers make us bold enough to make this super guarantee!**

### Lose Pounds & Inches From Waist, Hips & Thighs, Now!

Yes, *Second Skin* will actually take off bloaty pounds and ugly inches from your entire body. All over the world people are using these same scientific principles to shed unwanted weight and excess flab, in just minutes. You've heard of those luxurious Turkish baths. You may have even spent some time in a super Scandinavian Sauna. Surely, most of us have tried the steam room at the local health club or YMCA. How did you feel after just a few minutes? You felt lighter, tighter, healthier, and more invigorated! Now, with *Second Skin,* the Space Age Slenderizer, you can actually lose up to 5 LBS. IN JUST 15 MINUTES...5 INCHES IN 5 HOURS!

### Here's How It Works

*Second Skin's* construction is so fine, it seals in the heat of your own body, creating a thermally insulated pocket of air that starts the heat working on all areas of your body IMMEDIATELY! Waist, hips, thighs, even arms...anywhere deposits of excess fluids add extra pounds and form those unsightly and embarrassing bulges and rolls. Use it regularly, as needed, to slim down and keep trimmer. *Second Skin* is designed for super-speed and super-results!

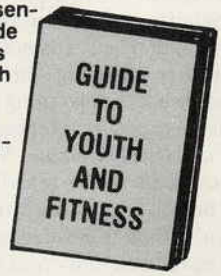
*Note: As with any weight loss product, follow directions and consult physician if you have any existing ailment.*

### Use It Anywhere

All these benefits can be yours because *Second Skin* is portable. You can carry it in your handbag, jacket pocket, briefcase...even your lunchbox! And you can wear it while jogging, doing housework, gardening, exercising or just lounging around. It's soft and washable, too. And you can LOSE INCHES WHILE YOU SLEEP! That's right–24 hour, night and day slenderizing action in the finest looking, softest feeling space age slimming suit ever designed! Why check into an expensive spa when you can slip into *Second Skin,* the Space Age Slenderizer for just pennies a day?

## FREE GIFT!

**We'll even include a sensational 64 page Guide To Youth And Fitness that you can take with your Second Skin anywhere! It's chock full of proven techniques for massaging and exercising your way to better looks, greater energy and feeling fit and trim.**




©1980 The New Body Boutique, Inc. 2105 Lakeland Ave., Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779

### Iron Clad Money Back Guarantee!

You Must Be Completely Satisfied Even After The First 15 Minutes of Use or Send Back Your *Second Skin* Within 30 Days. For An Immediate Refund in Full!

**The New Body Boutique, Inc. Dept.** SK-141 **2105 Lakeland Ave., Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779**

Sirs: I have enclosed my check or m.o. Please send me Second Skin, the Space Age Slenderizer plus my FREE Guide to Youth and Fitness which I may use for 30 days at no risk. If for any reason I am not satisfied, I'll return Second Skin for an immediate refund and keep my FREE Guide either way. (N.Y. residents add sales tax.)

Give us your waist size: Men_____ Women_____

☐ Check here if you want us to hold your check, m.o. uncashed for 30 days.

☐ Rush 1 suit at $12.99 plus $1.50 p. & h. ☐ (SAVE $3) Rush 2 suits at $23.99 plus $2 p. & h.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Code Sk1) *Canadian orders to: 280 Havelock St., Suite 202, Toronto M6H3B9. Add 25%.*

*(Continued from page 119)*

And I eventually put green garbage bags on the windows so that no sunlight would come in at all. Those parties were wild. Ronnie was definitely a skilled host. You'd open up one door, and all these naked girls were swinging around from the ceiling, and there were people on the floor. You'd close that door and open another, and there is some innocent schoolteacher who just happened to be at the gig that night with four guys all over her. You'd open the next door and someone could be reading a book. You never knew what to expect. We used to laugh about how I went to the "Ronnie Hawkins Rock-'n'-Roll School." When other girls were going to college and finishing school to learn how to cope with the world, I was learning that what everybody really wants is to get loose, be relaxed and have that uninhibited air.

**OUI:** Did your uninhibited air cause you once to be banned because of a movie?

**D'ANGELO:** I had a masturbation scene in the first movie I made, *The Sentinel*.

**OUI:** Was that a TV movie?

**D'ANGELO:** It was sold to TV, but it was made as a feature film. I did it in 1977.

**OUI:** Were you specifically banned, or was it the movie?

**D'ANGELO:** No, I was banned specifically.

**OUI:** Who banned you?

**D'ANGELO:** I'll tell you what happened. I played a psychopathic lesbian and, at the end of the film, I turned into a vampire and ate the brains out of Chris Sarandon's head. It was not a choice role. But I remember going to the director and saying, "Is this a good idea? I'm just gettin' into acting." And he gave me the whole "But my dear!" routine. I said, "Look, I'm eating the brains out of somebody's head." "But my dear, he's been nominated for an Academy Award." I said, "But look, on page 72, you have me as part of a lesbian couple. What do you think of that?" "But my dear, your other half has been nominated twice." I had just gotten to New York and I didn't know anything. So I said OK. I did it and went home. I mean, it was a two-week shoot, and I did this on the last day! I was upset about it. But I said I'd do it while not realizing what I was doing. And I didn't know anyone at the time who would share their acting experience with me, to advise me.

**OUI:** How real did you play the scene?

**D'ANGELO:** As real as possible. I mean, at that point, I just decided there had to be something in it for me. I think there are many actors who do basically the same thing in their performances. I just actually happened to masturbate for real. I did it, that's all. I cut through a lot of red tape.

**OUI:** I can see that.

**D'ANGELO:** But the thing is that at any given moment, you can be thinking a million thoughts and manifesting any one of them. As an actress, I just chose to manifest a sexual one. But I still get a lot of flak, even now.

## SMALL TALK

### I had a masturbation scene in the first movie I ever made. I was upset, but I played it as real as possible.

**OUI:** From professional people?

**D'ANGELO:** Oh, yes, of course!

**OUI:** But it hasn't affected your career. Look at all the things you're doing . . .

**D'ANGELO:** Well, now I believe in myself; so if I stop being offered scripts, it's not like I'll cease to exist. I existed before I got into films.

**OUI:** Are there ever times in your life when you feel you may be in over your head? About acting, I mean.

**D'ANGELO:** Well, after *Every Which Way but Loose*, I had a period of about seven months of not doing anything. That kind of shook me up because, up until that time, I'd always had something happening. I really went through a lot of self-definition. It was really necessary for me to just get serious and figure out what I was doing, because I was not happy. I didn't feel like just making conversation. So, I got into analysis. And then, when I started to center myself, things started to happen again. And I did *Coal Miner's Daughter*. I went to Cannes. I went to Rome. I went back to New York and a lot of love. I did a film with Richard Harris called *Highpoint*. And then I went to Hawaii but, finally, I came back to L.A. And that's where I am now—in this house in L.A.

**OUI:** Here you are in this house, and you have a successful and promising career. What do you do to get away from work and have fun?

**D'ANGELO:** Stand on my head.

**OUI:** Besides that.

**D'ANGELO:** Oh, raise my heart level to 150 beats for 15 minutes.

**OUI:** This must happen to you a lot: Does anyone see you in a film and want to . . . you know?

**D'ANGELO:** You mean letters?

**OUI:** The letters.

**D'ANGELO:** Well, there is this guy in Colorado who's 16 years old. He started writing me letters a couple of years ago.

**OUI:** What film did he see?

**D'ANGELO:** I think he originally saw me in *First Love*. But every time I did a film, he'd write. Once, he included his telephone number and I called him. I still get letters, and I talk to him every once in a while. He's growing up now. That's about the only thing that's a little strange. But I like the idea that someday I'll meet him, you know? The last letter he wrote to me said that he wanted to do, you know, *something*, but he couldn't because he had to go to school. He's real cute. As much as I have loved even the idea of older men . . . I mean, I could really . . .

**OUI:** Younger men, huh?

**D'ANGELO:** Oh, yeah. There is a lot that they don't know—in the best sense, you know? I mean, as you grow older, you gradually learn that you can't do things, right? But if you don't know what you can't do, you just keep doing it.

**OUI:** How young?

**D'ANGELO:** Oh, let's see . . .

**OUI:** Eight?

**D'ANGELO:** Prenatal. Nursing. I look for a good set of gums.

**OUI:** What about hobbies?

**D'ANGELO:** I don't have any hobbies. I like to sit perfectly still in a dark room. That's my idea of fun. Chained to a chair in a dark room with no windows, perfectly still.

**OUI:** That does it for you?

**D'ANGELO:** No. I'm just kidding. I don't know. I mean, the time when I felt the most alive, I was involved in an obsessive-compulsive love affair. Those are always good for the spirit. One of those all-out, do-or-die kinds of things.

**OUI:** Sounds like you've had a few of those along the way.

**D'ANGELO:** Not a few. I've had a couple of good ones. Well, I take that back. One supremo.

**OUI:** How long did it go on?

**D'ANGELO:** For three years. I mean, this was like transcontinental—call up the police and get the parents and friends involved. It knew no bounds, really. I did have one *odd* relationship, however. My attitude is that if you really love somebody, you should try to experience everything with them. But I knew that this guy and I were having big problems when I came home one night and found lipstick on a cigarette. I was satisfied with his answer that he was playing with my makeup and that's how it got there. That actually made sense to me.

**OUI:** Sounds, uh, bizarre to me.

**D'ANGELO:** No. Not exactly. I mean, doesn't every boy have something sexual happen to him when he's 15?

**OUI:** Yeah. I was raped in the Taft Hotel.

**D'ANGELO:** Were you really?

**OUI:** No.

**D'ANGELO:** But something like that?

**OUI:** Well, I wasn't really raped. There was this 16-year-old girl who was light-years ahead of me, and probably still is. I'll tell you all about it when you interview *me*.

**D'ANGELO:** OK. You know, Lenny Bruce once said something to this effect: The ideal woman for most men is a kindergarten teacher in the daytime and a hooker at night. It seems to be pretty much true. Men want you to be experienced, but they don't want to know how you got that way. When I enter into a relationship, I think of it as a special jewel, worth focusing on entirely. I give priorities to my emotions. If an emotional jet stream is passing by, I'll jump on it—and only jump off when I have to. ■

# no more low tar hot air!

Not after you've found the refreshing taste sensation only a KOOL can deliver. Extra Low 'Tar' KOOL SUPER LIGHTS goes way beyond ordinary low 'tars' that deliver little more than hot air! It's the coolest low 'tar' of them all! No need to look further...C'mon Up to Extra Low 'Tar' KOOL SUPER LIGHTS!

# the coolest taste around

# c'mon

©1980 B&W T Co.

# up!

Original KOOL  Low 'Tar' KOOL

## Long famous for coolness in smoking.

Super Lights Kings, 7 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

## *Adventures in Palm Wine Drinkery*

# MIMBO DEY*

## *By Dan Devine*

*Mimbo* means "booze" in West African pidgin. Usually—or at least in rural areas where ol' red eye hasn't suborned hisself a monopoly—it means palm wine. And it is *free*, mah fellow 'Mericans. Free sauce, if you can dig it. Comes out of a tree all ready for a party. Well . . . it's free to most people. Lazy white men have to pay token fees for lacking the gumption to climb a tree and get it, but it's still a deal.

Better deal than the gettin'-down wines I saw advertised on the ass end of a bus in Washington last trip home. Indeed! Man, me and the boys used to suck on that stuff out on the playground when we first started smoking real harsh dope and needed some blackberry to soothe the young throats.

I'm glad to see you all are getting back to basics in taste, though, and maybe you and me will meet one of these days 'round to the back door of that place down by the bus station and sweep up the joint for a taste of rosé. But, lissen, Cousin Jack, you really want to get down to it with the wine, you come on over to the jungle, heah? Drink us some palm wine.

The jungle is anyplace in Africa where palm trees grow, which usually means where Moslems don't grow. And it really isn't the hostile, seething place that the missionaries and journalists got it cracked up to be. Meat runs around in the bushes waiting to get eaten, and women run around planting weird condiments that taste pretty good with the meat, and kids grow up and get jobs in the city and send back transistor radios to the old man. So men can sit around in the considerable shade and drink all day. And all that sitting and discussing begets a certain depth of perception in worldly matters . . .

"If God likes Americans as much as their President says, how come He makes them pay so much for their mimbo?" (Who's He? Parens mine.)

Contrary to ages-old myths, niggers ain't all that stupid.

What they've created out there in the jungle is a nice peaceful existence in which every day is a holiday of sorts. And frequently—any excuse will do—there are special holidays. My first taste of palm wine was on a special holiday.

•

I was a Peace Corps volunteer—I know, I know, but Sam was calling me to Nam and, besides, I needed the bucks at the time. I guess I'd been out there saving humanity for a couple of months, when some of the guys my age woke me at the crack of dawn and hauled me off into the woods, chattering about good times today because it's a special holiday.

In a well-worn clearing some distance from remotest semblances of civilization sat most of the area's elders, red-eyed, ample-bellied and happy. They were honored by my presence, and would I partake?

First lesson in palm-wine drinkery: Don't ever drink with the elders on special holidays.

See, the day-to-day stuff, the table wine, gets drunk up fast and doesn't get a chance to age. But the old fuckers sneak a little bit each day and save it in a huge gourd for their special holidays. And the longer it sits, the more potent it gets and, um, the riper the bouquet, if you will. The shit is alive, man, and it bubbles and boils until it smells like your proverbial rotten eggs, only worse, and protocol demands that you guzzle three full number-ten cans to be polite and, well, I blew up a month's worth of organically grown foods and part of my stomach lining, and I took the world-famous oath: Never again.

•

It was some years later when I was an official technical assistant cruising around in my trusty Land Rover that I dared again.

During the famous beer-factory breakdown of '72, I think it was. The urban masses had drunk up even that red stuff that gets imported from Portugal in the holds of shrimp boats, and they'd taken to fermenting cassava in the kitchen. Out in the bush, there was slim choice in the matter: water or palm wine. And water, as anyone in the world other than an American knows, is intended mostly for fish to propagate in, and one tiny drop of the shit can kill you out there in the jungle. I'm fucking dying of thirst and raging at my chauffeur/companion/conscience, who calls himself Joe because he works for the Americans.

Joe's driving a thousand miles an hour over dirt roads, scattering kids, chickens, women and goats, and blowing that fucking horn and hollering out the window so's everybody knows that me and him are important fucking dudes and don't none of you forget and stand in the goddamned road on our way back. And the son of a bitch is watching every hut along the way, and having quite enough of my shit about the dust and the heat and my raving thirst. He spots what he's looking for and slams on the goddamned brakes, and I rack my knee on the dash and damn near mutate a few molecules through the windshield. He pays absolutely no attention to my very sincere threats on his life as he takes a hundred-franc piece out of my jacket pocket and struts on up to the porch of one of the huts.

He's pointing at the palm fronds stuck in

**Pidgin English. It literally means, "There is some palm wine." It connotes invitations to conviviality which, if such feelings are not reciprocal, can elicit the response "Mimbo no Dey," which really means, "Go across the street and drink with the hyenas, you asshole." It does lose something in translation.*

ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY MILLS

a used beer bottle and, with my feeble knowledge of the local language, I can hear some pretty imaginative commentary on the anatomy of the ancestors of the hut's residents. He comes back to the truck for another hundred francs, screaming about having to travel with a white man and pay double for a little taste . . .

I was desperately thirsty. The wine didn't look as gray as that of my holiday experience. It was a wholesome white and slightly effervescent, not boiling and, mostly, it looked wet. I dared.

Orchestras, infinite sunrises, choruses of birds. Memories of special Saturdays of childhood, when the bubbles of ginger ale and sweet life tickle one's nose. Dr. J. and Baryshnikov swinging on vines of poetry.

The stuff was *wunnerful*, nothing short. Fruity, sweet, mellow and cool from morning and shade. None of that awesome robust bouquet. An hour or so later, the proprietor of the hut has joined us—I'm paying for his wine, too, of course—and me and Joe are buddies again. The dusty haze is only a beneficent aura; the splashes of sunlight under the drinking tree, a planetarium of peace. I'm thinking seriously of settling down in these parts.

That there was top wine, "up" wine it's called in some circles. Fresh, it is the pure nectar of the good gods of happiness. The amateur is heartily counseled to start with this, the gold, before proceeding to further dereliction.

But then, it's not every day that you can get "up" wine. Somebody's got to climb the palm tree, pierce it near the fronds, let the wine drip into a gourd overnight, and then climb back up to harvest it. Entirely too much work. Most of the time you get "knock-down" wine, your basic *vin ordinaire* of the jungle. Somebody just goes out and knocks down the whole goddamned tree—the things grow like weeds in most places—and the good women stand ready with gourds or clay pots or agro-chemical tins, and when the stuff gushes out of the knocked-down trunk, they can haul away enough wine to waste the entire population of a three-square-mile area.

Knock-down doesn't have the same sweet effervescence of up wine. It's more of a hearty peasant wine, and it usually has all kinds of crud floating in it—ants, bark, assorted animal and vegetable matter and bee carcasses, the end result of fantastic little kamikaze stunts that go on over the gourd. Some snobs filter it through T-shirts or even their teeth, but real aficionados know that said crud is protein and vitamins, which sustain one through prolonged binges and can probably waylay eventual organ insufficiencies.

There are all kinds of palm wines, varying, like other wines, with botanical, geographical and climatic differences. And, of course, there's an entire vocabulary of palm winery, but in the case of palm wine, the behavioral effect of each is much more significant than that other bullshit. Up wine, for example, is "good for your eyes." No particular reason is given, but I do admit to having seen Julius Erving swinging by. Mushrooms at the base of the fronds?

## MIMBO DEY

**The wine was a wholesome white, slightly effervescent, not boiling, and it looked wet. I dared.**

And knock-down makes your sex organ sore. But then, that's easy to explain, seeing's how the day after a knock-down festival, all maidens wake up pregnant, and postpubescent males are supposed to awake feeling exhausted and fatherly. If they're not sore, they have to go around to the neighbors and apologize for passing out and ignoring their daughters.

The aged stuff—not meant for women, young 'uns or white men—is supposed to make you wise. But linguists note that in many languages, the word for wise is similar to the words for comatose, catatonic, petit-mal seizure, stupor and advanced sickle-cell anemia. "Sum-sum" is called the wise man's wine, perhaps from the Latin *summa* (Jesus!), but it means either "exceedingly pleasurable" or "the end."

Also—Madison Avenue would love this one—there's a wine named after the headache. "M'boo," it's called. Means "headache," pure and simple. People who drink this stuff have made a serious commitment to a miserable life of early-morning pain. They have enormous social prestige as being adventurous, independent and slightly crazy, but then "crazy" can be a somewhat complimentary attribute of those who strive for perfection in an otherwise mundane existence.

M'boo is wicked, sneaky stuff that comes from a very different type of palm tree that grows in the highlands up above the jungle floor. It's not quite as hard-core as the aged Sum-sum, but it is still wonderfully brain-damaging, kind of like the hunnert-proof moonshine of Africa. Makes you feel good like it should be illegal, which it is, but jungle governments are very realistic about the enormous potential for revolutionary bedlam. And M'boo drinkers have a predisposition to bedlam after three P.M.

On top of it all, M'boo makes you fart a lot, and thus a victim of social ostracism. And it makes you wake up in strange places with strange women next to you—by definition, other M'boo drinkers—and waking carries with it the great granddaddy of all headaches. Only known remedy: a bit of the proverbial dog. Thus, nasty dispositions in the morning to counter the enormous sociability of early-evening bedlam.

Think about it before you taste M'boo. Could lead to some agonizing reappraisals of the meaning of life.

Then there's "Raffia." Raffia is the snob's drink, because you pretty much always have to pay for it. It comes from a scruffy little shrub that looks like a palm tree hopelessly trying to happen. Stunted as it is by clean mountain air, it produces only a few cupfuls per day, and thus a cult: Raffia harvesters are a macho bunch who carry two-bladed knives—one to bleed the base of the fronds, and the other to cut the scrotum off'n anyone they catch messing with their ugly bush. And the Raffia drinkers are the African equivalent of your leather-chair, tweed-jacketed assholes in men's clubs everywhere.

They're all "retired," you know, even if they've hardly reached an age to have participated in any work or war known to man. They carry leather change purses, from which they produce the enormous sum of 20 cents for each liter in special Raffia drinking houses, and they always buy in five-liter lots to impress one another with their generosity and means. They also drink out of special vessels—it's not unlike the pewter protocol elsewhere—carved horns, scraped to translucence around the carvings and seasoned with foul-smelling oils. The preferred horn is that of a bush cow, an extremely ugly, hoofed beast whose only redeeming quality is that it is rare—mostly because it is the stupidest creature walking and has, therefore, blundered through the years into near extinction.

Raffia drinkers are assholes. And speaking of which, the known and touted behavioral effect of Raffia wine is that it "cleans de belly"—meaning that after a couple of hornfuls you shit your brains out, a prized experience for some reason.

If you get to liking Raffia, me and you ain't speaking. But I suggest that you get back home and have a long talk with someone about mamma and the potty—and maybe about this men's-club thing you got and this slightly British accent you've developed lately . . .

Ah, shit . . . taste all of them. And once you've run the gamut and feel that you're really ready for the ultimate Bowery experience, start practicing the word *HA!!* The exclamation points are absolutely essential—get the aspiration going, practice cooling down the old pharyngeal ganglia because they are going to hurt. HA!!—that's what it's called—the reason being very simply that that's what you have to say while it's tearing apart your esophagus on the way down to "de belly." Once it reaches the belly, it's called "Splo," because that's what it does down there—it 'splodes. But then you can't walk into a place and order Splo.

Now HA!! is definitely *not* good for your eyes. And it is illegal throughout the world. Just like hillbillies everywhere, our jungle friends have known about distillation for a long time, and their governments, like all

*"I never made reservations—I thought you did."*

governments, know all about hillbillies and distillation and feeling good, so they make it illegal. But that doesn't stop one or two enterprising sociopaths in each village from putting a flame under a jug or two to see what happens to the neighborhood. The result is predictable in all cases: bedlam, havoc, chaos, rape, murder and the usual deterioration of societal norms of behavior. And, of course, the commercial boom: fast vehicles for transport, clandestine rendezvous, bribery, under-the-counter income, shootings of government officials and wicked, mean Sundays in normally peaceful villages.

If you are ever cruising the jungle on a Sunday and you drive through a village where people are lined up on either side of the road throwing insults, coconuts and spears at each other, you have just experienced a HA!! festival. But don't stop, for chrissakes. All that shit about conscious cannibalism in Africa is fairy tale, but you do get hungry when you drink HA!! and, in an addled state, one could conceivably mistake a honky for a gazelle, and gazelles make fine stew of a Sunday afternoon.

Distilled palm wine, or African gin, is sold only in the lowliest shop in town—that one with the bodies stacked up outside sleeping and twitching in aggressive-dream frustration. If you dare taste it, make sure that nails weren't added to the mash, that

## MIMBO DEY

**There are no movies or bowling alleys in the jungle, so diversions are mostly in the form of social uproar.**

they haven't cut the stuff with petrochemicals of some sort and that you have a car and a friend handy to stem the inevitable upsurge of pent-up humanity within you.

•

A word or two about palm-wine protocol . . .

First of all, the most difficult thing for outsiders to understand is that public drunkenness is not only tolerated, but admired, encouraged and even respected. Nobody drinks palm wine like a cocktail after work to loosen the neck muscles. You drink to get o-fucking-bliterated, and as publicly as possible. There are no movies or bowling alleys in the jungle, and so diversions are mostly in the form of social uproar. Making a scene, any kind of scene, is what it's all about. Tell some stories—real raunchy ones—argue, fight, dance on the table, wear funny hats, throw shit—any goddamned thing to entertain. Spectators and participants enjoy it equally. Don't worry about it.

If you happen to be in a town, as opposed to a village, there will be cops around. The neighbors won't call them, but they'll come anyway, because they like a little stimulation, too, and because, like cops everyplace, they'll go anyplace for a free drunk. If you want to mouth off at them while they're threatening people as a matter of professional form, go right ahead. If you get your face busted with a gun butt, everybody will respect you more in the morning. Nothing will come of it. The neighbors will buy off the motherfuckers with free sauce and a maiden or two, and everything will work out so that you're not deported.

Secondly, you have to understand and respect ancestors. A lot of drinking protocol is designed to please the forefathers. The ancestors bless and protect certain trees and make them yield abundantly, and they make the harvests good, and they are in charge of overseeing the vibes, even at minor parties. So you got to treat them right or the party will flop.

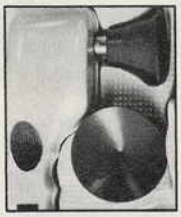
Ancestors, like descendants, are happiest when they're drunk. And the old bastards wouldn't dare use death as an excuse to avoid the party. So you got to get into honoring their presence. They get the first tappings out of the tree and the first swig out of every bottle or number-ten can. Just splash

**NICOLE**
Tightly fitting camisole top and g-string panty are beautifully made of white eyelet 100% cotton. Camisole is designed to round each breast perfectly and ties at the cleavage with a soft satin bow. Sizes: S-M-L-XL. $14.95.

**FREE TRIAL OFFER!**
You may try any or all of these items in your own home at our risk! When you order from Adam & Eve, you may take 10 days after your order arrives to be absolutely sure you are satisfied. If not you may return any unsatisfactory items for replacement or full refund, no questions asked.

**SEXUAL POSITIONS**
Would you believe 12 variations of the Missionary Position alone? This incredible turn-on of a book is just bursting with the most imaginative sexual positions ever, with new photographs never before published anywhere! 224 action packed pages in color and black and white — plus a special feature, flip-corner "movies" of a couple in action. Treat you and your lover to an unforgettable experience! "New Sale Price" $7.95. Your money refunded in full if you are not completely satisfied.

**FREE GIFT!!** Free with any order from this ad, the all-new Illustrated Kama Sutra! Dozens of NEW photos plus exciting text . . . a $4.99 value yours free if you order right away!



# VIBRA-MASSAGE!!

Wake up your body to the stimulating action of Vibra-Massage . . . deep penetrating vibrations soothe and satisfy! Five interchangeable attachments make Vibra-Massage the most complete electric Vibra-Massage system available anywhere! Each unit guaranteed to last a lifetime. Enjoy a sensuous new experience! Complete Vibra-Massage set: $24.95. Money-back guarantee.

**FIFTEEN FEMALE FANTASIES**
Fifteen Fantasies are just the beginning of this extraordinary erotic volume in which dozens of women write Gina Kirkendall their innermost sexual desires and fantasy secrets. That's just the warmup! Next come fantasy pictorials of "Wish You Were Here," and then fifteen more detailed female fantasies. Just $5.95.

**THE JOYS OF ORAL LOVE**
Discover the many ways of giving pleasure by using the mouth to express love. Explore openly and freely with your partner. There is no limit to the joy and beauty possible in human sexual relations. Dialogues, techniques and explicit lith photos show you *new* techniques for oral love. Over 200 pages. Just $6.95 with money-back guarantee.

**AMIE**
Temptingly feminine, this cool cotton pinafore-styled baby doll features a delicately scalloped eyelet bodice, a lavish eyelet ruffle all around the hem, and lace beading ties at each side. Matching g-string panties. Made of a crisp cotton/poly blend. Machine washable. Sizes: P-S-M-L. $14.99.

**SCANTY PANTY**
A teeny bikini with lace trim and satin ties. One size fits all. Just $5.95.

Adam & Eve
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON ALL ITEMS
Box 900, Dept. OU-12, Carrboro, NC 27510

Please send me the items I have checked below:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ☐ #627W Nicole | $14.95 | ☐ #664W Amie | $14.99 |
| ☐ #657V Vibra-Massage | $24.95 | ☐ #933B 15 Female Fantasies | $ 5.95 |
| ☐ #901B Sexual Positions | $ 7.95 | ☐ #663B Joys of Oral Love | $ 6.95 |
| | | ☐ #685W Scanty Panty | $ 5.95 |

SAVE WITH COMBINATION OFFERS!

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ☐ #695V Vibra-Massage & Sexual Positions | | $29.75 |
| ☐ #628W Nicole & Scanty Panty | Size | $17.95 |
| ☐ #607W Amie & Scanty Panty | Size | $17.95 |
| ☐ #856B 15 Female Fantasies, Joys of Oral Love, Sexual Positions | | $19.99 |
| ☐ #831B ALL SEVEN PRODUCTS | | $69.95 |

Name
Address
City State Zip

OVER 600,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

a little of the scum hanging around the top of the can on the ground—I doubt they take it seriously, but the gesture is important. And, in some places, if you really want to make a hit, buy a whole liter and dump it down one of those plastic hoses you see sticking out of the ground. There's a favorite grandparent buried down there, and the hose goes to the remains of his jawbone and, shit, what's 20 cents for keeping the old boy happy and the party rolling?

Thirdly, don't let the peace and beauty of the jungle lull you into romantic conceptions of human nature like it did to Turnbull. There is a bit of unpleasantness amidst all that conviviality—jealousy, envy, hatred, competition and just sheer redneck orneriness. Palm-wine bouts are meant to relieve the tension of the day-to-day, but some unscrupulous souls will use even the sacred sauce as a means of retribution for imagined faults. Thus, a custom that the host always drinks first. Observe this strictly, because if the profferer is not trying to poison you, he may be trying to get you shitfaced while he soberly bamboozles you out of your shirt, a couple bucks, your new Bic felt writer, your car, your wife—whatever you get happy enough to offer in small thanks for a marvelous high.

Also, you got to be ready to talk. Sullen drunks are not taken lightly. They are seen as scheming, devil-possessed agents of bad times, and not, as they usually prefer to be seen, as victims of a bad marriage, a shitty job and a fucked-up society with no respect for real human worth. The word and the eye are very important in the jungle. The word, any old word, holds society together; the eye, especially the bleary, wordless eye of WASPish foreigners, is considered detrimental to harmony.

Some words, of course, will result in war, but then war is an honored and age-old tradition in Africa, and everyone wakes up feeling much better after a good war.

And finally, expressions of appreciation are welcome. Not just polite thank-yous and 'twas mahvelous kind of shit—express yourself! Belch, fart, power-piss the bark off a nearby tree, puke your brains out, go comatose for a while—you know, all the usual drinking etiquette that is frowned on as anti-American, unless you happen to be a member of Congress.

•

Almost forgot—yuk-yuk—there's an old practical joke you can play on some honky sometime. Get a gallon jug with a good screw-on top and fill it with fresh palm wine and close it up real tight, see, and give it to that asshole who thinks he so get-down cool and tell him to put it in the office fridge for special visitors who "understand" . . . and, haw, the goddamned bottle *and* the fridge will blow up within six hours and spray sulphur smell from Three Mile Island to Fernando Póo! Stuff's alive, man. ■


Turn yourselves on with these...

# EROTIC BESTSELLERS!

New releases, Unexpurgated, Not one word cut!

If you're the kind of person who likes to mark the sexy parts of a book, you'll have to turn the corner of every page of these sex-packed action Bestsellers! All new from the biggest publisher of erotica in America, these Beeline Double Novels are X-Rated action at its best. What's more, because you get **two full novels** in every book, you're getting a $5.00 value for just $2.95!

If these books don't turn you both on to trying something new and different, you'd better have your pulse taken!

JUST RELEASED—Beeline Double Novels

CODE **009**

CODE **017**

CODE **025**

CODE **032**

CODE **041**

CODE **951**

CODE **969**

CODE **977**

CODE **985**

CODE **993**

**EACH DOUBLE NOVEL**
**A $5.00 VALUE**
**FOR ONLY $2.95 EACH**
(plus 50¢ postage & handling)
**SAVE MONEY!**
ORDER ALL 10 TITLES
FOR JUST $19.95
(plus $2.00 postage & handling)
**A $12.55 SAVINGS!**

**Valentine Products, Inc.** Dept. EN144
P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022
I have enclosed my check or money order for $_____ and circled my selections below. If these Erotic Bestsellers aren't everything you say they are I may return them in 14 days for a prompt refund. No questions asked! **CIRCLE YOUR CHOICES.**

CODE 009 CODE 017 CODE 025 CODE 032 CODE 041
CODE 951 CODE 969 CODE 977 CODE 985 CODE 993

I want to order all 10 titles for just $19.95 plus $2.00 for postage & handling CODE 058

**NAME** _____

**SIGNATURE** _____
(I am over 18 years of age. Please sign as on credit card.)

**ADDRESS** _____

**CITY** _____ **STATE** _____ **ZIP** _____

CHARGE MY ☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA Exp. Date Mo.___ Yr.___

Acct. No. _____ Interbank No. _____

Canadian residents send order to Valentine Products, Inc., P.O. Box 4077, Station "A" Toronto M5W2A6

**FREE GIFT!** IF YOU ORDER NOW, WE'LL INCLUDE, ABSOLUTELY FREE, A FULL-COLOR CATALOG OF THE LATEST AND MOST UNUSUAL SEXUAL AIDS YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

**Exotic European boudoir fashions...**

Sleep-wear from top European designers. Just recently made available in North America–be first to take advantage of this unique collection. Two full-color catalogs for only $2–yours **FREE** when deducted from first order.

**NIGHTCLUB** DEPT. OU-12
In the U.S.A.: Box 1446, Blaine, Washington 98230
In Canada: Box 91190, West Vancouver, B.C. V7V 3N6

**FOR SALE** All Back Issues of **PLAYBOY**
**All issues — from no. 1 (1953) to present issue**
**For the collectors of Playboy who are missing issues, and who want to fill the gap in their collection.**

We also have back issues of — Oui, Penthouse, etc... and listed along with back issues of Playboys.

We also buy back issues of Playboy, Penthouse, etc... Must be in excellent condition. Send list of what you have.

Send $1.00 (U.S. Money) for complete catalog
$1.00 refundable on first order
**CLINT'S BOOK STORE**
*(Over* **12 Years** *in Service)*
3943-B Main, Kansas City, Missouri 64111

**Erotic Richard Corben Portfolio**
**Scenes from the Magic Planet**
**A limited edition of 1,500**
**Printed for International Release**
**All signed and numbered**
Portfolio has 8 duotone black and white plates depicting erotic scenes from the artist's imagination. The plates are encased in a hand-bound black jacket with **14K gold embossed lettering** with a full color plate hand-tipped onto the front of the jacket. All this for only **$35.00 postpaid**. Order this Richard Corben portfolio today direct from this ad.
***You must be 18 to purchase this portfolio, and age must be stated when ordering.***
**CLINT'S BOOK STORE**
3943-B Main, Kansas City, Missouri 64111

# FRIDAYS

*(Continued from page 106)*
sophical teachings of Immanuel Kant.

This time, however, I came across John in—what else?—the makeup room, being cosmetically transformed into a crazed Jack *The Shining* Nicholson for dress rehearsal. I had discovered that John once studied to be a priest, a fact which only serves to heighten the mystery behind this conspicuously sober-looking character.

**OUI:** You originally wanted to be a priest. What twist of fate led you here?

**ROARKE:** Well, I smuggled a stag film into the seminary, and they couldn't tolerate that. It was a *Catholic* stag film, so I don't understand why they were so upset. It was called *Gay Monks in Bondage*. Actually, I was in a college seminary, which was just like any other college. We had curfews which, in our case, meant that all statues of female saints had to be out of our rooms by midnight.

**OUI:** Uh-huh.

**ROARKE:** We had great food. Wafer tetrazini. I ordered it every day in the cafeteria.

**OUI:** Did you meet many unique people there?

**ROARKE:** Oh yeah, it was a great experience. But we had a convent full of nuns next door, and after I sponsored a Wet Habit Contest, they finally threw me out. This is all true, by the way.

**OUI:** So why do I feel like your straight man? C'mon, John, did you do impersonations when you were studying for the priesthood?

**ROARKE:** No, I was very serious. I studied philosophy for two years. I was a Stoic. I slept on a mat, and I ate one small tomato every day. I studied Kant and Barbara Billingsley and all these great authors. Actually, I used to eat Hugh Beaumont every day, then have a tomato.

**OUI:** So how did you make the move to comedy? I mean, that *is* a rather radical departure from studying for the priesthood.

**ROARKE:** Do you mean psychologically?

**OUI:** Sure, what the hell.

**ROARKE:** Well, that's a heavy story. I lost my mother when I was five years old, and I guess I'm just looking for love—ya know, the love I never got. Yuk, yuk, yuk.

**OUI:** Let's try this. When did you first realize you could be an entertainer?

**ROARKE:** I used to do magic when I was a kid. That's why I entered the priesthood. I figured that priests are real magicians, or medicine men who purport to have a direct line to God. And there's a great tie between magic, the priesthood and being a comedian, because all philosophies attempt to put a mirror up in front of our society.

**OUI:** Yeah. Was it a traumatic period for you when you became disillusioned with the priesthood?

**ROARKE:** [yelling] Fuck no!

**OUI:** Then what made you forsake it?

**ROARKE:** Drugs, mostly. Yuk, yuk.

**OUI:** Was your ability to do impersonations a natural gift?

**ROARKE:** Yeah. I never had to work very hard at it. I have an ear. I have the ability to work up just about anybody in a week.

**OUI:** You're heavily made up when you do your impersonations. Do you think you could be as convincing without it?

**ROARKE:** Yeah. In fact, it's funnier without all the makeup. It's a lot more of a trip to see the other person do somebody, when they have all the moves and inflections down. It leaves a lot more to the imagination. It's like if you see a girl naked, ya know, big deal. But put her in a bikini and—wow! The response I get most often is from people who've seen me do a lot of characters, but they don't realize it's me doing all of them, because I'm in makeup all the time. "So you're the guy who did that, and that, and that *and* that? No shit!" It's a little frustrating.

**OUI:** Have you mentioned this to the producers?

**ROARKE:** Yes, but I don't want to discuss that in this interview, because it's still in litigation.

**OUI:** Are you happy with your own success, thus far?

**ROARKE:** No. Soon as you say that, you're through. I've made it up the first step of the ladder, but my ultimate goal is to be in the aluminum-siding business.

•

Apparently, being serious was a bit too much for Roarke to take, since he suddenly rushed off to position himself for dress rehearsal. All of the performers had told me that the dress rehearsals (in front of a live audience) are where the skits are really tested. Unfortunately, many great skits (in my opinion) have bombed in dress rehearsal and never made it on the tube.

On this particular afternoon, one such skit was cut. It featured John Roarke and Brandis Kemp, the troupe's fiery, redheaded weirdess. She's been cast in a number of strange-female roles, such as her portrayal of the ghoulish, gum-chomping waitress in "Diner of the Living Dead," who reads items off the menu like waitresses would in any authentic Transylvanian truckstop: "We got your brains, we got your eyeballs, we got your feet . . ." Or Debbie Slash, a freaked-out, over-the-edge rocker who is so far into drugs that she doesn't realize the Sixties are over. Or Rachel, the Bible freak with the inverted brainstem?

Although one of *Fridays'* native Californians, Brandis hasn't spent a lot of time there since she graduated from Stanford University. She performed in theatrical repertory companies in New York and in the play *Bullshot Crummond* out West before bringing her mad touch to *Fridays*.

I literally stumbled into Brandis in one of the rehearsal halls. She was working on something—I haven't figured out what—that called for her to be slumped over, carrying an assortment of strange items. She didn't have the actual props, so she was practicing with a bunch of folding tables and chairs, which she smashed and clanged about over her back and around her head like one of the Katzenjammer Kids, occasionally finding herself sprawled on the floor amidst a heap of rattling metal.

I tried to help her, but before I knew it, we were both rolling on the floor, which seemed like an appropriate time to strike up a conversation.

**OUI:** Isn't it difficult rehearsing all week without an audience, wondering if something will get a laugh and not finding out until the day you go on the air in front of millions of people?

**KEMP:** Oh God, please let them laugh—that's what I'm usually thinking. When you deliver a line, expecting some reaction, and there's just dead silence, that's when you want to die. We did one sketch, which got killed after dress rehearsal, in which I was wearing a fish around my neck. You know, a *live* fish. All during the week, I had to rehearse with this fish, because I had to have this sensation of having this 12-pound fish hanging between my breasts, you know, like a gold chain with a fish on it, the new *in* thing to wear. All week long, I had this fresh fish flopping around, and it was very funny. But when it came time to tape on Friday, the propman had been worried that the fish was going to die and disintegrate and start to smell, so he put it in the freezer. So that day, instead of a wiggling fish, I had a *frozen fish between my breasts*. Well, I'll tell you, that was the straaangest feeling.

**OUI:** You play some weird people . . .

**KEMP:** Yes, I like the comedy extremes. I like oddities—you know, people who are a little bit st-ar-aaange. Melanie and Maryedith, particularly on the news, play straight characters every week. It's very hard for me to be straight.

**OUI:** Weren't you in a sketch about the two whores who came to a house where all the guys are playing poker, and you're acting real straight, with price lists, like Avon ladies?

**KEMP:** Yeah. I take it back. [shouting into the tape recorder] I *can* play straight! If I'm cast in a straight role, I play it *straight*.

**OUI:** Do you think there is anything unique about a West Coast sense of humor?

**KEMP:** No. The biggest difference between California and New York is the way people cross the street. In New York, you run for your life. Out here, you don't even bother to look. People just wander off the curb, with cars screeching around them, but nobody seems to get hit.

**OUI:** Is New York where you developed your taste for the bizarre?

**KEMP:** Yeah. I had a lot of strange friends. I guess I like people who are real eccentric,


LYNCHBURG
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE
45 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352

JACK DANIEL'S
FIELD TESTER CAP

This is a comfortable sportsman's billed cap. Black mesh (air cooled) and adjustable to any size head, with an official "Jack Daniel's Field Tester" patch on the front. Guaranteed to shade your eyes and start a lot of conversations. My **$5.25** price includes postage and handling.

**Send check, money order, or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.**

(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax.) For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send $1.00 to above address.



**NOT NICE T-SHIRTS!**

1. PARDON ME, BUT... YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A SHIT.

2. "I USED TO BE DISGUSTED. NOW I'M JUST AMUSED." 3. "Life is like a shit sandwich. The more bread you have the less shit you have to eat." 4. "We'll get along fine as soon as you realize I'm God." 5. "I don't know. I don't care. And it doesn't make any difference." 6. "Those of you who think you know everything are very annoying to those of us who do." 7. "HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY" with (Un)Smiling Face 8. "It's not that you and I are so clever, but that the others are such fools." 9. "When choosing between two evils I always like to try the one I've never tried before." 10. "QUESTION AUTHORITY" 11. "Don't ask me no questions. I just might tell you the truth." 12. "IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS" 13. "Just because you're PARANOID doesn't mean everyone isn't out to get you." 14. "SO?" 15. "Sounds Like BULLSHIT To Me" 16. "If you can't dazzle 'em with brilliance, baffle 'em with bullshit." 17. "I'm not cynical. Just experienced." Silk screened blue on tan or white on black. First quality 100% cotton Hanes t-shirts. S,M,L,XL

**MONEYBACK GUARANTEE**
**DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED**

IMAGE DESIGNS, Dept. W12
2054 East 115th Street
Cleveland, Ohio 44106

(Use another sheet of paper to list more shirts)
YES! Rush me these t-shirts:

| NO. | SIZE | COLOR | QUANTITY |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |

1 doz. or more just $5 ea. postpaid.

I am ordering ___ t-shirts @ $5.95 ea. = $ ___
postage & handling = $ ___
OH res. add 5½% sales tax = $ ___
TOTAL ENCLOSED = $ ___

NAME ___
ADDRESS ___
CITY ___ STATE ___ ZIP ___
U.S. FUNDS ONLY NO COD's



# Sexual Aids:

**How to order them without embarrassment.**
**How to use them without disappointment.**

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be used for additional mailings or solicitations. Nor will it be sold or given to any other company. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction–or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. O-12
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase.

Name ___
Address ___
City ___
State ___ Zip ___

Our catalogue and products are sent only to adults over the age of 21. Your age and signature are needed below.

I am ___ years old.
Signed ___

Xandria, 1245 16th Street, San Francisco
Void where prohibited by law.

people who don't fit in. My best friend in grammar school, in the fourth grade, was about four-foot-three, but she weighed 300 pounds. She was really great. She had very tiny feet, so whenever she walked, she would fall over. I just loved her.

**OUI:** Is that when you started acting?

**KEMP:** I started as a baton twirler when I was seven. I loved it so much that I lost my job after two parades. It was so wonderful being out there in the street with people lined up watching you that I'd start smiling and waving and would forget the routine. Like I'm doing now.

**OUI:** Sorry. I'll let you get back to, uh, whatever it was you were doing.

•

My next cast encounter was with Mark Blankfield, the company's leading pratfaller. I found him in a rehearsal hall putting the finishing touches on a skit that called for him to have a dramatic heart attack—a move he executed repeatedly, each time with floor-thumping dexterity and a fresh comic twist. Blankfield's moves range from gentle harlequinesque poses to rough-and-tumble burlesque, and his face is equally malleable, contorting from clever little boy to mad visionary scientist. In addition to his now almost-classic monster, Ken, one of his recurring characters on *Fridays* is the self-righteous Pastor Babbet, a man guilty of all he rails against—from prostitution to drug abuse.

Producers Moffitt and Lee discovered Blankfield when he was performing in *Bullshot Crummond*. Before *Crummond*, he performed off-Broadway and studied at

## FRIDAYS

**Blankfield: "Your tongue is a muscle, you know. Work it and it conforms to your wishes."**

Juilliard and at the University of Texas (his home state).

Before launching into a serious discussion of Blankfield's work on *Fridays*, I felt it was important to pose the one question that is undoubtedly foremost in the minds of late-night-comedy fans throughout America . . .

**OUI:** Is it true that everybody in repertory comedy groups sleeps with everybody else?

**BLANKFIELD:** Yep.

**OUI:** At the same time?

**BLANKFIELD:** No . . . we're not *animals*. We do it in a more civilized fashion. We take numbers.

**OUI:** Do comic actors ever like to do it while in character?

**BLANKFIELD:** No, you do it *for* characters. You do it, then you get the part. The casting couch is alive and well in Hollywood.

**OUI:** Have you ever put on your Ken-the-hunchback outfit at home, just to liven things up?

**BLANKFIELD:** No. This may seem strange to you, but I don't wear makeup or put on costumes when I'm home. When I work on Ken at home, I do have to wear certain shoes. Earth Shoes. They're 50 percent responsible for the look of Ken.

**OUI:** Did you play monsters before you came to *Fridays*?

**BLANKFIELD:** Yeah, working with crossed eyes has always been a big thing for me because it's very personal. It always caused me to have a chip on my shoulder. Then it got me out of the draft, and that caused me to reevaluate this, uh, handicap.

**OUI:** Wait a minute . . . you mean you really have crossed eyes?

**BLANKFIELD:** Yeah, they go like that sometimes [strikes cross-eyed pose]. It's not skill—it's a God-given talent.

**OUI:** So you used it to get out of the draft?

**BLANKFIELD:** Well, no, I didn't use it. It just got me out of the draft. They said, "We aren't going to give this guy a gun."

**OUI:** Aside from Ken and Pastor Babbet, what other weird roles have you played?

**BLANKFIELD:** The Brotherhood of Men Who Hum between Words.

**OUI:** Oh, the one where you were the head of the order—the head hummer, so to speak? Did you have to practice a lot, well, to talk hmmm like hmmm that hmmm as hmmm fast hmmm as hmmm you hmmm did . . . hmmm?

**BLANKFIELD:** Hmmm, yes, hmmm. I took a lot of vocal lessons in college and at Juilliard. Tongue twisters, ya know. So it did pay off. I still practice with red-leather-yellow-leather-red-leather-yellow-leather, real fast as a warm-up.

**OUI:** Red-leather-yellow-leather-red-lehencoxiofepjotoskdzs.

**BLANKFIELD:** Your tongue is a muscle, you know. Work it and it conforms to your wishes.

Suddenly, Blankfield had to rush back into action at the center of the rehearsal hall. He was needed to do a few more heart attacks. "Thanks, Mark," I said. "And break a leg."

•

Bruce Mahler's appearance is deceiving. He looks like the intellectual of the *Fridays* bunch. Yet, beneath those grad-student looks and that straight-faced delivery, there beats the heart of a certified *wacko*.

An accomplished classic pianist, Mahler invariably finds his way to a piano during spare moments in the various ABC rehearsal halls and studios, where he'll dash off an aria with his pet parrakeet and *Fridays*' mascot, Johannes, dancing along above the keys. On the show, Bruce plays Rabbi Kimmelman of Matzoi (along with Larry David), destroying ridiculous quantities of matzoh with their Hasidic version of *Kung Fu*. His portrayal of a crusty, swaggering, foul-mouthed pirate who rails at censors and producers was one of the most delightfully dangerous pieces of live television in recent memory, and Mahler will no doubt be back to rail again.

It wasn't until after dress rehearsal that I had a chance to chat with Bruce. Johannes,

*"No, Mother, but then, you know Gerald . . . he's probably out somewhere road-testing his vasectomy."*

his inseparable and ever-faithful companion, was dancing and singing to himself in front of the large vanity mirror.

**OUI:** Have you always wanted to be in show business?

**MAHLER:** No. I started out wanting to be a doctor, but I fell in love with a soprano when I was in college, and she convinced me to change my major to music. I figured I'd be a concert pianist in a couple of months, but it didn't work.

**OUI:** So how did you wind up in comedy?

**MAHLER:** I fell into this by degrees. I went through a New York–actor phase, knocking on doors, sending out pictures and résumés. During that time, I always traveled with two or three friends, and we were sort of like a street gang. I mean, not like hoodlums, but these guys would do anything on the street to make me laugh. One friend of mine would throw up at will on a newsstand to win a bet. Eventually, I started getting up onstage, first with improv groups and then by myself, which led me to a role on *Fernwood 2-Night*. I was the first guest on the first show. I was the pianist in the iron lung who played the Mozart sonata.

**OUI:** Nice break, huh?

**MAHLER:** Yeah. After that, I came out to L.A. to look for work. I did six *Gong Shows* and five *Merv Griffins*.

**OUI:** What did you do on *The Gong Show*?

**MAHLER:** Different stuff. One time I just got up there and cleaned fish until Jaye P. Morgan gonged me. I also inspected meat for the government—but that's too involved to explain.

**OUI:** What is your stand-up act like?

**MAHLER:** I don't tell jokes or do characters or clean fish. I do ventriloquism with meat. You know, I get a fryer chicken and shove my fist up the chest cavity and do ventriloquism. I put little booties—doll shoes—on the drumsticks and a bow tie where the head is cut off. I did that on *Merv Griffin*. I play piano with the left hand and hold the chicken with my right hand. The chicken does arias from Puccini.

**OUI:** Is it true that the first week you were here at ABC, you took off all your clothes in the executive offices?

**MAHLER:** That was in the front office of Moffitt-Lee Productions. They have a huge picture window that everybody walks by, and one of those signs with the little tack-on letters. I took off everything but my underpants and put a big leaf over my privates and rearranged the letters on the sign to read: HOMO ERECTUS: A GIFT TO THE MUSEUM BY DR. AND MRS. QUINTIN ASHLEY. VEGETARIAN. THOUGHT TO HAVE PERISHED 16 MILLION YEARS AGO DURING CROATIAN PERIOD. WANDERER. Then I just stood there in the window for half an hour.

**OUI:** Have you always been that strange?

**MAHLER:** Yeah. I've always made my friends laugh, did your typical antics in college, like putting dead rats in frat mailboxes. By the way, I don't know how pertinent this may be, but the best way to

Merry Christmas from all of us at Jack Daniel's

Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.,
Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

kill a rat is with three parts cornmeal and one part plaster of Paris. They eat that and their stomachs turn to stone. It's a much less violent way to kill a rat.

**OUI:** Thanks for the tip, Bruce. I'm sure it'll come in real handy someday.

•

If you think Bruce Mahler is as crazy as a loon, you haven't met the real sicko of the *Fridays* bunch, Michael Richards. He plays most of the recurring characters on the show, all with such high-powered theatrics that he's impossible to miss. His portrayal of the old, obnoxious dowager Beverly Hills emerged on the first show as an hysterically funny, highly identifiable character. Battle Boy is the perverse-yet-likable kid who digs foxholes in his backyard and buries his friends. His redneck George ("The problem with kids today is they never killed anybody") and his swinger Dick are hilarious stereotypes.

Yes, Richards is a madman of characters. His booming oratory can often be heard a block away as he strolls about the grounds rehearsing his lines, adjusting every body movement to each new metamorphosis, something that never fails to crack everybody up. Ironically, when Michael finally steps out of character, he's as soft-spoken as a lamb, as serious as the Pope. But he still has this *crazy* look, like that of a psycho on the edge. He's frail, sallow and sensitive, with a shell-shocked war-vet demeanor that recalls Bruce Dern or Tony Perkins. Interestingly enough, one of the big breaks of his career occurred while he was in the army. He was tapped for a traveling troupe of players that performed skits about drug abuse and

## FRIDAYS

### Richards: "I came back and Cheech and Chong were famous. I felt if they could do it, so could I."

race relations at bases all over Germany. Richards was finally discovered by *Fridays*' producers at a comedy club in L.A.

It was between dress rehearsal and final taping on Friday that I came across Michael. Dressed from head to toe in drag as Beverly Hills, he swaggered around backstage as macho male swinger Dick—a strange combination.

**OUI:** Did you first discover theater in the army?

**RICHARDS:** No. I started on the streets, playing with kids. You know, we'd play games and act things out.

**OUI:** Were you a problem kid at school?

**RICHARDS:** Yeah. I was in military school, and they threw me out for being a joker. Then I went to parochial school, and they threw me out for being a joker. It was a pretty vicious situation. Then I went into public school and, in junior high, I found an outlet for my "joker" in theater. From then on, all I did was drama. I wouldn't study anything else. Mostly all I wanted to do was play like a child. Then, after high school, I obviously didn't have good enough grades to go to a university, so I went to a junior college and got involved in theater. But I wouldn't attend any of my other courses and so, of course, I got drafted.

**OUI:** Were you worried about being sent to Vietnam?

**RICHARDS:** Not too much. They knew I wouldn't be any good in a war zone. I'd get the whole platoon blown up because I wouldn't follow directions. And I wasn't the type who was real good at running up to dummies and stabbing them with a bayonet and yelling, "Kill! Kill!"

**OUI:** When did you start performing in comedy clubs?

**RICHARDS:** I started at the Troubadour in 1970, even before the Comedy Store or the Improv existed. One of the teams performing there was Cheech and Chong, who were nobodies then. They were just two guys screwin' around up there tryin' to get their act together. When I came back from the service, Cheech and Chong were famous. It was kind of inspiring. I felt if they could do it, so could I.

**OUI:** How would you describe Beverly Hills?

**RICHARDS:** She is the essence of Beverly Hills. She *is* Beverly Hills.

**OUI:** Where would you say her head is at?

**RICHARDS:** Where would you say Zsa Zsa Gabor's head is at?

**OUI:** Let me think about that. What about your personal life: Are you typically Hollywood?

**RICHARDS:** No. I'm probably the craziest member of the cast on the set—but in my private life, I'm very boring. I go home, I relax. I have my own personal world, and if people knew anything about it, their minds would be blown. They could never make the connection between what I do here and what I study outside.

**OUI:** Like what?

**RICHARDS:** I study world religions. That's my major preoccupation right now.

**OUI:** Do you think you'll ever work this interest into one of your characters?

**RICHARDS:** I think some of it will probably come out in a character I'm working on called Festes the Bum. He's a weird street character. He pushes his belongings around in a shopping cart. What he says is always somewhat profound, like an existential rant about life, and what he says is absolutely true. If people stopped and listened, they'd get hip very fast. He's a street sage. Wisdom of the ages expressing itself right there on the street, even though he looks like a piece of shit.

**OUI:** So you want to do something meaningful, as well as entertain?

**RICHARDS:** Yeah, I think that's important. Comedy can get people hip if it's done properly. It doesn't all have to be silly fluff. Great comedy has always made a point.

Suddenly, the intercom buzzed: "Ten minutes to air. Ten minutes to air. Cast in position, please." Richards tottered off in his high heels. *Fridays* was about to become real once again. ■

**THE BREAST OF BARSOTTI**

Helping to bring cheer to the upcoming holidays is this month's centerfold star Terri Welles. And terrific Terri is just the start of a grab bag full of special holiday issue treats. There's also a candid interview with George C. Scott and a mini-interview with Truman Capote. You'll learn how to dress for success. Find out what scientific research has discovered about sexual desire. You'll also meet the greatest sex stars of the past year and learn PLAYBOY's picks for upcoming college basketball wars. All this, plus a twenty-year Bunny reunion you won't want to miss. In December PLAYBOY, at newsstands right now.

on sale now

Don't Miss

# Dec.

(Continued from page 126)

borne when he opened the vacuum cleaner. His lung exposure was purported to be 16.7 rems, all absorbed in that one quick blast. A nuclear-plant worker, by law, is allowed to receive a total of only five rems during an entire year—a tolerance level that decreases almost yearly as nuclear studies progress.

**Accidental Emissions to the Air Outside the Plant**. Of the 400 incidents recorded in *LER*, roughly 186 accidents spewed radiation into the atmosphere. One of the worst offenders of this type of nuclear negligence is Zion, a plant located about halfway between Chicago's 7,700,000 inhabitants and Milwaukee's 1,382,000. Not only has Zion leaked a lot to the air, but its emissions have contained a very high level of radiation.

On April 13, 1976, Zion reported that it had leaked 58,140 curies of radioactive gas since the beginning of that year. Had its leaks continued unabated until the end of 1976, Zion would have exceeded its annual permissible amount of radioactive emissions by more than twofold. The utility described the cause of the problem in vague terms, stating merely that gas had seeped from both the primary and secondary circulation systems and had been "accompanied by frequent purging" of the building to the outside.

Zion did not improve its record as the year wore on. In fact, the situation worsened: Radioactive emissions to the air for the third quarter of 1976 were 69,140 curies. Although the experts surmise that only a small fraction of this radiation enters the human body, hypothetically, if all of it were absorbed by humans, the exposure would be equivalent to 220,920,000 chest X rays.

NUKES

**The Indian Point utility claimed that radioactivity in the Hudson came in part from a Chinese nuclear bomb.**

The 1976 track record of a second reactor at Zion wasn't much better: During the final quarter of the year, it spewed 26,658 curies of radioactive gases into the air. Again, the utility's explanation was couched in nondescript language.

At the end of its report to the NRC, the utility gave this assurance: "All known leaks [were] repaired during late January and early February [1977]." Perhaps, but those repairs didn't prevent other leaks from popping up in the future: 28,918 curies of noble gas escaped during the third quarter of 1978.

**Accidental Emissions to the Water**. These are radioactive emissions that eventually wind up in a water system outside the plant building. Of the 400 accidents reported to *LER*, about 128 discharges entered nearby bodies of water.

The Indian Point nuclear-power plant at Buchanan, New York, is snuggled on the banks of the Hudson River, nine miles upstream from New York City. Ten percent of the entire population of the United States lives within a 50-mile radius of the plant.

On October 19, 1976, microbes living in the water beyond Indian Point's discharge canal gates (which flow into the Hudson River) were found to contain a level of radioactive iodine 20 times higher than usual. This was only partially blamed on a leak in a steam-generator tube inside the plant. "A second contribution was fallout from a Chinese nuclear-weapons test," asserted the utility. In other words, it was claiming that radioactive iodine found in the Hudson River microbes came partly from a nuclear bomb set off inside mainland China.

**Explosions of Nuclear-Reactor Components**. Intense radiation inside a nuclear reactor slowly breaks up small amounts of water into hydrogen and oxygen gas. To prevent the buildup of gas bubbles, a reactor is equipped with an "off-gas system," which removes hydrogen and oxygen and sends them into a separate compartment where they are recombined to form water. The resultant water is then sent back to the reactor vessel. Because hydrogen and oxygen gases react explosively in the presence of a flame or high temperature, hydrogen explosions (much like the Hindenburg mess) can occur in these off-gas systems. Such an accident occurred at the Millstone nuclear plant.

Millstone is in Waterford, Connecticut, on Long Island Sound. The entire states of both Connecticut (pop. 3,551,000) and Rhode Island (pop. 1,027,000) lie within 80 miles of the plant; 3,800,000 Bostonians live 85 miles to the northwest. On December 13, 1977, as Millstone chugged along at 89 percent capacity, not one, but *two* hydrogen explosions ripped through one reactor's off-gas system. The blasts injured one worker, giving him a concussion and drenching him with radiation. After being hospitalized for ten days, he was sent back to work. The explosion also threw radioactive debris into the atmosphere, provoking a plant emergency. The cause of the first blast was traced to a spark from a welder's acetylene torch. No cause was cited for the second explosion.

•

There would undoubtedly be tragic health consequences from a large leak of radiation, such as would occur in a meltdown. About that, there is little disagreement. But the likelihood of a meltdown is rather remote. What we have to face are accidents similar to the kinds described in this article. And while each of these acci-


TEAC CLEANERS WIPE OUT NOISE.

You can actually hear the dirt that tapes naturally leave in their wake. But you can get rid of it with Teac cleaners.

**Teac Head Cleaner** removes iron oxide particles that cause loss in frequency response and unnecessary wear.

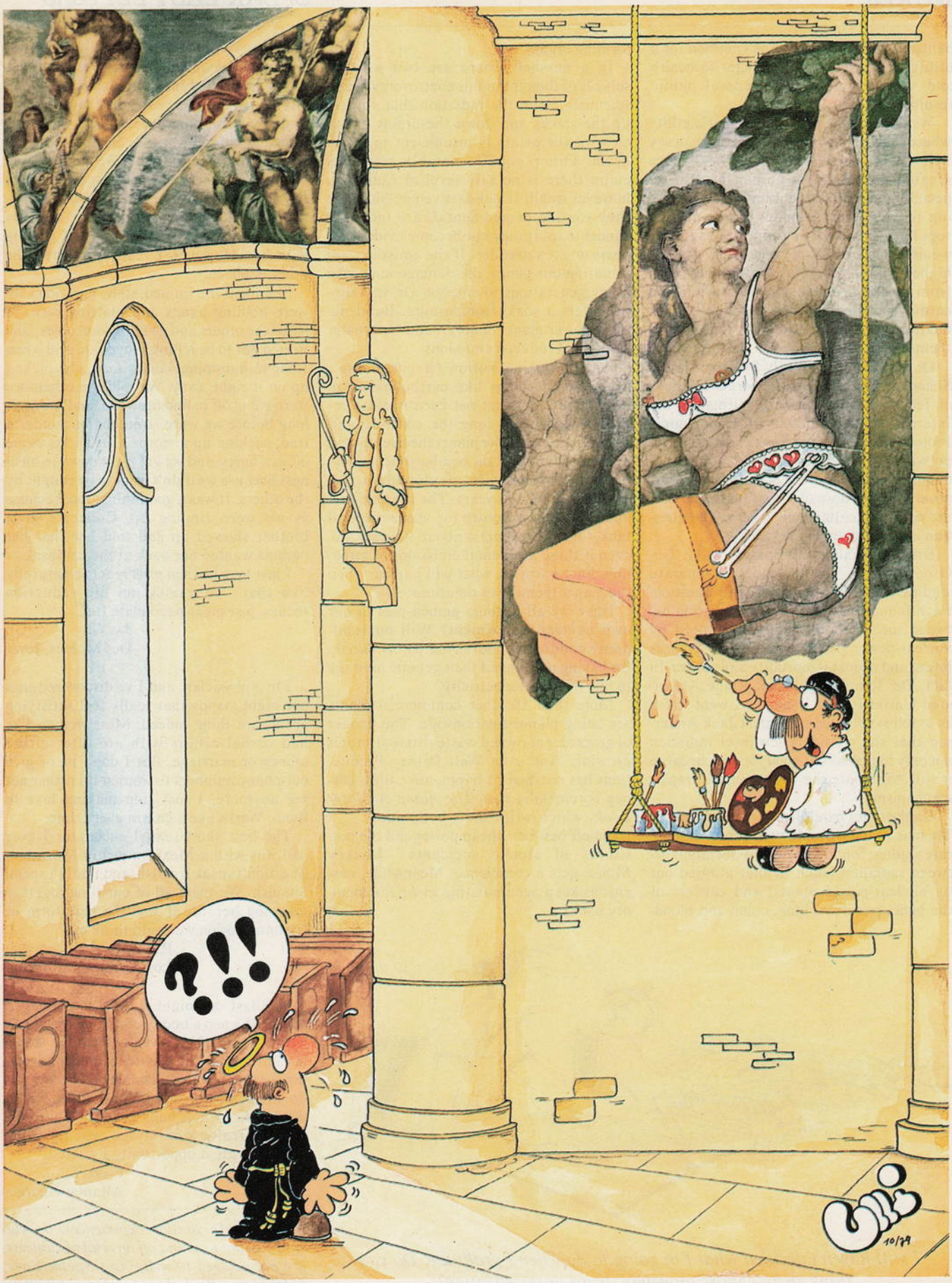
**Teac Rubber Cleaner** prevents the hardening, cracking and loss of roundness in rubber parts that cause wow and flutter.

**Teac Stainless Polish** gets rid of dust and fingerprints for a gleaming shine.

**Teac E-3 Head Demagnetizer** eliminates residual magnetism that causes noise, distortion and tape erasure. Tip pivots for easy use with all tape decks, even auto cassettes.

Teac cleaners. You can really hear the difference. TEAC®

©1980 TEAC Corporation of America, 7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, CA 90640


?!!
10/79

dents emitted radiation, it is common for a utility to assert that "no danger to health and safety of plant and general public resulted."

We find it curious, however, that a utility whose reactor has spewed radiation can say with such confidence that its negligence created no hazard to human health, especially in view of recent findings. According to one Johns Hopkins study, doctors regularly exposed to radiation (such as would come from X-ray machinery) have a higher risk of premature aging and death from stroke, diabetes, hypertension and cardiovascular-renal disease—the highest death rate being among radiologists themselves.

Dr. Karl Morgan, Neely Professor in the School of Engineering at Georgia Institute of Technology and former chairman of the International Commission on Radiological Protection, is a nuclear-power advocate. Yet he warns, "An overwhelming amount of data shows that there is no safe level of exposure and no dose of radiation so low that the risk of a malignancy is zero. The question is—how great is the risk?"

Drs. Edythalena Tompkins, M.H. DeGroot and D. Grahn, each in separate studies, attempted to answer this question. Each found that there is no association between the levels of radiation emitted by nuclear-power plants and such horrors as infant and neonatal mortality and cancer. In fact, Dr. Tompkins, of Oak Ridge Associated Universities in Tennessee, went so far as to tell syndicated columnist Jack Anderson that she considers low-level radiation not only harmless but *good for you*, because it will "stimulate the body's natural repair mechanisms."

On the other hand, Drs. Samuel Milham, Thomas Mancuso and Irwin Bross, in separate studies, found a definite association between radiation (such as that gurgled out by nuclear-power plants) and cancers of the bone, pancreas, lung, colon and blood-forming organs.

In a nutshell, there are two warring schools of thought in this controversy. Some scientists claim the radiation that slithers up the stacks and down the drains of nuclear-power plants is insufficient to do us harm. Other equally notable scientists claim there is no safe level of radiation, however small. If radioactive emissions, be they routine or accidental, are inducing cancer in us, it may not become evident for years or even decades. If the emissions are mutating our genes, the damage may take many generations to emerge. Dr. von Hippel offers a shaky compromise: Build nuclear-power plants underground for greater safety and reduced emissions.

An interesting notion (if one doesn't worry about things like earthquakes), in view of the fact that not even nuclear engineers know how long the concrete and steel structures of the plants themselves can withstand the constant bombardment of radiation. The half-life of plutonium, for example, is 24,400 years. The lifespan of a nuclear-plant structure (or waste-disposal tank, for that matter) is about 30 years. So, even if these accidental emissions of radiation don't harm us, what will happen when the plants themselves deteriorate?

Have we all become guinea pigs in our own nuclear experiment? Will our children's children's children remember us only for having mortgaged their genetic heritage to buy ourselves electricity?

More than 50 other commercial plants are being planned nationwide. The danger of government-owned waste-disposal sites is growing. And even Walt Disney Productions has recalled its happy-nuke film. Disney is remaking it as *The Atom: A Closer Look*, which will "show both sides . . . a trade-off between cheap power and the possibility of atomic accidents." Mickey Mouse gets a conscience. Meanwhile, new entries keep accumulating in *LER*'s memory banks . . . ■

*"I still haven't decided what I'm going to do when I graduate. Do you think there's more money in drugs or prostitution?"*



*(Continued from page 66)*

counter is one in which neither of you feels guilty or pushed into something

I had an experience like that just a couple of days ago, as a matter of fact. I went on a weekend camping trip to Saylorville Lake with some friends of mine. We met a couple of really nice sisters there who were camping with their family. One of them, Heidi, was quite spectacular looking and, of course, all of my buddies started flirting with her. However, I really preferred the other, Colleen.

She liked me immediately, too. Soon we were holding hands and plotting ways to leave the others and go off by ourselves. She turned out to be a Pink Floyd fan, and when I began humming *Young Lust*, she picked up on it right away. We told the others we were going off to find firewood, and it wasn't long before we were stretched out under a tree, necking up a storm. Our shorts came off in a hurry, and we got right down to business because we didn't want to be caught by the others. It was a good thing, too, because as we were zipping up, Colleen's little brother showed up and told her that her parents wanted her back at the campsite.

I just love it when girls react so naturally like that. No games, no big seduction scenes, just great passionate fun.

JAY C.
Des Moines, Iowa

I'm a physician, and I've discovered that one-night stands that really feel satisfying are a rare thing indeed. Most women I've had casual affairs with are after either money or marriage. But I don't lie or give out phony numbers to women I'd rather not see anymore. I just stop making love to them. Works like a charm every time.

The best short sexual encounter I ever had was with a Mexican girl in Mazatlán. She didn't speak English, and I didn't speak Spanish. We spent all of our time together screwing because it was the best form of communication we could think of.

P.D.P.
Los Angeles, California

The last one-night stand I experienced occurred when a buddy of mine fixed me up with a friend of his. I really liked the lady a lot, but I made the classic mistake of drinking too much booze. A quart of whiskey can do miracles for sexy small talk, but it doesn't do a whole helluva lot for a hard-on. I could really kick myself when I think about the great opportunity I wasted.

CARL T.
Altanta, Georgia

*Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write:* OUI *Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

# save your BUNS!

WITH THE DAZZLING SAVE-YOUR-BUNS BANK™ COLLECTOR'S EDITION

## HAS THE ECONOMY CAUGHT YOU WITH YOUR PANTS DOWN?

Bend over and make your statement about today's economy! If they're "stickin' it to you" then it's time to retire the old Piggy Bank for a sign of the times, today it's the **AGE OF THE BUNS !**

So if you're feeling a little behind monetarily don't despair, with the **BUNS BANK™** you can turn the other cheek to inflation! Just pull down the blue cloth miniature pants from the red shirt to expose an extremely fine set of beautifully glazed pink ceramic BUNS! Then take your coins and gently stuff 'em up your BUNS!

The **BUNS BANK™** comes in a beautiful gift box with quotes by such famous historians as Dr. Hemmer Hoid, the great Roman philosopher Gluteus Maximus and more!

Let the world know your feelings, order today for just **$12.95** plus **$2** shipping.

Start building your financial future from the bottom up!

# ...a little Head!

THE ULTIMATE COLLECTOR'S ITEM IN SMOKING ACCESSORIES FOR THE CONNOISEUR!

Guaranteed to turn heads and light smiles! Full refund if you don't agree.

The perfect gift

## THE HEAD™ PAT PEND

## A MASTERPIECE OF DESIGN

The classic **HEAD™** waterpipe; a completely functional full bath with copper plumbing! To operate the **HEAD™** simply pour your favorite coolant into the bathtub, while it drains down into the copper plumbing, raise the wood grain toilet seat and stuff your favorite "smoke" in the toilet bowl! Swing the moveable arm up (as shown) and puff away on beautifully reproduced doll house size furniture!

The **HEAD™** is made of finely glazed pearl white ceramic and solid polished copper and brass fittings. The tub's drain is the carburetor, the sink has a stash box hidden underneath!

Order the incredible **HEAD™** now for just **$29.95** plus **$2.50** shipping, and enjoy a classic.

## LOOK TO NEICO FOR THE OUTRAGEOUSLY UNIQUE.

To order the above 2, make check or money order to:

**NEICO** 555 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach, CA 90254
Order any 2 or more and deduct **$3** off shipping

**Please rush** _____ **HEAD™ WATERPIPES @ $29.95**
_____ **BUNS BANKS™ @ $12.95**
Add proper shipping, Ca res. add 6% tax

**Orders in by Dec. 15 will arrive for Christmas**

name _____

add _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

Who

JEAN LOUIS LIEU/GAMMA LIAISON

# CLIO GOLDSMITH

"I'm incapable of staying in the same place," says the restless, ravishing Clio Goldsmith. "Nor am I capable of living with the same man for very long. For the first time in my life, I've been with the same man for over eight months—and that worries me." Well, the worry certainly doesn't show. The daughter of well-known British ecologist Edward Goldsmith, Clio is presently working as an actress in Italy, where she's hoping her theatrical endeavors will fare better than previous pursuits. She abandoned dance because she felt she had no talent, dropped drawing for lack of inspiration, left literature because she didn't think she was intellectual enough and retired from modeling because it was "insipid." "And I don't know how to count, either," she adds. So how did she end up in Rome starring in Italian movies? "I met Roberto Rossellini in Bombay, and he advised me *not* to go into movies, so I decided to ignore him." Six months later, she had appeared in three films by Italian directors Lattuada, Williams and Bolognini. Even with her sudden success in showbiz, Clio's still filled with self-doubt: "I'm too small, not expressive enough, and my mother thinks I'm a lost woman." So listen, Clio, do you wanna play hide-and-seek sometime?

—HALYA HRYNCHUK

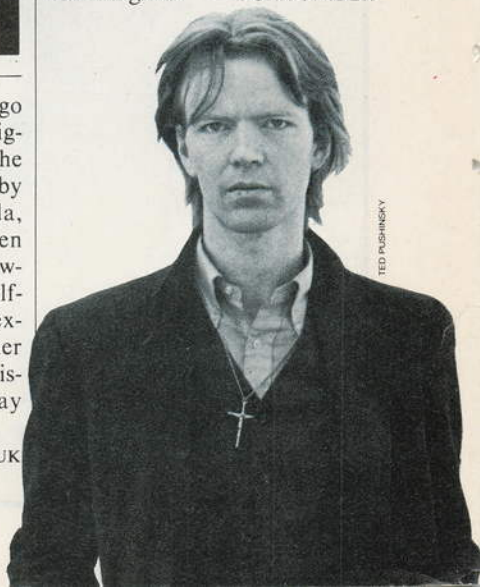
# Jim Carroll

"The last thing the world needs is another rock 'n' roller," declares poet Jim Carroll, whose first rock-'n'-roll album just came out on Rolling Stones Records. Carroll is the precocious writer whose poems have been nominated for a Pulitzer, and whose book *The Basketball Diaries* (written when he was 13) has been hailed as some of the toughest writing to come out of the streets of New York since Jack Kerouac. Kerouac himself once said of Carroll that "at age thirteen, Jim Carroll writes better prose than eighty-nine percent of the novelists working today."

*The Basketball Diaries* chronicles the coming of age of a private-school basketball sensation who also happens to be a stone heroin junkie and a male hustler. Although Carroll insists that the hero of the book is "this crazy, fucking New York," the writer himself is the driving force of this street-smart autobiography.

Now at age 29, and encouraged by such friends as Patti Smith, Lou Reed and Keith Richard, Carroll has switched into punk overdrive with his LP, *Catholic Boy*. Why music now, after establishing himself so strongly as a writer?

"Music can be perceived more directly than poetry," he explains. "It's a physical rush, like wind through your veins. And onstage, with the music behind me and the kids out front, it's like being in the most incredible energy sandwich you can imagine." —BURR SNIDER

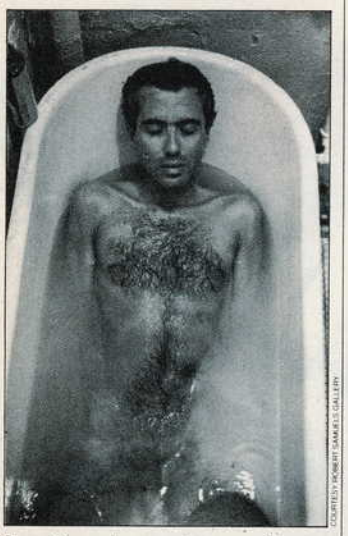


TED PUSHINSKY

# DONALD LAWRENCE HERRON

"I decided to do a series of photos of people in containers. Refrigerators were too messy and coffins are too morose, so I settled for bathtubs." That's how artist-photographer Donald Lawrence Herron explains the genesis of his series of intimate portraits. "I like the idea of dealing not only with flesh, water and whatever the subjects want to do with them, but also with the way they present themselves in what is almost a totally unique situation. You take baths all the time, but you're never photographed in them."

Herron launched his *Tubshots* series with artist friends in



San Francisco and soon discovered that the bathtub milieu elicited a revealing variety of reactions. So far, he's persuaded upwards of 80 individuals, including former gay pro-football player Dave Kopay, photographer Robert Mapplethorpe, underground-actress Mink Stole and Pat Loud of *An American Family* fame, to take part in the fluvial photo sessions. The ongoing show has been exhibited in galleries in Houston, New York and San Francisco.

His favorite subjects? Herron says he likes it best when his subjects reveal at least a touch of sleaze. "I like bodies that aren't altogether beautiful," he comments. "But clean, they're very clean."

—JIM FRAGALE AND LIZ PIERCE

# MARY BETH HURT

Some actresses might feel uncomfortable co-starring in a movie next to Bo Derek and her much ballyhooed "perfect 10" body. Some would've certainly called it quits when Bo's husband, John, stepped in and stopped production by getting the film's director canned. But not Mary Beth Hurt, whose only comment about *Change of Seasons* (also starring Shirley MacLaine and Anthony Hopkins) is that Bo is so flawless she could "knock your fucking socks off." Mary Beth is a trouper. Star of Woody Allen's puzzling *Interiors* and Ann Beattie's *Head Over Heels*, she is also a much applauded stage performer in New York's public theater. So what's the secret to her perennial affability? "I think I'm fairly well adjusted," admits the delicate, youthful-looking actress. "I could be waiting for a nervous breakdown, but I don't see it in the near future. Not in the next twenty minutes." But we all know that no one's so content with life that they don't pine for something. "Yes," confesses Mary Beth, "there is one thing. I do keep waiting for big breasts. I know that someday God will send me a real pair of knockers. And then," she concludes impishly, "I can *really* start my life." —M. JEFFRIES

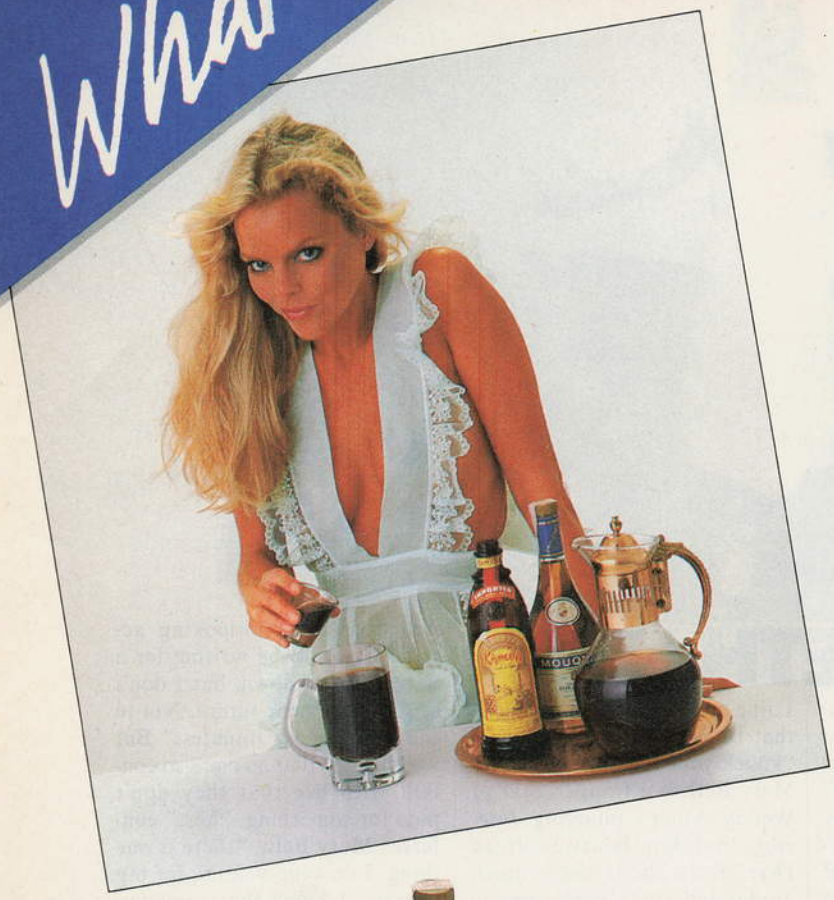
# HOLLY VINCENT

Holly (as in Buddy) Vincent (as in Gene) is an L.A. rocker who moved to London a little more than a year ago with her band, Holly & the Italians. Since then, two of the self-described Wop Rockers' singles have bounded up the British charts (the first was called *Tell that Girl to Shut Up*).

Formerly the girlfriend of Dire Straits' front man Mark Knopfler, Holly's not afraid to talk about her past work in an S/M parlor. "Some nights I hit, some nights I got hit. It wasn't much different than being in a rock-'n'-roll band." Several English feminists have objected to her frank discussion of her previous line of work. Her response?

"All I can think of when I hear them talk is, 'Get on your knees, bitches.' " Whatever you say, Holly. —ART FEIN

What



# CAFÉ S

There's nothing like a steaming hot cup of java to get you started in the morning. And likewise, there's nothing like a late-night shot of coffee *and* liquor to get you in the spirit of things. People had been spiking their French roasts with a dash of this or that long before Juan Valdéz ever knew what a coffee bean was. Centuries ago, folks were warming to the flask, cutting the powerful caffeine kick with the mellowing effects of alcohol. It's the perfect Christmas potion: blood-warming, invigorating and comfortably intoxicating. The following are some of the best-favored, best-flavored brews. For ideal results, use a good dark, rich bean.

**DUTCH COFFEE:** From the land of clogs, tulips and windmills, a concoction to give you that Dutch courage—what else but Dutch Coffee? Simply put one jigger of Vandermint minted-chocolate liqueur and one of brandy in a coffee cup or long-stemmed wine glass. Add five ounces of coffee. Top with either a twist of lemon or runny whipped cream. A variation on the Dutch Coffee theme is to substitute a half jigger of rum for the brandy and add a twist of lemon or orange. Guaranteed to knock your clogs off.

**IRISH COFFEE:** This venerable potion is perhaps the most widely imbibed of the coffee/booze combos. Place into each warmed wine glass (hold by the stem to prevent scorched fingers) two teaspoons of sugar and fill about two-thirds full with coffee. Mix until sugar is dissolved. Add one and a half ounces of Irish whiskey and top with a mound of softly whipped cream. (Pour the cream over the back of a spoon to ensure it floats on top.)

**CAFÉ BRÛLOT:** If you're prone to big production numbers, this should have you going out in a blaze of glory. In a chafing dish, place eight sugar cubes, six jiggers of cognac, one of orange liqueur, two broken sticks of cinnamon, one twist of lemon, twelve whole cloves and two large twists of orange peel. Heat gently, stirring until well warmed. Set ablaze and let roar for a minute (with the lights off for full effect). Slowly pour in three demi-cups of strong black coffee.

# OCIETY

## *A Cream-of-the-Crop Compendium of the Most Stimulating Coffee Drinks Around*

*By Michael S. Lasky/Photography by Tom Keller*

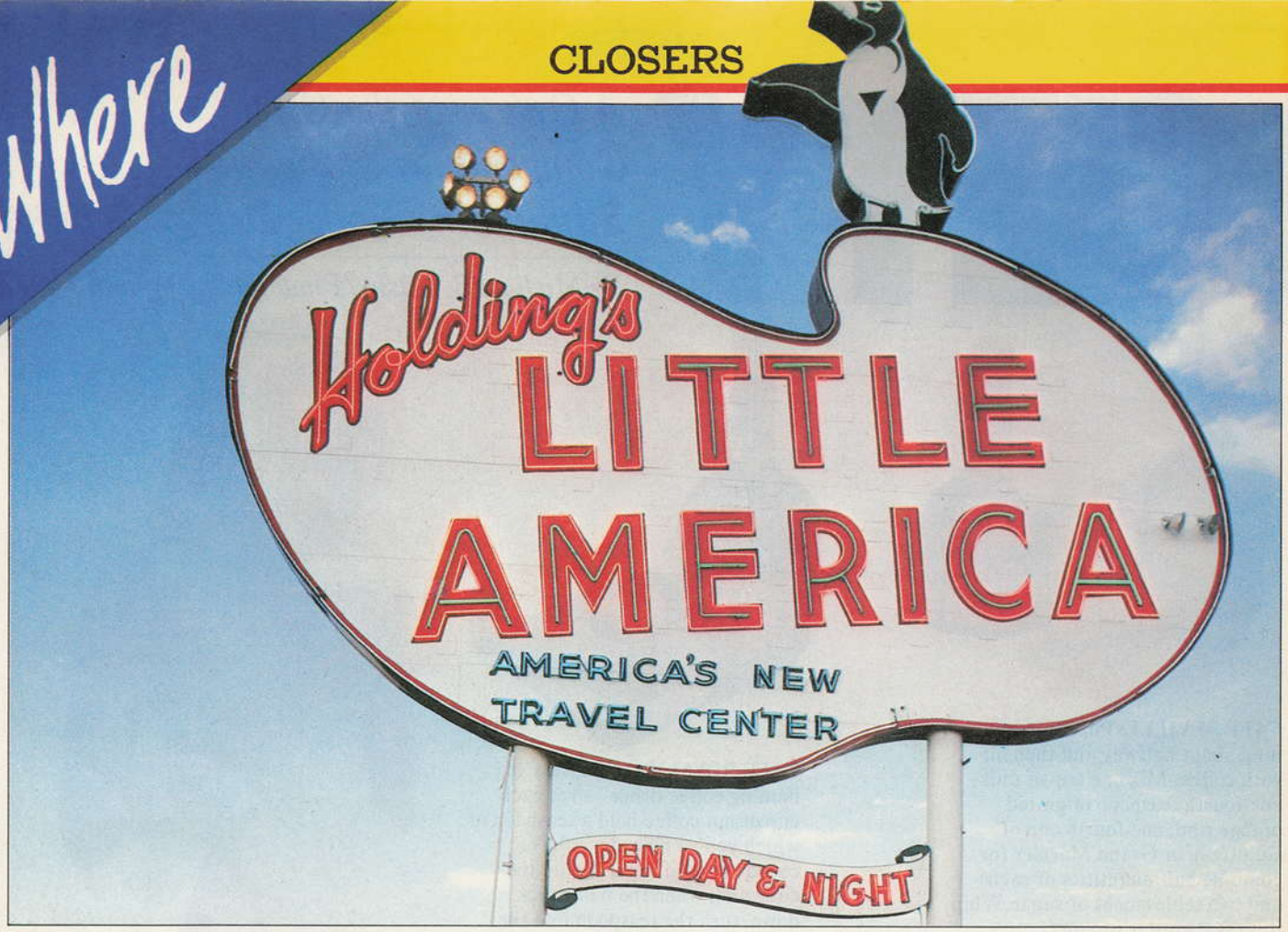
**CAFÉ SEVILLE:** Put ice in a mug about halfway and then fill with coffee. Mix one cup of milk, one-fourth teaspoon of grated orange rind, one-fourth cup of Cointreau or Grand Marnier (or combine half quantities of each) and two tablespoons of sugar. Whip it up fast until it's foamy. Pour into tall glasses, add iced coffee and garnish with an orange slice. The end result is akin to a cool, coffee-laced liquid fruit salad.

**CAFÉ ROYALE:** An impressive flaming coffee drink—over each cup of hot coffee hold a teaspoon in which you've placed a cube of cognac-soaked sugar. Ignite the cube and, when the flame dies down, turn the teaspoon into the cup and stir. (Since the fire burns off a lot of the alcohol, you might want to cheat and add an extra shot directly into the drink.)

**CAFÉ OLÉ:** This is the one for hard-core coffee addicts—the next best thing to mainlining. To make this Mexican-style brew, fill a mug with hot coffee and add a jigger of Kahlúa, one teaspoon of unsweetened cocoa and top with a dollop of whipped cream and a sprinkle of grated cocoa. The double-coffee combine is guaranteed to get your heart pumping. (For a real rush, try *two* shots of Kahlúa.)

**CAFÉ PEACHES 'N' CREAM:** A surprisingly tasty, easy-to-whip-up dish with a consistency much like mousse. Combine one cup of coffee, one cup of canned peaches with juice and two ounces of brandy or cognac in a blender. Run at high speed until it's all smooth. Add a cup of whipped cream and blend a little more. Serve in dessert dishes or cocktail glasses and add an extra dab of whipped cream.

STYLING AND COORDINATION BY KAREN FAYE



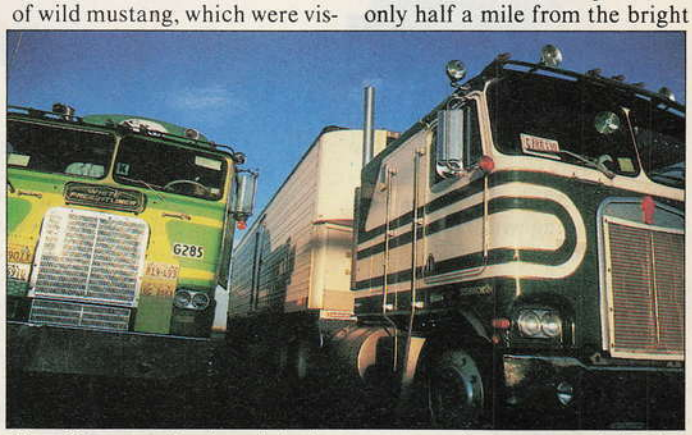

# TRUCKSTOP CITY, U.S.A.

*283 miles west of Cheyenne, the white-line fever can get really weird.*

Some 90 years ago on the barren, craggy plains of what is now known as western Wyoming, at a time when the U.S. Cavalry was still avenging Custer's death on the local Cheyenne, a brawny sheepherder named S.M. Covey had the bad luck of getting stuck overnight in a snowstorm. To brave the blizzard, as legend has it, he simply huddled through the night with his flock and kept himself warm by dreaming of the day when a wayward traveler might find hot grub and some decent bedding in this no-man's-land.

Covey survived and, indeed, returned to the old Oregon Territory to build a lodge at that precise point, about 150 miles east of the Great Salt Lake and 40 miles north of the Uinta (pronounced yu•int•a) Mountains. At first, it was only an inn. Then slowly, it evolved into a combo restaurant/gas station. And today, with Interstate Highway 80 slicing a white ribbon through the terrain that one tired trucker described to me as "a Godforsaken rathole," the Little America truckstop has become one of the largest and most out-of-the-way diesel havens in the West. The name, by the way, derives from Admiral Byrd's polar base camp in Antarctica. Seems Little America's founder identified with Byrd's frozen extremities. In acknowledgment, Byrd's expedition presented him with a 150-pound stuffed penguin, which currently roosts under glass in the coffee shop.

Finding Little America, the only trace of civilization interrupting a 30-mile stretch of desert between Green River and Fort Bridger, *should* be a can't-miss situation. That's what my direction-givers in northern Wyoming told me, anyway. "Go to Cheyenne and turn right. You can't miss it." After driving seven hours through rolling foothills, weird buttes and herds of wild mustang, which were visible across hundreds of miles of dead grass, I turned right at Cheyenne, and there she sat. Little America. It was hardly the "lonely little truckstop oasis in the midst of the desert" that I'd envisioned. This place sat only half a mile from the bright



*Top: The neon landmark invites weary truckers to rest their rigs. Above: There's room in the lot for 498 more of these beauties.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MAX HELLWEG

neon of new Cheyenne.

"This doesn't look like a desert to me," I laughed to the front-desk clerk. "But maybe Cheyenne looks like a desert to a few editors I know—at least, in comparison to Los Angeles."

The clerk thought about it. "You're in the wrong place," he said after a moment. "You're looking for the *original* Little America. We've got a few franchises now, you see."

Shit. It was already past midnight on the Fourth of July, and they were booked full.

"So where is the original Little America, then?" I asked.

The guy consulted a map. "Oh, it's real easy to find," he said helpfully. "Just go west on Interstate Eighty for two hundred and eighty-three miles and it'll be on your right. You can't miss it. It's the only thing there."

"Two hundred and eighty-three miles down on your right." I knew then I was in Wyoming.

By three o'clock that morning, I'd covered half the distance. I noticed a few clever signs that read: SPEED LIMIT 55. ENFORCED BY AIRPLANE. Even though I've got a jeep of iron, I was reluctant to have it strafed and burned by a Smokey F-15 for speeding. So I kept it down.

By five that morning, I had to take a piss. I stopped next to a sign that cautioned WARNING: HIGH WIND AREA. Got out of the car with the wind blowing maps all over the place and started taking a leak on the highway. I'll tell ya, it was so windy that night that my damn piss was breaking the speed limit. Then I see the airplane coming. Sky King with a badge, and here I am uncontrollably de-bladdering a thermos of coffee in the middle of an interstate thoroughfare. Heavy paranoia. The son of a bitch swoops closer. No doubt you've heard the wisdom of pissing into the wind. I spun around as the joker buzzed past and . . . well, first thing I did when I finally did arrive at Little America (the original) was take a shower.

The counters and booths in the coffee shop seat nearly 200. That's excluding the regal dining room, a red-velvet affair in which every man, every *trucking* man, can be a king. Chicken-fried steak smothered in an epicurean Parisian sauce; green beans with jackhammered almond chips. Real class. At around seven, I waltz in, goggle-eyed but clean, from one of the 150 rooms at the lodge. Each room offers color TV, royal-red decor, a staggering view that takes you back to the opening shots of *High Plains Drifter* and bathrooms which, apparently to suit mechanical aesthetics, have showers in which both hot *and* cold spigots shut clockwise.

***Top: Breakfast in Little America features the sweetest waitresses either side of the Great Divide. Above: In the café, truckstop cowboys grab a bite before putting their pedals to the metal.***

***Top: How's about a souvenir knife or cap pistol, good buddy? Or your picture took with Little America's 150-lb. stuffed mascot? Above: Five of the 220 resident employees who keep 'em rolling.***

Truckers stare at Little America. They stare at the waitresses, they stare at their coffee cups, they stare at each other and, worst of all, their bleary-eyed, hard-ass, sun-creased faces stare at me, too. "Why?" I wonder, while staring at the six ounces of ham and four eggs on my plate. Then it hits me as I start to see Interstate 80 winding through my stacks of toast. After 16 hours at the wheel, I've got white-line fever. Just like everybody else hanging around at Little America. You may climb down that ladder from your Peterbilt cab, but the highway—as the song so aptly puts it—goes on forever.

I learn that Little America has 220 full-time employees (everybody from mechanics to dishwashers) and an on-site desert suburb to house them all. It's a genuine truckstop city, replete with a United States post office (with its own postmark) and mileage signs on the Interstate. Modern entrepreneurs, sadly, have parlayed the fame of this trucker's haven into a kind of chain of Little Americas with less exotic locations in places like Flagstaff and Salt Lake City. You can be certain that any of these franchises have a hell of a long way to go before they can catch up to the remote charms of old number one. But who knows? Maybe they'll put up a Little America to serve the boys on that long, lonesome MX-missile haul through Nevada.

The jockeys of the 18-wheelers sit and sip the never-ending cup, ogle a few legs, complain about high prices, grab a shave and a free shower, maybe trade an old Waylon tape and then head on down the turnpike, their twin stacks belching smoke, confident that America may belong to the white shirts and peckerheads, but Little America belongs to them.

—JAIME MARDIS

# NEXT

January issue at your newsstand December 9.
Buy one for a friend.

### BEYOND THE OPENING LINE

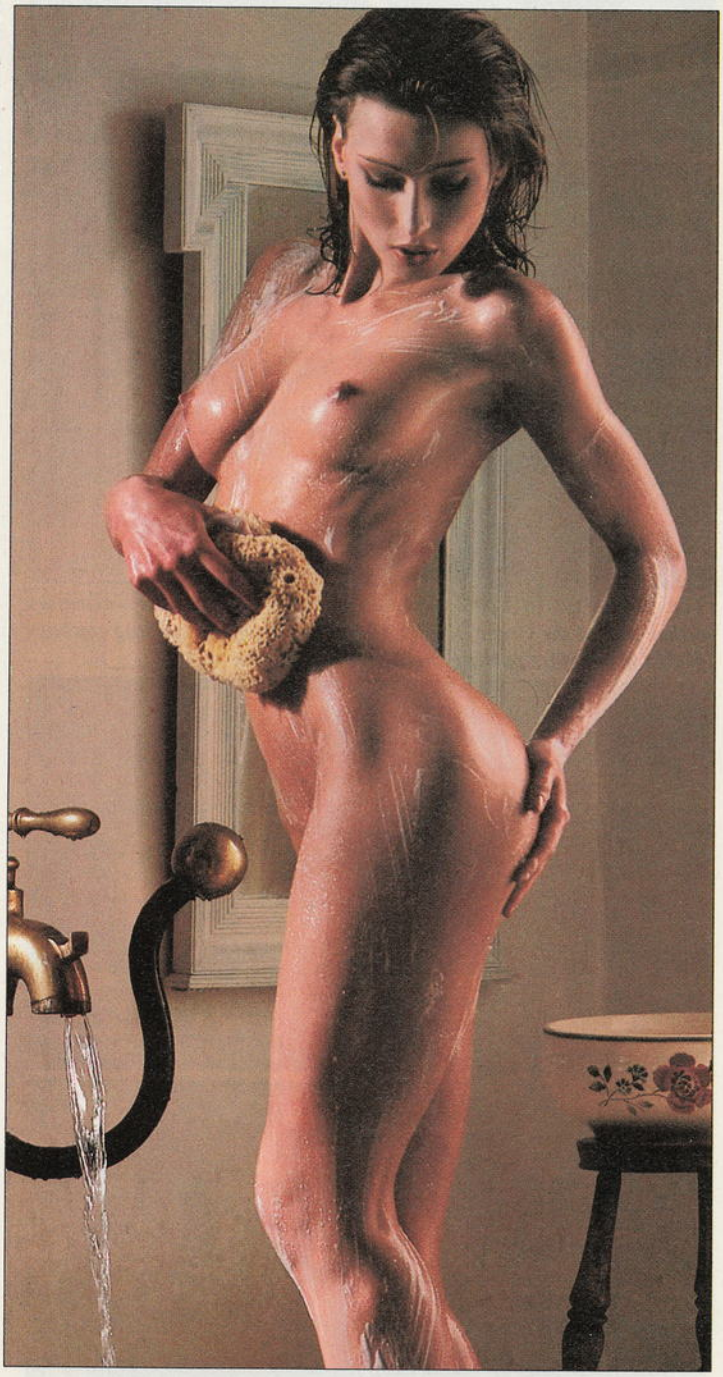
Eric Weber, the guru of Pickup-ology, waxes practical on how to convince a lady you're a swell, friendly, terrific guy.

### MADISON-AVENUE MAN

Jerry Della Femina *who*? He may not be a household name, but some of the products he represents and some of the slogans he's unleashed on the world are embedded in our media-blitzed consciousness forever. An outrageous interview with the ad world's foremost adman.

### THE RETURN OF MILES DAVIS

The recluse of the jazz world comes out of hiding, espousing some new prophecies and blowing new messages on his golden horn.



### TOM MIX AND PANCHO VILLA

A first look at Clifford Irving's forthcoming novel, in which a youthful Tom mixes with some lovely señoritas, almost loses his enchilada and meets his pal Pancho along the way.

### HOW TO BET SPORTS

A bookie is not a little book—it's the guy you hand cash to and hope he returns it tenfold. A beginner's guide to the how-tos and what-nots of betting—everything from picking the odds to placing your wagers.

### THE EURO PHOTO ELITE

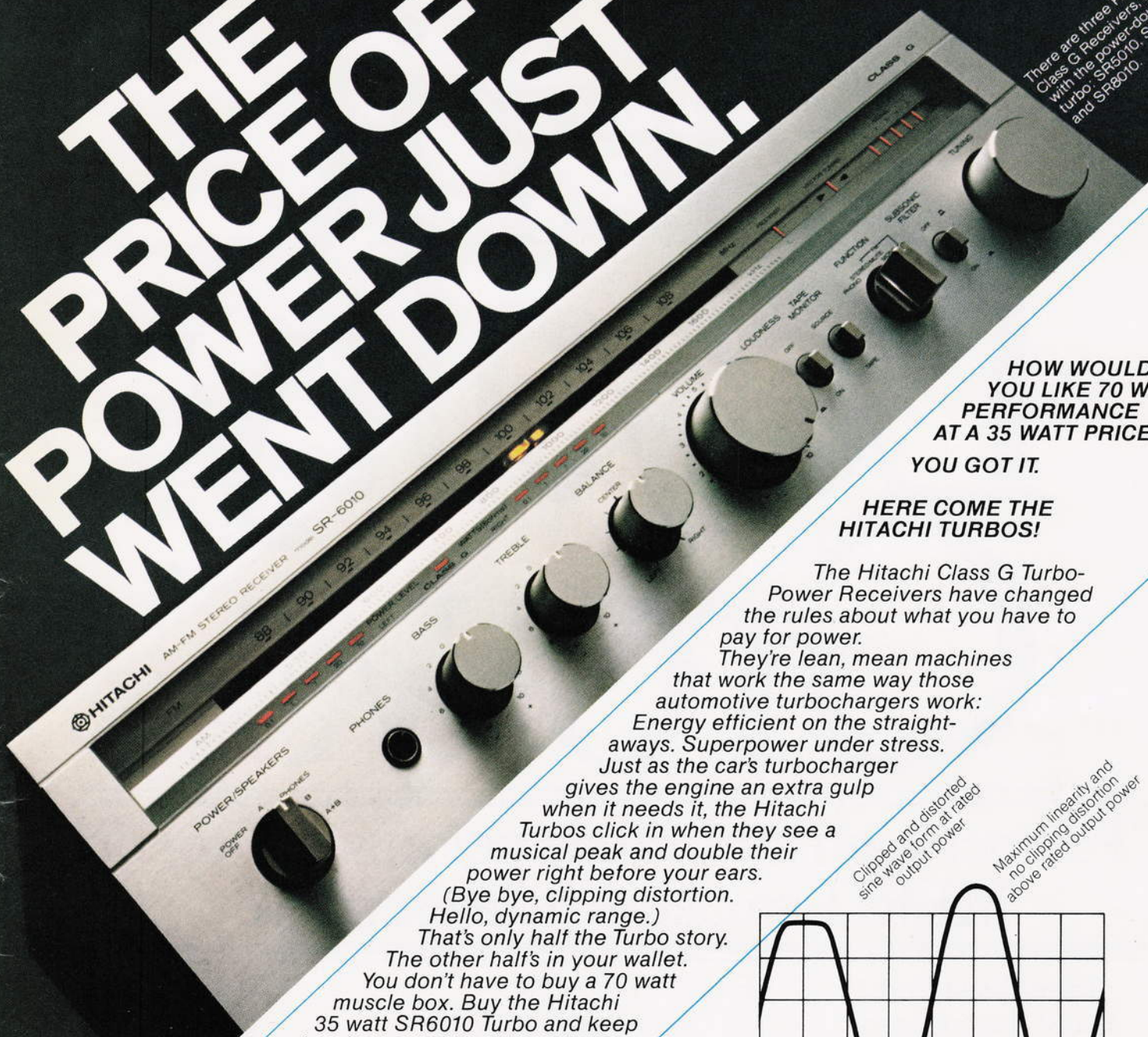
Across the Atlantic, a trio of French photo magazines are offering striking new perspectives in erotica. OUI zooms in on the women and the photographers who are making the images come alive.

## PLUS

The best roadhouses across the U.S.A.; impotence and the younger guy; the ultimate home video setup; winter-sports toys; scintillating celebrity *Small Talk* with Pamela Hensley; and the most affectionate girls in the whole wide world.

oui

# THE PRICE OF POWER JUST WENT DOWN.




There are three Hitachi Class G Receivers, each with the power-doubling turbo: SR5010, SR6010 and SR8010.

***HOW WOULD YOU LIKE 70 WATT PERFORMANCE AT A 35 WATT PRICE?***

***YOU GOT IT.***

***HERE COME THE HITACHI TURBOS!***

*The Hitachi Class G Turbo-Power Receivers have changed the rules about what you have to pay for power.*

*They're lean, mean machines that work the same way those automotive turbochargers work: Energy efficient on the straight-aways. Superpower under stress.*

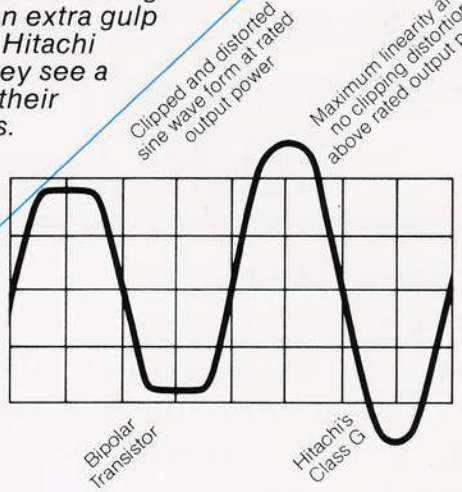
*Just as the car's turbocharger gives the engine an extra gulp when it needs it, the Hitachi Turbos click in when they see a musical peak and double their power right before your ears.*

*(Bye bye, clipping distortion. Hello, dynamic range.)*

*That's only half the Turbo story. The other half's in your wallet.*

*You don't have to buy a 70 watt muscle box. Buy the Hitachi 35 watt SR6010 Turbo and keep the change. (**35 minimum RMS watts per channel into 8 ohms from 20Hz to 20kHz with no more than 0.04% total harmonic distortion.**)*

*The Hitachi Class G Turbo-Power Receivers. Nothing is as powerful as an idea whose time has come.*


Clipped and distorted sine wave form at rated output power
Maximum linearity and no clipping distortion above rated output power
Bipolar Transistor
Hitachi's Class G

HITACHI®

Hitachi Sales Corporation of America,
401 West Artesia Boulevard, Compton, California 90220

# Merit Loyalty Grows.

## "Former high tar brands not missed," report MERIT smokers in latest survey.

**Taste Quest Ends**

Latest research provides solid evidence that MERIT is a satisfying long-term taste alternative to high tar cigarettes.

***Proof:*** The overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers polled feel they didn't sacrifice taste in switching from high tar cigarettes.

***Proof:*** 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers reported they continue to *enjoy* smoking, are *glad* they switched, and report MERIT is the best-tasting low tar they've *ever* tried.

MERIT *is* the proven alternative to high tar smoking. And you can taste it.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1980

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine— 100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine— 100's Men: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79

# MERIT

**Kings & 100's**

# 12 OF OUR FAVORITE GIRLS TO HELP ARRANGE YOUR DATING PLANS

# OUI A GREAT GIFT FOR GREAT FRIENDS

**$20** for first 12-issue gift subscription. Save $13.50 off $33.50 single-copy price.
**$18** for each additional gift. Save $15.50 off single-copy price.

**Please send my gift(s) to:**

1.
Name (please print)
Address/Apt. No.
City/Province/Code

2.
Name (please print)
Address/Apt. No.
City/Province/Code

For additional gifts, list names on separate sheet.

**Please complete order here:**

My Name (please print)
Address/Apt. No.
City/Province/Code

Send Gift Card(s) signed: From _____

☐ Start or renew my own subscription.

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me. ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

MC Interbank No. _____

Bank Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Rates apply to Canada only. Foreign rate: Each gift $25.

Printed in U.S.A. 3CAC4

# THIS YEAR GIVE OUI

# OUI A GREAT GIFT FOR YOURSELF

Go ahead. Indulge yourself with a full year of stimulating entertainment. A 12-issue subscription to OUI is only $20. Save $13.50 off the $33.50 single-copy price.

**Please start or renew my subscription to OUI today:**

Name (please print)
Address/Apt. No.
City/Province/Code

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me.
☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

MC Interbank No. _____

Bank Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Rates apply to Canada only. Foreign rate: each gift $25.

Printed in U.S.A. 3CAD2

Place
Stamp
Here

oui

P.O. Box 2512
Boulder, Colorado 80322
U.S.A.

Place
Stamp
Here

oui

P.O. Box 2512
Boulder, Colorado 80322
U.S.A.